No. 209 (New Series). Vol. 5. March 21, 1936

66 Marsden

OUR TWENTYFIRST BIRTHDAY and

The PASSING SHOW

SPRING DOUBLE NUMBER

3d.

ALTAR of the MOON
New Wonder Romance
begins in this issue

Daughter Gives Health TO AILING MOTHER

Gift of Yeast-Vite Brand Tablets

Banishes FLATULENCE, HEAD PAINS NERVES and MORNING TIREDNESS

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE

More priceless than gold, richer than the rarest jewels, was the gift of this Devoted Daughter to her Ailing Mother!
It wasn't a big gift—it only cost a few pence. It was a bottle of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets—BUT IT BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING MOTHER HEALTH!—Health such as she had not known for years!

AND mark well the fact that she was relieved not of just one complaint, but of a COMPLICATION of troubles!! Yeast-Vite did not merely relieve the headaches, it banished her indigestion. As it banished the indigestion it also conquered the morning tiredness, strengthened her nerves.

Yeast-Vite changed her whole life. It banished EVERY ONE OF HER AILMENTS!

It changed the morning tiredness into joyous energy and vitality!

It changed the Indigestion into hearty appetite and meal-time relish!

It changed the 'shattered' nerves into a tower of strength and peace!

It changed the terrible headaches into glorious relief!

I mounted a ladder and CLEANED MY FAN-LIGHT—a thing I hadn't done for years

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE

Yeast-Vite rebuilt, restored, reinvigorated this grateful woman as it has done so many thousands of sick and suffering people! For Yeast-Vite is LIFE!—happy, joyous, pain-free, vigorous LIFE!

If YOUR life is darkened by pain, if YOUR days are made miserable by jangled nerves, tiredness and indigestion, if YOU are a sufferer from one of a number of troubles, YOU too, should instantly commence to benefit from the World's Wonder Tonic YEAST-VITE.

"Now like the Proverbial Lark"

BOLTON.

Dear Sirs,

To show my gratitude to you, I am adding my testimonial to the very many you must receive.

It is nine days ago since my daughter gave me a bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets, asking me to give them a trial for several ailments I complained of—nerves terrible, flatulence awful, head pains terrible—and every morning after rising I was from one to two hours tired and useless before starting my household duties.

Well, I gave 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets a fair trial. I cannot express the good they have done me. I can get up at six-o'clock in the morning like the proverbial "lark." I never seem tired and as for my nerves—well, this morning I mounted a ladder and cleaned my fanlight, a thing I've not done for years. (I had to let someone else do that.)

I will be only too willing to prove my statement, as also will my husband, father, daughter and son-in-law. I am sure that there are hundreds of women with the usual ailments at the age of 48 (which is my age) who would be more than thankful to know the value of 'Yeast-Vite.'

Please do not trouble to thank me for this letter, all the gratefulness is on my side.

With all my wishes for your great success.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) (Mrs.) E. C.

P.S. I might tell you I mentioned 'Yeast-Vite' to a woman and she said she had only them to thank for her son's life.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS –	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Min.
HEADACHES –	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Min.
LASSITUDE – –	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Min.
DEPRESSION –	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Min.
"NERVES" – –	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Min.
INDIGESTION –	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Min.
EXHAUSTION –	*Animation*	In 15/30 Min.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Min.
RHEUMATISM –	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

NO CURE–NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your Health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite is Life

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—*so*

Mine's a Minor!

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

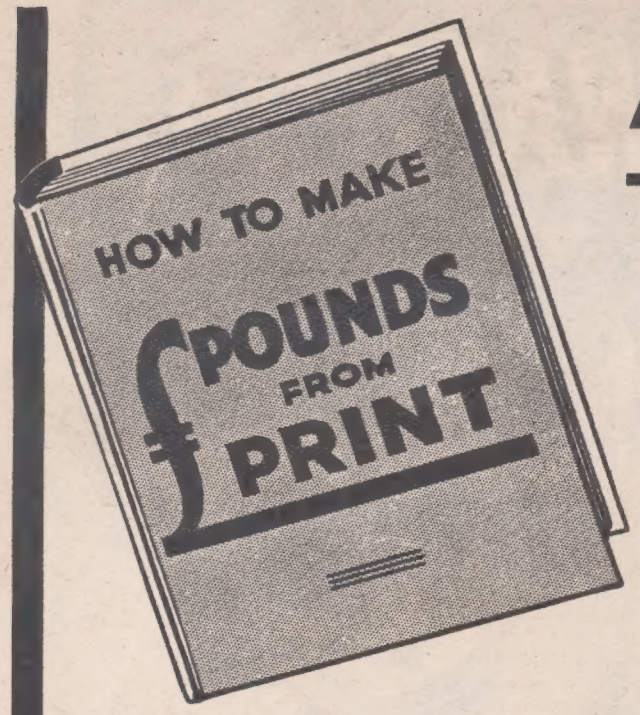
JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

De Reszke MINORS

IN TINS **30** FOR **1/-** ★ **60** FOR **2/-** ★ IN BOXES **15** FOR **6D** ★ **25** FOR **10D**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED



A FREE BOOK
That Shows How YOU Can
MAKE MONEY

Write For It At Once—No Obligation

A copy of this splendid New Book, just published, is yours for the asking. Simply post the coupon below TO-DAY and learn how you, too, can join the vast army who are making Big Money at home in the fascinating lucrative pastime of Printing. "£££'s From Print" is a romance. It tells how big businesses have been built by enterprising men for an initial outlay of only a few shillings. What others have done you can do—it costs nothing to study this wonderful volume.

ADANA HIGH SPEED AUTOMATIC PRINTING MACHINE

constructed on sound engineering lines, with Standard Printer's Type and all Accessories, also Fully Illustrated Instruction Book, ready to start making money easily right away for a

VERY SMALL OUTLAY

Thousand have built big businesses with an Adana. The coupon below will bring illustrated particulars, samples of work, also this New Wonderful Book

The Adana is a Real Automatic Machine. Accurate Metal Die-castings (having a tensile strength of over 20 tons) from costly moulds have made it possible to market this fine piece of machinery at this remarkably low price. Nothing has been spared to produce a smooth-running, high-class, fast Printing Machine. The result is wonderful. No words can explain what fine adjustments can easily be made to produce a perfect print, and which, once set, is permanently maintained throughout the job, as the impression is entirely mechanical.

1,000 COPIES PER HOUR

A thousand copies per hour are easily obtainable. Any size of paper, card, or made-up cartons, etc., can be printed. It is, therefore, possible to do an unlimited number of jobs that are in everyday use. The inking mechanism is all that can be desired. Standard printer's type and blocks of all descriptions can be used, as well as line, colour, register, and half-tone work. Adjustable lay gauge is provided to do away with the necessity for gauge pins.

BUILT UP GOOD BUSINESS

Dear Sir, *STEVENSTON.*
The machine is giving every satisfaction and is a great asset. I am publishing a local magazine for the "—— Advertiser," and I find the machine very suitable for stop-press work. I have done all classes of work, including circulars with half-tone illustrations, and have built up a good business.
Yours faithfully, M. F.

MAKING MONEY ALREADY

Dear Sir, *STOCKWELL.*
The machine arrived in perfect condition and has started making money already. I am more than pleased with it and consider it a little marvel. No expression could explain my enthusiasm adequately. *Yours faithfully, S. S.*

SAVES TIME AND MONEY

Dear Sir, *FILEY.*
May I please thank you for the machine you sent me seven months ago, which I have found a real boon. It is really a wonderful thing and has saved me much in both money and time. *Yours faithfully, F. G.*

GREAT HELP IN PARISH WORK

Dear Sir, *MANCHESTER.*
Many thanks for the machine that came last Thursday night. I have now had time to try it out and am delighted with the results. The heading of this letter was done on the new machine. I have one of your earliest All Steel Machines, and find it a great help in my parish work. *Yours very sincerely, Revd. W. W.*

OUTFITTER DOES HIS OWN PRINTING

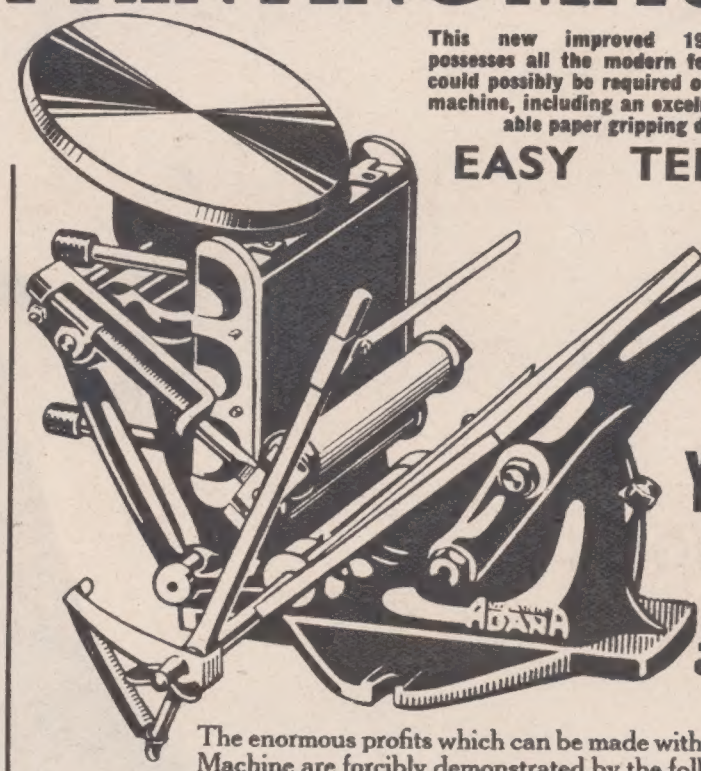
Dear Sir, *BROWNHILLS.*
I am delighted with the High Speed Printing Machine. I have also found it useful for such things as overprinting Cheques, Catalogues, Stylebooks, Whist Drive Score Cards and even big Hat Bags. I am enclosing you samples of window tickets, etc., to show you how useful we have already found it. *Yours faithfully, L. S.*

COMES UP TO A GIANT MACHINE

Dear Sir, *OXFORD.*
This is the first time I have written to you since I received my Machine, which comes up to a giant machine in quality of production. I was surprised the Machine could be so mechanically perfect. *Yours faithfully, W. R.*

FINE PIECE OF ENGINEERING

Dear Sir, *KETTERING.*
Many thanks for the High Speed Printing Machine which I received the other day. I am very pleased with same. It will be a great help to me. It is a fine piece of engineering. Thanking you, *Yours faithfully, F. W. B.*



This new improved 1936 Model possesses all the modern features that could possibly be required of a printing machine, including an excellent adjustable paper gripping device.

EASY TERMS

FOR A VERY SMALL OUTLAY

YOU CAN MAKE £££'s

The enormous profits which can be made with the new 'ADANA' Machine are forcibly demonstrated by the following examples :—

1,000 VISITING CARDS		1,000 BILLHEADS	
Sold for	10/6	Sold for	12/9
Cards cost	3/3	*Paper cost* ..	3/0
PROFIT	**7/3**	**PROFIT .. ..**	**9/9**
1,000 CONCERT TICKETS		**1,000 LETTER HEADINGS**	
Sold for	15/6	Sold for	12/6
Cards cost	4/9	*Paper cost*	3/0
PROFIT	**10/9**	**PROFIT .. ..**	**9/6**

MONEY-MAKING POSSIBILITIES WITH THIS MACHINE ARE GREATER THAN EVER
Send the coupon alongside at once for Free Book "£££'s From Print," full illustrated Particulars of the Adana Printing Machine, and Samples of Work

D. A. ADANA
Dept. P.S.16
17/18 CHURCH ST., TWICKENHAM
London Depot: 1 Ludgate House Fleet Street, E.C.4
Manchester: 60 Oldham St.

FREE BOOK COUPON

To D. A. ADANA (Dept. P.S. 16), 17 CHURCH STREET, TWICKENHAM.

Send me your New Book, "£££'s From Print," together with full particulars of the Adana Printing Machine and specimens of actual work produced.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

FOR EVERY
READER
THE
"PASSING SHOW's"
STUPENDOUS
£4·4·0
21ST BIRTHDAY
PRESENTATION
See next two pages
1915-1936

THE 'PASSING SHOW'S' STUPENDO

Here is a reduced illustration of this magnificent Canteen of Cutlery. Actual size of the canteen is 13 1/16 ins. long by 11¼ ins. wide by 3 1/16 ins. deep.

47 PIECES

Spoons and Forks Guaranteed PURE SILVER PLATING with Mirror Polish

Knives Guaranteed Stainless with Mirror Polish

Beautifully made CANTEEN finished in rich dark Jacobean Style

Here is a miniature illustration showing this handsome case when closed. The graceful design and the rich Jacobean style finish make this Presentation a magnificent addition to your home.

This offer applies only to residents in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, or Irish Free State. Residents in Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

US 21ST BIRTHDAY SURPRISE!

This Magnificent Presentation

£4·4·0 CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

for every Home

ALMOST too good to be true! Thousands will scarcely believe their eyes when they see this sensational announcement! Here is "The Passing Show's" wonderful 21st Birthday Presentation to all its readers. In its magnificence, value and quality it is far in advance of anything yet attempted!

Just think! To celebrate its 21st Birthday "The Passing Show" invites you to accept, for your home, on Presentation Terms that are nothing short of amazing, the loveliest Gift imaginable—a superb £4 4s. Canteen of Cutlery, consisting of FORTY-SEVEN exquisitely designed pieces.

This offer cannot be repeated; it is made only to purchasers of this historic issue of "The Passing Show." You are given this ONE OPPORTUNITY ONLY to make this beautiful Canteen of Cutlery yours. Post the Reservation forms below TO-DAY!

If you could see this handsome Canteen of Cutlery you'd instantly fall in love with it—it's irresistible!

SEE what it contains. There are SIX TABLE KNIVES and SIX TABLE FORKS—SIX DESSERT KNIVES & SIX DESSERT FORKS—SIX DESSERT SPOONS and SIX TEASPOONS—TWO TABLESPOONS—TWO MUSTARD-SPOONS—TWO SALT SPOONS—ONE JAM SPOON—ONE PAIR OF SUGAR TONGS—and—a lovely THREE-PIECE CARVING SET consisting of KNIFE, FORK and STEEL—a Complete Family Set—every piece exquisitely designed in the most popular style—every piece perfectly made and balanced—a gleaming, high-class collection of plate that offers a lifetime of pleasure and usage.

SHEFFIELD! The world's most famous cutlery centre—a name that is a guarantee of all that is best—the hallmark of incomparable craftsmanship and quality—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being specially created for your home! The table and dessert knives are made of the renowned Firth Steel—the finest steel for the purpose. Each knife blade is guaranteed STAINLESS and is finished with a sparkling de-luxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife forms one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and made of super-quality WHITE IVORINE—a lovely contrast to the glittering steel. The table and dessert forks, the 19 various spoons and the sugar tongs are heavyweight, and are the most graceful you've ever seen. **Every spoon and every fork has a GUARANTEED PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish, and is guaranteed to wear white throughout.**

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET, consisting of a CARVING KNIFE with 8-inch blade, made of Firth Stainless Steel with mirror polish, a forged steel carving fork and a sharpening steel, a set that adds the final touch of excellence.

The three pieces of this Carving Set, like the Table and Dessert Knives, are each in one piece, with the haft well set down into the handle in each case. The handles, too, are of WHITE IVORINE—oval finished—matching the rest of the set.

The Canteen itself is beautifully and strongly made and finished in rich dark Jacobean style. The top of the Canteen is enhanced by a decorative moulding round the edges. At each corner of the base is a ball foot, finished to prevent scratching. It is lined throughout with an attractive Royal Blue fadeless fabric—a special material always used in the cutlery trade to keep plate free from scratches, damp and dust.

ONE OPPORTUNITY ONLY

The complete Canteen of Cutlery will be distributed straight from the manufacturers as follows:—

SET 1
3 Table Knives
3 Table Forks
Jam Spoon

SET 2
3 Table Knives
3 Table Forks
1 Pair Sugar Tongs

SET 3
3 Dessert Knives
3 Dessert Forks
2 Mustard Spoons
1 Table Spoon

SET 4
3 Dessert Knives
3 Dessert Forks
2 Salt Spoons
1 Table Spoon

SET 5
6 Tea Spoons
6 Dessert Spoons

SET 6
3-Piece Carving Set:—Knife, Fork and Steel and the wonderful JACOBEAN STYLE CANTEEN

Please note that Set 6 includes without *extra* charge the magnificent Canteen itself which is fitted to hold the whole 47 pieces.

DO THIS NOW First, fill in the Reservation Form and Label below, and post them at once to "The Passing Show." YOU SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label, bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will be sent your **Six Presentation Vouchers** entitling you to qualify for the Complete Canteen of Cutlery. Directly your application is received arrangements will be made for your Canteen to be specially prepared for you and your first Set, consisting of **3 Table Knives, 3 Table Forks and Jam Spoon** will be put in hand so that four weeks from now they will be ready for delivery straight from Sheffield, carriage paid to your home. As soon as the first set has been dispatched, the Second Set will be put in hand, to be ready for you at the end of four more weeks, and so on until your Canteen of Cutlery is complete.

In order to qualify for each set, you are asked to send in each of your Presentation Vouchers accompanied by 4 Tokens cut from 4 consecutive issues of "The Passing Show." Tokens eligible are the "Plain" series and will be found on the last page facing the inside back cover of "The Passing Show." Commence with Token No. 484 from **NEXT WEEK'S** issue.

All that you are asked to send for each set, with each voucher and 4 tokens, is the amazingly low sum of only 5s. 6d., which includes packing in carton, insurance, carriage, etc.

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do—YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW WITH THE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL BELOW.

URGENT You are asked not to delay a single moment in filling in and posting your application. The response to this announcement will be tremendous. **NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY.** Seize this wonderful opportunity NOW. Fill in the Forms below and POST AT ONCE. Never again will you be able to get a magnificent Canteen of Cutlery such as this for such a small outlay.

This is your only opportunity. This announcement will NOT be repeated.

IMPORTANT It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent must receive a written order from you for the regular supply of "The Passing Show." Should your Newsagent NOT already hold such an order from you, hand him the Order Form below to-day.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

Cut around dotted rule. Do not separate Label and Reservation Form.

HAND THIS ORDER FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

The Passing Show
2d. Weekly

To Mr.....
(Newsagent)

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date..... .....

21st Birthday Presentation Canteen of Cutlery

RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

To:— Dept. P.C.1, "The Passing Show"
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

This Form reserves in your name the Presentation of a

47-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

The label on the right must be enclosed with this Reservation Form. It will be used for sending to you your Presentation Vouchers. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in block letters and affix a halfpenny stamp to space provided.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with your special offer, for a Presentation 47-piece Canteen of Cutlery to be qualified for in Six Sets. Please reserve a Canteen in my name and send me by return my **Six Official Presentation Vouchers** on which to qualify. I **certify that I have NOT already reserved a Canteen of Cutlery under this Scheme.** The Newsagent whose name and address are given below holds my written order for the regular supply of "The Passing Show."

N.B.—Post this Form with the label on right in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

READER'S NAME .....
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT.....

ADDRESS.....

Date.....

This Special Reservation Form MUST be received by NOT later than Tuesday, March 31st. *P.S., 21/3/36.*

Leave Blank
Checked and Verified

District Supervisor.

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you.

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

P.S. C.

"There! I told you you'd like Piccadilly"

Piccadilly junior size cigarettes are just long enough for a thoroughly satisfying smoke without any waste. So smooth and soothing, they possess a subtle difference in the blending of their fine quality tobaccos.

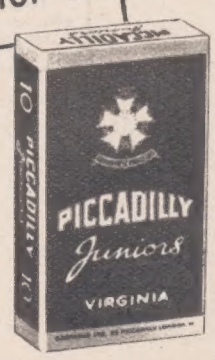
Try Piccadilly to-day and note the pleasing difference. There's a packing to suit every requirement and for such an excellent cigarette the price is very reasonable indeed.

PICCADILLY

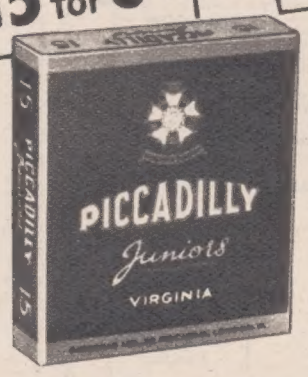
Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

PACKETS OF 10 for 4D



PACKETS OF 15 for 6D



OVAL TINS OF 30 for 1/-

FLAT POCKET TINS OF 60 for 2/-

FLAT POCKET BOXES 30 for 1/-

P.J. 92

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

The PASSING SHOW
No. 209. Vol. 5. MARCH 21, 1936

Spring & 21st. Birthday DOUBLE NUMBER

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Why 'Ovaltine' is *unequalled for* ECONOMY

A small tin of 'Ovaltine' costing 1/1d makes 16 cupfuls of delicious 'Ovaltine' — the World's Supreme Food Beverage

It gives you the *Highest Possible Quality* at the *Lowest Possible Price*

FROM every point of view, 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage you can buy. It gives you ***more*** health-giving nourishment—***more*** in quality and ***more*** in quantity.

'Ovaltine' gives you more health-giving nourishment because it is a scientifically perfect food. No other food beverage conveys such a wealth of nourishment so quickly to body, brain and nerves. The ingredients of 'Ovaltine' are ***milk*** plus ***malt*** plus EGGS. New-laid eggs are liberally used because they are rich in valuable nerve-building properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.

'Ovaltine' gives you more in Quality because the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to exceptional lengths to obtain the finest ingredients. The 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms were established to set the highest standards of quality for the milk and eggs. The malt extract is specially prepared from the finest home-grown barley.

'Ovaltine' gives you more in Quantity because of the larger tins and the concentrated nature of 'Ovaltine.' For example, the small tin of 'Ovaltine' contains sufficient to make 16 cupfuls. The larger tins of 'Ovaltine' are even more economical.

Even when you make 'Ovaltine' entirely with milk it is still the most economical food beverage. This is due to the high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity you need to use. ***Quality always tells.***

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3

Remember—'OVALTINE' is now served in Cafés and Restaurants

P206A

The Altar *of the* Moon

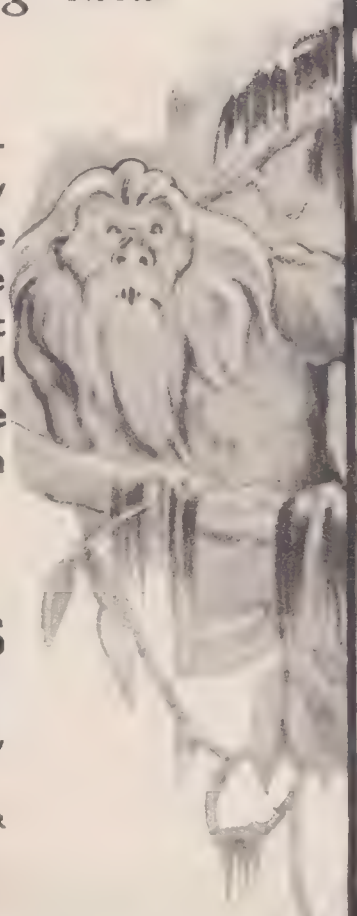
The Passing Show presents

The first long instalment of a new serial thriller, the story of a strange treasure hunt and the beautiful captive of a race of giant ape-men

By

Francis DICKIE

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN F. CLYMER



Wanted: Young man, mining graduate, or with practical mining experience, who has nothing to lose but his life.—Apply "Maple Manor," West Toronto.

JERRY HARDY let the Toronto newspaper fall to the floor. He ran his fingers through his tangle of black curly hair; and regret was in his eyes. For, though he was a young man, a graduate in mining, and had nothing to lose but his life, the newspaper was already five days old.

Even in ordinary times there would not have been one chance in a thousand of the position not being filled before this; in these days when so many jobless young men were ready for any adventure, the slim possibility was countlessly lessened.

Yet the regretful light died out of Jerry Hardy's eyes. He counted his money, examined an auto-bus time-table. Half an hour later he was hiking down the Ontario Road, his tall, athletic figure hardened by many weeks of outdoor labour, swinging into a speedy covering of the first ten miles of walking between him and the auto-bus station.

On the bare elms and maples, buds were awaking. Though the air was chill, there lurked a vague something, the veriest whisper of daring spring.

A bell tolled somewhere in the distance as Jerry Hardy next day rounded a curve in a very long driveway to see before him the veranda and colonial front of Maple Manor, a little before which the pine woods surrounding the driveway ended, leaving the old house and its wide lawns in perhaps an acre of clearing, with a backing of maples, a few elms, beech and oak standing a little aloof in the rear, tall old guardians about a house bearing that indefinable air of one family's long possession.

Drawing closer, Jerry noted a path and a signboard. He paused: the tradesman's entrance, or the front door?

He straightened up proudly. A mining graduate, even if he had nothing to lose but his life! He ascended the two veranda steps, faced the immense front door, and applied the knocker to the white expanse. As he did so, again sounded the bell he had heard when coming up the driveway.

He pulled out his watch, a ponderous old timepiece of heavy gold, the only one of his possessions which had escaped the pawnbroker.

Ten o'clock.

He thought: considering the miles I have walked to save bus fares, I made pretty fast time, even *if I am too late.* The door opened soundlessly upon a grey-haired little man.

"You've come about the advertisement." Without waiting for a reply, added: "Come with me."

Jerry followed along the wide hallway, as he went catching a glimpse on his left through a half-open door of the great dining-room lit by the morning sun. Entering the third doorway he crossed the heavy-carpeted spaces of a large living-room to its other side to pass through a portal held open for him.

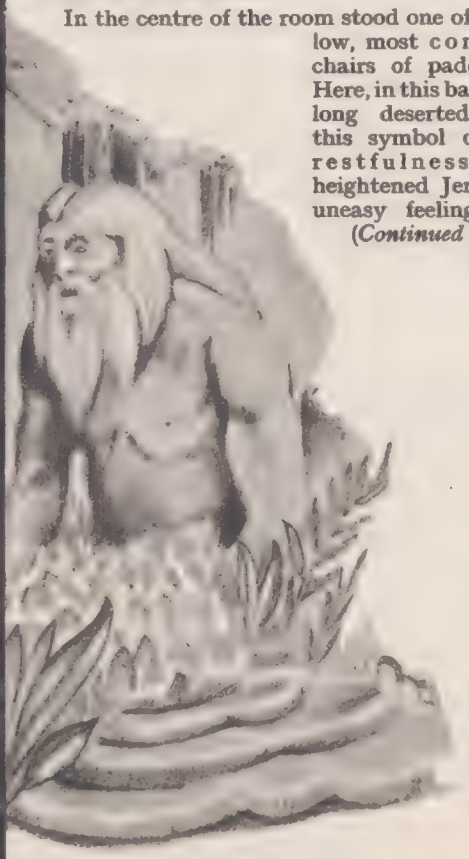
"You will sit down and wait, please."

The door closed behind Jerry.

He looked upon a room about twelve feet square. A long bench-like table ran the length of one side brightly lighted by an immense window. Upon this table were retorts, scales, hammers, blow torches. The wall space was completely taken up by a series of cupboards, several with glass doors, where showed shelves loaded with rock "samples." It was a setting familiar to Jerry. Even in the slightly chill air, he fancied, lingered the familiar odours of the assay room. But, on taking a turn of the room, he realised that this could only be fancy, for dust lay thick everywhere. A moment he paused, eyeing the two rows of books on an open bookcase. All dealt with mining; the titles of many to him familiar. He took one out, glanced at the illustration, then set it carefully back in line with the others.

In the centre of the room stood one of those large, low, most comfortable chairs of padded leather. Here, in this bare, evidently long deserted workshop, this symbol of luxurious restfulness further heightened Jerry's already uneasy feelings. Though

(*Continued overleaf*)



"It was my intention to explore the ground on foot, myself and Janis taking one territory whilst Hodge would explore another."

Continuing The Altar *of the* Moon

tired from recent hours of walking and bus travelling, he could not bring himself to use this only seat, lonely, and to him forbidding in this cold setting mutely appealing only to activity.

Restlessly he moved about, finally coming to a halt before the big window. He ran his fingers through his long black curly hair which, for all his care toward always maintaining a neat appearance, had a tendency to rumpled massing, without any touching, but which action he unconsciously gave way to when faced with unusual situations. This rumpling somehow gave an added air of candour to his square, friendly face, an honest, charming boyishness, which frequently annoyed Jerry. At twenty-six he wanted to look thirty, instead of losing at least four years already rightly his. And now if there was a chance to impress for this job, which so there seemed, he must look his very best in the way of maturity.

With vigorous hand he strove to stroke smooth his hair. He turned away from the window. To his restlessness came an added feeling of someone looking at him. Impatiently he banished the thought. He was just nervously imaginative because he was broke and needed a job so badly, any job, honourable. And the cheerlessness of this unused room; and that confounded easy chair!

He glowered at it for some time. His prospective employer certainly was not in any hurry to interview him.

Jerry took out his watch.

"Well," he reconciled himself philosophically, "when you are looking for work, doors open slowly."

Presently a faint sound caused him to turn.

In the open door the little old man signed to him. Jerry moved into the living-room and came to a stop before an enormous writing table. Like the hastily-glanced-at dining-room with its huge sideboard, here all about were the furnishings of the past, those more spacious days. Even the slowly burning large hardwood logs in the wide, high fireplace told of a treasured woodland once a commonplace.

The little man pointed to the table, upon the bare surface of which lay a tiny parcel like a large pill-box. Beside it was a letter.

"You have been *seen*. Take the parcel and letter with you."

Though the man spoke quietly, Jerry sensed in his tone a faint suggestion of an unnaturalness as of one carrying out a role with which he was not by custom acquainted.

After the tension of these so long recent minutes in the bare little room, to be told that he had been seen, was an added exasperation to his nerves. This faded before the questions raised by the packet and letter.

As he took them up, the little man began moving toward the entrance.

"Evidently they wish me to know my fate somewhere else," Jerry communed, and followed at once.

Once more he stood upon the great veranda. The immense door closed soundlessly behind him.

Curiosity made rapid his footsteps. At the curve in the road where the house was lost to sight, he sat down on the thick carpet of needles dry under one of the pines.

Tearing open the letter, he read a clear small handwriting:

"If you return on the twenty-fifth of this month with the contents of the packet intact, your application will receive further consideration."

Jerry turned his attention to the pillbox-like package. It was unusually heavy. The brown paper covering was held on merely by an elastic. With the box in his palm, Jerry re-read the letter, pondering the intention of the words: *the contents of the packet intact.*

Could that mean he was not to open it? Was it a sort of test of his curiosity?

As far as the paper wrapper was concerned, it certainly could be taken off and replaced, and no one the wiser. This decided him that no denial of knowing the contents of the box was intended by the vague wording of the letter. In view of everything he now became convinced that what was wanted of him was to examine the mystery of this so heavy little package.

He took off the paper, revealing a round wooden box, the lid held on by another heavy elastic band. Taking these off, he turned the box over in the palm of his hand, lifted it as he did so.

With the unmistakable music only they can make, there chinked into his hand five twenty-dollar gold pieces.

Jerry's heart beat faster. The possession of such a sum brought back like a flash many plans he had dwelt upon, bitterly regretful, these last few months. A hundred dollars would take him on a freight boat to Central America where an old schoolmate was superintending an important mining operation. Once there, his friend would most certainly give him work. Or there was that new mining boom in northern Ontario. With a hundred dollars for stake he could "beat" it to the new field, and arrive with something to work on.

He sat for a long time, the warm glow of the metal holding him as one fascinated. There was magic in gold. It was not merely what it would buy. There was something deeper about it, a heritage reaching back to the dawn of civilisation.

Finally Jerry shook himself. Wrapping the package as he had received it, he tied it securely in one corner of his handkerchief, and put it within his undershirt, fastening the torn end of the handkerchief to a buttonhole.

A little chilled, he rose, and went on slowly. To-day was the fifteenth. Ten whole days to kill; and he had thirty-five cents. He took out the heavy gold watch, ponderous, old. It had been his great-grandfather's. It was a gift to him from his grandfather. He had promised never to part with it. As a watch in these modern times, no pawnbroker would advance anything upon it; but, in these days of high-priced gold, this antique had the virtue of olden things. Its gold and jewels were *gold* and *jewels*.

Aware of the truth of that apparent inconsistency, that the cheapest place for a man in his situation was the heart of a great city, he turned his steps toward the nearby city of Toronto.

On the morning of March twenty-fifth, Jerry Hardy once more swung around the bend of the road on the driveway bringing into view Maple Manor. The note had set no hour for his return.

"Probably were sure I wouldn't be back," he thought a little ironically.

However, he had timed his arrival to coincide with his previous one. Almost to the minute of ten his hand sounded the knocker.

The same little man, with the bearing of one long in service, opened the door. Though without speaking he led Jerry into the great living-room and pointed to a deep arm chair at one side of the fireplace, Jerry fancied there was a friendliness in his manner.

Seated by the quiet fire of hardwood logs, Jerry had become lost in admiration gazing at a large landscape painting by Harpignies when a faint sound aroused him. Changing the direction of his look, he saw enter his prospective employer, leaning upon the arm of the little man, while supporting his other hand with a cane. He was quite bald. His once medium height was lessened by his thin frame now permanently bent from some accident or disease. As Jerry rose, he saw the sharp, smooth face, though that of an invalid, was that of a man very much alive, intelligent and keen.

Slowly seating himself in the big chair at the opposite side of the fire, he turned his brown eyes upon Jerry with an appraising gaze.

Standing, Jerry waited.

The silence grew so embarrassingly long that Jerry, politely waiting to be addressed, abruptly took the initiative. Drawing from his pocket the little box filled with gold pieces, he crossed and laid it upon the arm of the man's chair, then went back and sat down.

The man nodded slowly. He did not touch the box. At last he spoke, his voice very low, slow, soft.

"Tell me something of yourself." Noting Jerry's hesitation, added: "I don't wish to pry; merely know something of your past, your qualifications."

There was a friendliness, a disarming simplicity about this man, in whose eyes some recent sorrow had left its mark.

"The paper with your advertisement was five days old when I happened to pick it up in a bunkhouse in a relief camp where I have been working the last few months. The chances against me getting the position seemed about the same as a fellow winning an Irish Sweepstake prize. But at that I decided to try. I put it up to the foreman of the camp who rather liked me. He said: 'Go to it. You can always come back.'

"So what with walking, and by auto-bus with what money I had, I arrived. Then, after I had been here, I went back to Toronto and waited. As for my credentials: McGill University. I also started a course at the Denver School of Mines, but had to give it up at the end of six months."

Jerry hesitated. After a second, deciding it better to explain fully: "Till then I had always had money. Not a great deal, but enough to keep me going in a careful way. My parents died when I was very young. What they left me was placed with an old family friend for investment. He did well by me until a short time ago, when he went up in the big balloon with a few million other people on this continent. When he came down, I'm sorry—he shot himself. It hurt like the devil to have nothing. When you have had security all your life, you are lots worse off than the fellow who has not been used to it. But when you add to losing your money all the feeling of responsibility for a man's life, it's that much worse. Particularly because I know my guardian risked everything of mine believing absolutely he was assuring a fortune for me.

"After the crash I tried my hand at a lot of things; at last even trying to sell from door to door. I think I am brave; but I am not brave enough to face day after day women interrupted at their housework. So I went to a relief labour camp, where they were breaking ground for new airplane landings. It was at least a man's work, and I like the outdoors."

"Well, in spite of the fact that you didn't prove equal to facing angry housewives, I think perhaps you will be satisfactory to me." The invalid smiled. Jerry felt grow that sentiment of liking which had arisen in him at first sight of the man.

"The other day when I *saw* you in the laboratory, there were several things which impressed me favourably. But first, before that, you came to the front door rather than the trade entrance at the rear, signifying a certain quality of belief in yourself. In the room you did not sit down in the big chair. The fact that you could not accept so comfortable a resting place among the rather cheerless surroundings, suggested to me a highly sensitive nature. You took a book down. You replaced it carefully, lining it exactly with the others: mark of precision and orderliness."

A fit of coughing interrupted the speaker.

"And I noted," he went on presently, "after you had been a few minutes in the room, your growing impatience. You looked at your watch. This spelled to me an active and eager nature. You see," a suggestion of wistfulness crept into his tone, "while I became a mining engineer due to my father's wish, I really wanted to be a doctor, specialising in the mind. Now that I am forced to give up my profession, I go on with my studies in psychology. And in the last few days I have considerably added to my experience."

Jerry smiled. "Yes, I'll bet you had plenty of applicants." The next moment he regretted the enthusiastic boyish tone and familiarity of his response.

"One hundred and ten. Out of them I took a chance on twelve. Two came back."

Jerry thought swiftly: "Must be some job for a man to throw away a thousand dollars like that." This time he refrained from comment. A little fear gripped him at the realisation that in spite of what the man had just said about him being satisfactory, perhaps it still remained a matter of consideration between him and this other man. He dwelt regretfully on his gold watch, and the pawn ticket elapsing in three months.

"And now," the invalid took up the conversation, "regarding the work to be done. The only way to place the matter properly before you, I think, is to tell you the story in detail.

"As I have already mentioned, I am a mining engineer. Four years ago I was up in the mountains of British Columbia at a little place named Harrison where there exists some sulphur springs very beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism and kindred diseases. I also had asthma; and in this region I found myself singularly freed of it.

"The trip, I must mention, was purely for my health. While I was at the hotel, and you know how one has a great deal of time on one's hands in a spot like that, I got acquainted with an old fellow named Hodge who lived near the hotel. He'd been a little of everything, steamboat captain in the north, fur trader, prospector. He had retired here in a cabin on the lake near the hot springs because the baths were good for his rheumatism.

"It was after we had chatted for several afternoons that I happened to mention I was a mining engineer. The following afternoon he came to the

"A few feet distant we found the head under a bough, but in spite of our frantic searching we could discover no trace of Janis."

hotel. Instead of sitting around the lobby chatting as we had done before, he suggested we go to my room as he had something he wished to show me, something he wished no one else to see.

"In my room Hodge emptied from a buckskin bag about twenty pieces of quartz, as he did so remarking : 'That's only a few pieces of what I found. I've got a twenty-pound sugar sack full at home.'

"These quartz samples lying before me were the kind that take your breath away, the kind men dream about, but seldom see. They were incredibly rich in gold, beyond anything I have ever handled in all my years of mining, and like all such——"

The lurking sadness Jerry had sensed in his eyes deepened. It crept over his face.

"Like all such they are surrounded with mystery. Tragedy gathers about them. But I must tell the story in its proper sequence. So now for Hodge.

"A short time previous to my meeting Hodge, a Government seaplane had made the lake, upon which this health village faces, its headquarters. The two men in charge of the seaplane were engaged in a photographic survey of the surrounding region, one of high mountains, wild in the extreme, and for the most part unknown.

"Hodge got acquainted with the airmen. Several times they took him along. On the last trip he made with them, engine trouble caused a forced landing. They were lucky that at the time they were flying near one of those peculiar little lakes found in the old craters in the region at high altitudes. At that, they made a bad landing, too close to shore, and one of the pontoons smashed against a small floating tree.

"They made repairs of a sort. But in the condition the 'plane was, the pilot thought the best thing to do was for him to fly out alone. If he was not back in four or five days, the other two would know he had not made it, and could try on foot. They weren't very far in actual mileage from Harrison. As the 'plane always carried an emergency box of rations, they were all right.

"In the four days before the repaired 'plane returned, Hodge, being an energetic sort of chap, wandered around the surrounding country. In the near distance loomed a peculiarly shaped though rather low peak. He had often noticed it from his cabin on Harrison lake.

"At this point the range is low. It marks the beginning of a chain of mountains that gradually increase until fifty miles away they are of great height. But the peak was very peculiar in shape : like a very elongated arrowhead with a rounding or very blunted tip. Curious now for a closer view, Hodge crossed the little plain beyond the fringe of trees around the lake that led to the beginning of the long easy slope up the mountain.

"A couple of hours of walking brought him to one of the low rounding shoulders, two of which nearly the same height ran from either side of the base of the low point rising from out of them. The formation of these shoulders was unusual enough, but Hodge was still more struck with astonishment on the closer viewing of the peak. It reared up abruptly from between the two shoulders, very sheer, though only a few hundred feet, but in striking contrast to the rest of the mountain, the ascent of which to the foot of the peak was fairly easy. The peak by its shape and the abruptness of it looming up with its arrowhead from two flat and rather long shoulders made an outstanding landmark.

"It was still early in the day when Hodge got this far. He went along the top of the shoulder and came upon a trail, quite a distinct one. Even in an absolutely uninhabited country this meant nothing, for mountain goat, sheep and bears often make such. It ran along the last of the rounding shoulder toward the foot of the peak.

"With plenty of time upon his hands, Hodge continued along the path till suddenly he came upon the first of these pieces of quartz so incredibly rich in gold content. At almost every step he came upon another chunk. They were scattered along the trail for perhaps forty or fifty feet.

"As Hodge said : 'Just like they'd kept dropping out of a hole in a bag.' Then abruptly there were no more. Hodge gathered them up. Luckily when he got back to camp late that afternoon, with every part of him bulging, the photographer was asleep.

"Hodge cached the specimens. Later he was able to conceal them in a blanket, and got back to Harrison and out of the 'plane without either of his companions being aware of the find.

"Hodge was still pondering how to go on in the matter when I arrived upon the scene. As I have told you, I only went into mining to please my father. He has been dead some time now. Of recent years my health, never very good, got very bad. Having enough to live reasonably well, and to assure the future of my only child, a daughter, I had at the time of meeting Hodge definitely retired from active mining.

"But that's the queer thing about gold ! With me it wasn't a case of need. Fact is, I actually struggled against going in with Hodge. But the find had *got me*. After seeing those specimens, I just couldn't rest till I had tried my hand at solving the puzzle they presented. A mining friend of mine in Vancouver, in answer to my wire, sent me a reliable pilot with a seaplane similar to the type used by the Government men. We established a camp on the same little lake where Hodge first landed.

"All summer we worked carefully over the territory within a distance of some thirty miles. Yet in all that region there was not one single sign of any veins of the slightest value; no quartz-bearing leads of any kind. As for that——" he checked himself abruptly, pointed to the table where stood a large cigar box.

"Empty that on the carpet and look the contents over."

Though already prepared, Jerry caught his breath as the samples glinted up from the dark blue carpet. One by one he examined them. Lacking though he did field experience, Jerry had been thorough in his studies. The months in Denver had particularly well acquainted him with a wide range of rock. And now as he turned these over he realised something. Undoubtedly this man facing him, with years of experience, could not have overlooked it. So he remarked very diffidently :

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing

The Altar *of the* Moon

Suddenly he came upon the first of these pieces of quartz so incredibly rich in gold content. They were scattered along the trail for forty or fifty feet.

"Of course, I've not had any field experience, but I should say, judging from these samples, that even if you had found a vein corresponding to some of them, your mystery still remains, for, unless all my studies go for nothing, these samples are from very different sources, sources separated probably by a great many miles."

"You are quite right." The invalid was wracked by a fit of coughing. After the spasm had passed, he went on. "Let me continue. Certainly, not one of those specimens came from anywhere immediately about the spot where Hodge found them. Then how did that little trickle of them, as it were, come to be scattered along just such a short stretch of trail in an absolutely uninhabited country? That's the puzzle to solve."

"Was there nothing else peculiar about the location? The nearby mountain, the short peak like a blunted arrowhead. Did you see nothing there?"

"Well, we examined it from a position at its foot, and also we flew around it. We did not attempt to climb it. Though it is not very high it presents tremendous difficulties.

"Not far from where Hodge found the last of the quartz chunks, the trail ends on a narrow but fairly level shelf. Up to the foot of the peak the climbing is not difficult. Then the face of the peak sheers almost straight up to a sharply jutting ledge lying, I should say, about eighty feet above the foot. Protruding over the edge of the ledge for perhaps a length of fifteen feet is the end of a large column of basalt, evidently fallen, perhaps thousands of years ago, from the face of the cliff above. The cliff face beyond the ledge is an uneven jagged formation. The peak could be reached from this side once one had spanned that eighty feet of sheer face to the ledge.

"However, we came close enough in the 'plane so that I could see from the general formation that by no possible chance could the quartz have come from it. The rock is utterly valueless—not even a suggestion of any type of rock where gold was likely to be found. And the surrounding country was just the same. Unquestionably, the answer of our riddle did not lie in the vicinity of the peak.

"The snow falls early in this region. On September 15 we returned to Harrison. We decided the 'plane should return next year in June when the ice would have broken up on the little lake. Hodge was to go in and build two comfortable cabins on the lake from the small balsam which grows plentifully there. When the camp was ready he was to telegraph me.

"For by this time the thing had got me more than ever. It was not so much the incredible wealth that certainly lay in the veins from which these samples had come, but that problem the specimens presented scattered along a trail in a land unexplored, unknown —where men were supposed never to have been. Not only this: but during the time I was in the region my health had improved wonderfully. My asthma had entirely left me.

"It was on the twenty-eighth of June that I arrived back at the lake. I brought with me my only child, Janis. She had always loved the outdoors. As a youngster she had been a Girl Scout; a member of the local Camp Fire Club later. She could swim and row with the best of men; was champion of the local tennis club, played a fair game of golf, was a rattling good target shot, and, the year before, had taken up archery.

"For a girl of twenty, such an expedition as this was the outing of a lifetime. She had brought with her special bows and arrows. At the time archery had become quite a fad; and Janis was sure she could kill a bear with one of these old-time weapons. She was all keened up to try, having read of some men who had killed lions and leopards in Africa in this manner.

"The setting of the camp was a place to please the wildest dream of any girl like her. On a high plateau on the grassy edge of the lake the two cabins stood among a thick stand of slim balsams. Beyond, a few hundred yards on the other side of the balsams fringing the lake, a grassy slope led to where the plateau gave place to the beginning of the ascent to the peak upon which was that unexplainable trail where Hodge had found the quartz specimens."

Again a fit of coughing shook the man's slight frame. When again he spoke, the sadness in his face and tone became more in evidence.

"We began at once going over the country. First we flew over new territory in the 'plane. It would only carry two and the pilot. Sometimes Hodge and I would go with him; sometimes either of us and Janis. In a week we looked over a big stretch of ground, and marked out three regions to investigate on foot, all of which had little lakes handy for landing the 'plane.

"We then beside one of these lakes pitched two tents. It was our intention to move here temporarily and explore the ground on foot, thus saving many hours of flying back to the base, and cut down on fuel for the machine. Our plan was to work out from this base, myself and Janis taking a stretch of territory, while Hodge would examine another. To vary the work we would at times continue our flights of preliminary examination of farther country. While we had not informed the pilot of the rich specimens, he was, of course, aware that our search was for gold.

"But just after we had finished pitching our tents on the shore of this second lake and moved cots and bedding and some cooking utensils to them, Hodge, who had not been feeling well for some days, was taken down with an attack of grippe. What with the season being so short, every day was precious. So Janis stayed behind to look after the old man. The pilot and I flew to the new camp about forty miles away.

"The nights in these high altitudes are cold, even in summer. In the tent we had a stove going. On the third evening of our stay at the new camp, just before turning in for the night, we went out for a breath of fresh air. A full moon was soon due to rise. But as we came out of the tent there was still around us the half darkness of the region on a clear night. We walked side by side, the pilot and I, along the shore. Suddenly Williams stopped.

"'What's that?'

"I followed his pointing finger. Out of the dark high up in the distance, was a tiny red glow. As we stood watching, it grew slowly. A thin column of magnificently shaped flame, it rose higher and higher. There was something peculiar in the evenness with which the flame, after reaching a certain point, maintained a shape of thin columnar form. Presently it seemed as if it lit up the whole night.

"For a minute we were convinced that this was so, till suddenly we realised it was too far away. Then we became aware that what really was lighting up the night was a full moon coming up behind a distant peak. And that queer column of flame, by chance, or design, reached its apex exactly the moment the moon cleared the peak.

"Even before this, the mounting moon as it cleared the wider shoulder of the mountain. showed on either side of the peak until the peak seemed like a dark column fused into the glowing silver of the disk; while upon the face of the peak flared that column of mysterious fire. And the peak was that one with the contour of a very blunt, elongated arrowhead that stood near our main camp, the one near which Hodge had found the specimens.

"In that moment when the moon rose above the peak, the flame wavered, began sinking. It fell away, descending slowly. Suddenly it seemed to burst asunder; then darkness.

"All during the next day while we walked over the first of the territory I had mapped out for investigation, the thought of that flame somehow bothered me. Without any reason I was strangely uneasy. Thus it was that, while I had not intended returning to the base camp for three more days, I late that afternoon decided to fly back. Only when I had spoken did Williams confess he had felt the same way.

"Opposite the cabins the lake is tremendously deep, and a shelving beach made it possible for the pilot to 'taxi' the 'plane till its nose touched the shore. As we 'taxied' in, our hearts dropped strangely. The cabins were gone.

We jumped from the pontoons and ran to where, four days before, these buildings of lodge pole balsam had stood. Only the outline upon the ground, the sickly white of the grass so recently covered with light flooring, remained as evidence of those walls of beautifully matched and peeled small logs which Hodge, with the pride of a true woodsman had so carefully raised. Of our camp beds, light portable cook stove, extra clothes, rifles, our cases of tinned goods, Janis' bows and arrows, not a sign. Nothing left, absolutely nothing!

"Overwhelmed by concern for my daughter and Hodge, and stunned for the moment by the uncanny incomprehensibility of the situation, I stood a while staring helplessly there. Williams, who had been through the Great War, was first to recover.

"'Let's make a thorough search.'

"All around where the cabins had stood, coming to the very back doors, grew the balsam trees which extended all around the three-acre expanse of lake, a belt of low timber perhaps two hundred yards deep. Beyond this was the plain of rather stony ground covered with coarse mountain grass which gave way a little farther on to the slope rising gently to the foot of the peak.

"Hodge had cut a narrow trail through the balsams to the edge of the plain. Along this we first went hurrying. The heavy carpet of needles along the trail showed faint evidence of something having passed over them. But by their very dry nature and the hardness of the ground beneath, they contained no sufficiently revealing sign. It was the same on the

(*Continued on page* 106).

On a main road from London into Kent—country-bound cars, and new houses on the hillside; the outward signs of the greatest revolution of our time.

The Town *Goes Back* to the Country

S. L. Bensusan

—on "The Passing Show's" twenty-first birthday, discusses the greatest revolution of our day—the return of the townsfolk to the countryside—which has taken place entirely within the lifetime of this magazine.

IN the autumn of 1918 I was asked by a newspaper to investigate agricultural conditions across the greatest breadth of England, i.e., from Cornwall to Norfolk; I made the journey on an ordinary safety bicycle.

I gave nearly two months to it, and studied closely much beautiful country and many war-time developments. For some years following, an agricultural tour was part of my summer work; so late as 1934 and 1935 I travelled over six thousand miles in England and Wales, so that there are abundant opportunities for comparison.

A decline in beauty stands revealed in all directions. Haphazard building quite uncontrolled, unrestricted use of corrugated iron, the establishment of petrol stations at every coign of vantage account in part for the change. Local authorities have allowed any man to buy any field and erect any kind of house, cottage or bungalow.

There has been no uniformity of design. It is a common experience in driving through countryside renowned of old time for loveliness to come suddenly upon a patch of reckless building that has removed the term beautiful from any future description of that particular place.

To-day regulations are in force; it should become increasingly difficult for land speculators to defile a prospect unless the site they select has been given over deliberately to defilement. There is, of course, no good reason why ribbon building should be associated with ugliness or why villas should be set up to offend the eye.

Unfortunately we have no Ministry of Fine Arts and our local authorities are seldom recruited from those who believe that the claims of beauty should be heard side by side with those of utility.

Reader, do you remember any of the typical old English villages? For many years I lived near one. The thatched cottages were built round a green on which everybody's geese or donkey had the right to graze. Children played cricket on the green, elderly folk sat under the elms, on fine afternoons and evenings there was the peace that passes understanding.

To-day if I drive through I look neither to the right nor the left; the old folk have passed and beauty has gone with them—red brick and yellow, corrugated iron and slate have seen to it.

Apart from response to the eye the English countryside has improved vastly through years when this paper was growing up and coming of age. Overhead electric cables may not be good to look upon, but they have made an enormous difference to comfort in country house, villa or cottage and to the labour imposed upon the housewife. In a few years you may hope to see the oil lamp finding a place in the museum with the dodo and duck-billed platypus.

Water, too, is becoming less of a luxury than it was. The drought of the years '33 and '34 stirred the public conscience and both Central Authority and the County Councils have helped to move those smaller bodies, to which progress, if it threatens to increase rates, is anathema.

It is matter for regret that the minor authorities Rural District Councils and Parish Councils which could do much do so little; they won't function if they can help themselves.

It was a Parish Councillor talking in his village shop who told me in the worst season of the drought that there was no genuine shortage, no need for local expenditure.

"You see my cowl," he said pointing to his 40 gallon can; "I can fill it every morning. I get up at six o'clock; folk who get up at eight can't get water and complain. Whose fault is it?" He wasn't grateful when I told him, though I spoke gently.

In farmland there have been enormous changes. In 1918, 1919 and 1920 land owners taking advantage of high prices were selling out; it is not surprising

"For years," said an old friend, the kind and considerate landlord of many thousands of acres, "I had been getting less than 2 per cent. on my capital, now I am going to have nearly 5 per cent."

Farmers made haste to buy their land, some could not help themselves, often there was no choice between buying and going. A few were eager to be their own landlords, but although they had done well for a few years hardly any were able to find all the purchase money, the banks gave mortgages, at the high rates of interest then prevailing.

All seemed well, good millable wheat had turned 80/- a quarter, the wheat we were importing cost still more when the top of the market was reached. There was a Corn Production Act guaranteeing profitable prices to arable farmers. England changed hands.

"We've been squeezed long enough," an old neighbour said to me in those years, "now it's only fair that we should do a bit of squeezing."

Then came the slump, the Corn Production Act was hurriedly repealed, men who had bought their farms found trouble. Long bleak years of agricultural depression shattered their hopes and gave infinite anxiety to the banks.

A banker said to me some years ago, "If my directors were to foreclose we'd be the biggest landowners in England—and running the farms might ruin even us."

The agricultural labourer was not so badly off because although wages fell rapidly from their maximum of 46/- when the slump came, commodity prices also fell and the Agricultural Wages Board did keep the farmers from reducing him to starvation point as it had been their practice in days gone by.

A minimum wage of 30/- a week for a man with wife and family cannot be deemed generous, but

Thirty years ago—the scythe men take a meal in the hedge. They don't look like that now—driving motor harvesters.

Continuing

Town *and* Country··

Nearly a vanished trade is that of the village blacksmith. Yet he was still flourishing when the first " Passing Show " came out in 1915.

the Wages Board have been bitterly attacked, though farming men are quick to forget the aid the Government gives to wheat, beef and sugar.

The farmer is still fighting the Tithe Charge which sometimes amounts to as much as a fair agricultural rent on the land.

The authorities can seize cattle on land where tithe goes unpaid. I know of fenland villages where the farmer owes his tithe and grazes his animals too, but there is an elaborate system of signals. If a suspect comes into the district by train or car, signals fly or a gun goes off and cattle are withdrawn.

Against the tithe charge we have to set the fact that rates are no longer levied on agricultural land; if tithes were taken away we may be sure that no Chancellor of the Exchequer would wait long before he put rates back.

Twenty-one years ago work on the land was intensely hard, only strong men and horses could carry it through. I've known old men whose backs had literally been bent by their burdens, they could not walk upright. Tractors may be said to have come in with the Great War, but the only ones available in any number were those made by Mr. Ford and fitted with the Oliver plough.

Neither tractor nor plough will compare with those that are in use to-day, in fact, casualties among them during the years of war were enormous. I can remember on my 1918 tour passing many a field with a dead tractor in it. Something had gone wrong, no skilled engineer was at hand, the tractor was left to die where it fell.

In those day on heavy land a skilled steady man with three horses might plough three quarters of an acre, to-day on that land a modern tractor would do at least four times the amount of work. Milking machinery was hardly known, other labour saving devices, seen now on comparatively small farms, were in infancy. Such giant machines as harvester combine and the gyrotiller had not made their first appearance in England. Old men were shy of machinery.

"I ouldn't set in one o' them, if that was ever so," said a ploughman of the old order, looking at a tractor with a three-furrow plough. "I got a uncle what lost two fingers cuttin' wood along of a machine, time I wore a boy; don't tell me." I didn't attempt to, for clearly, if a circular saw could cut off a man's fingers, machines are dangerous.

He continued in a whisper, "Three furrows ain't natural anyway; th' land 'on't like itself no more."

Village life was extraordinarily dull; I can recall villages in which down to 1914 the only function of the year was the Fruit and Flower Show. A roundabout would be hired for that special occasion, there might be fireworks, but by ten o'clock the village had finished with festivities for another year. Competition for the merry-go-rounds was unlimited. I've seen one crowded with sturdy farm workers.

Women's institutes, village clubs, county library associations, dramatic societies, whist drives, dances were unknown. I think old time parents would have resented such entertainment for their children.

"Whiz (whist) an' dancin' in this world, hell-fire in th' next" said a fierce old Noncomformist of the marshlands to the writer: "I'd liefer see my child'en dead than in sech a place."

The place was the village club the only matter for congratulation was that the old man was a bachelor.

There was, of course, no wireless to brighten dull hours, the only significant factor that had touched village life since the century began was the Old Age Pension. With its coming Gaffer and Gammer could sit on either side of the fireplace in the evening of their days, without fearing the summons of the overseer to come along to the Workhouse where they would die in a very little while.

"I want you to goo up to th' post office an' speak to 'em there f'r me, bein' I ain't no scholar," said the oldest of my country friends, Father William by name, when Pensions came in. "They give'm to ye time y're sivinty an' I'm in my eighty-six. So I reckon they owe me sixteen year, th' mucks. They don't want to rob a owd man. Goo git th' money what they owe me an' count it right an' I'll gi'e ye a somethin' f'r y'rself."

I remember going to a workhouse and having a chat with a very angry Master. An old man I knew had been taken there while I was out of the country and had died in three weeks. The Master for all his untidy hair, matted red beard, fierce blue eyes and loud voice was a good-hearted, decent fellow.

"Why is it," he demanded of me, "why is it that the old people go off as they do? They've been living in cottages where the thatch hasn't been mended for years and the rain comes into their bedroom all the winter. They haven't a fire worth mentioning, their food isn't anything as good as we give 'em here. We find 'em a fire, a warm bed, three meals, plenty of people to talk to, and they die. Why is it?"

I suggested that it was because for all his humanity and good intention the place was a workhouse. If there was one thing the poor old agricultural labourer and his wife dreaded, it was the hour when the overseer should take them from their home and inflict upon them the crowning degradation of separation, after perhaps more than half a century of married life.

Nowadays there is always a son or daughter to take a parent for a shilling a day and keep them until their time is up.

I remember, before the change, talking to an old farm worker who knew that the days of his activity were drawing to an end.

"If we could have a bit o' land of our own, sir," he said, "we could keep ourselves gooin' somehow. That'd be a deal better than the House."

I remember he told me he had started his work, rook scaring, at the age of seven, and in bitter winter-stricken fields had often jumped down into a ditch to keep out of the wind.

"That was all right so long as th' farmer or the looker (overseer) dedn't miss ye. If they did, you dedn't stay cowd f'r long. They warmed ye."

A feature of the countryside was the land girl; she had come from the towns to help the country through the war, and she did splendid work. I have vivid memory of a women's camp at Ilchester. I visited it in that wonderful autumn of 1918; they were growing flax among other crops and the girls had a good bit to do with that. I never saw a healthier, happier, or more attractive crowd. They were doing invaluable work and appeared to enjoy every hour of the day.

It would have been a fine thing for this country if the woman land worker could have persisted; I employed several on my farm, and found that in handling stock they were better than the men, winning and keeping the confidence of the most nervous animals. Given due encouragement, they might have changed the face of agricultural England. They gave to thousands of farm-workers' wives their first glimpse of elementary domestic economy.

"I never knew nawthen about cookin' rightly speakin', till I housed a couple o' land gels," said a woman in my own county. "They larned me. They worn't gels, they wore godsends."

In those days there was marked shortage of country cottages; it was far more acute than it is to-day, very largely on account of the wicked old land tenures which penalised poor men. There was a copyhold, for example, under which a man's heir could not inherit his cottage until he paid a fine to the lord of the manor.

If the fine was beyond his means, the landlord could proclaim the cottage, but could not seize it until it had been proclaimed three times. I have seen cottages so dilapidated then through neglect that the landlord could not afford to repair nor could the rightful tenant live in them. Until they fell to pieces, rats, sparrows, and starlings lived rent free.

I talked to a dispossessed villager near the village of—perhaps I should not give the name. He was old; his home had been taken from him by two wealthy corporations that as lords of the manor had neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned.

"D'ye think this kind o' thing kin go on, master," he said, "in England an' all?" He was sixty, and his father who had just died in the cottage was "in his ninety.' He could not pay a fine to those corporations and must leave his home for the workhouse. It was twentieth-century England; reform came only half a dozen years ago.

War years witnessed enormous changes, among them the passing of the old hospitality from great country houses. Twenty-one years ago most of the flunkeys had enlisted; only one or two elderly men —a butler, a coachman turned chauffeur, a gamekeeper or two—would be left. In the house, maids had taken their places; the hostess who could command a good and sufficient staff was envied; munition factories were already drawing women with the lure of prices that domestic service could not pay.

I remember one hostess whose ability to entertain in luxury was due to her innate kindness. She had been appealed to on behalf of Belgian refugees and gave them a cottage on her estate, to find that she had entertained angels unaware; the man was a first-class chef, his wife specialised in pastry and sweets!

As a matter of fact, large-scale country entertainment was at its last gasp; the days of the great house party were numbered, costly functions became rare, the past fifteen years have seen one country mansion after another housing a school or public institution.

To-day, no townsfolk want to spend a week in a country house unless the sporting attractions are altogether exceptional. Motor-cars having annihilated distance, make long visits quite unnecessary. Good roads are a further bar. Thousands of miles of sound surface have been provided in the past twenty years; it may be doubted if any country is better served, save where tracks have been built to frontiers for military purposes.

When we turn to sport we see that the countryside

The mole-catcher used to make a lot of money, but times have changed.

has suffered change. During the War young gamekeepers joined up; vermin took charge—I mean rabbits, rats, stoats, weasels, hawks, jays, magpies, all of which are regarded as enemies of the game preserver.

Elderly poachers too old to serve made money; even those who dealt in rabbit skins grew rich. I knew one dealer, an advanced Radical who denounced the tyranny of landlords and kept a man-trap in his garden to show what old-time game preservers were like. I lost sight of him during the War, but met him long years afterwards. He told me he had acquired house property, and had joined the great Conservative party.

It became necessary in 1920 to pass an Act of Parliament for the destruction of rats and mice, but this Act was entrusted to local authorities and consequently has never been handled effectively.

"We can't afford rats officers," said the representative of a very wealthy county. They used to keep a couple at a total cost of £700 a year and had discharged both on the score of economy. A little while later a friend in that county invited me to inspect his estate. The value of the damage done by rats on that one property would have paid a year's salary of at least one rats officer.

Game preserving has been on the decline. It is doubtful whether fox-hunting can persist, save in a few favoured centres like the shires where the claim of the fox is the first consideration. Elsewhere, the enormous spread of poultry farms and vegetable gardens has led to free use of wire, often barbed,

Cheap transport to shopping centres has hit the village hawker—but he still finds customers.

and where that may be encountered the hunt stays away.

"I wouldn't shoot a fox," said a poultry farmer of my acquaintance, "t'ain't sporting. But I had to pisen a couple; they kep' on comin' arter my birds." From the viewpoint of the fox I think a charge of shot would be preferred to arsenic set in the entrails of a rabbit.

The general public has been showing interest in rights of way, so it becomes increasingly difficult for land owners to close footpaths. Charabanc and the motor-bus bring parties to enjoy the countryside, hikers travel in all directions.

This is as it should be, provided the visitors will show a decent regard for an owner's privacy and will not make a hideous mess with empty tins, bottles and newspapers; but picnics add greatly to the difficulties of good preserving.

A hopeful sign of the times is that the rising generation of boys and girls enjoys England as no previous generation ever did—transport has provided the means. There was a time when people believed that absurd notice, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted"; to-day they know better.

Again, landowners who preserve game are up against trouble in a new form, the motor poacher. Three or four men in a roomy saloon car with open-work wicker basket at the back, can stop just off a main road near preserves, choosing the right hour of the moon, the right direction of the wind, and in a very little while fill their basket.

An old poacher of my acquaintance is annoyed with these folk.

"They don't want to skin a wood, like they was a Syndicate," he complained. "I'd like to see 'em up at th' 'Sizes. They've no right to birds, being they don't belong here."

It was interesting to note, apart from his odd views, his contempt for shooting-syndicates, an unfortunate necessity to many a landowner who cannot afford to reserve his own coverts. If motor bandits are pursued they have but to reach their car; before the angry keeper and his assistant can get to the telephone and warn the police, they may be miles away. It is possible to protect woods efficiently and to install telephones in every keeper's cottage, but all this adds very heavily to the expense and little to the excitement of shooting tame pheasants.

One of the features of the past twenty years has been the inclination to study rather than to destroy wild life. In the old days even the schoolboy whose father was a landowner would have a single barrel gun before he was in his teens and be taught to shoot before he went to college.

Nowadays you may find scores of young folk who pursue wild life with a camera and are learning the great truth that every bird and beast is ready to make friends with those who come to study and not to destroy.

Writing before Spring begins I have two applications from skilled photographers to take pictures of nesting birds in my own woodland, each undertaking to do nothing to frighten the parent birds.

In the earlier years of this paper I laid the gun aside, having shot for a long time not only in England and Scotland, but to some extent in Southern Europe and Africa; I have never had any occasion to regret the change. Indeed, wild life has meant more to me in the past twenty years than ever before, responding in fashion that might surprise all who believe that we have the right to pursue and destroy for our own selfish pleasure.

Some day mankind will realise how inexhaustible are the stores of affection that they can draw upon if they will deal kindly with beast and bird. At present they appear to limit that kindness to dogs, cats and canaries.

It was on that 1918 tour that I was lunching with the late Sir Rider Haggard, "a mighty hunter before the Lord."

"What sort of sport are you having this year," he asked me.

"None," I said. "I've finished with shooting." He was silent for a moment.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "So have I. There will be many following the same road in the years before us."

It may be that out of the vast wealth now accumulating in great cities a return will come to the countryside and the old game preserving and sporting conditions, but it is not likely, because men and women who inherit the tradition no longer pursue it, and the countryside doesn't turn a gracious eye to intruders. Your countryman is not easily moved by a display of great wealth; he has neither envy nor interest.

Another significant change in the country scene has been brought about by motoring; it has destroyed the leisure of roads. The old safety of country lane has gone, hogs delight to travel along them through all hours of the day and night at the fastest possible pace. Night riding at unlimited speed is almost a hobby.

The curious effect of this has been to turn the countryman into byways, to lead him to discover old rights of way, and do his best to make use of them, not always without opposition.

"A walk on Sunday along o' me wife an' th' child'en is all we got to look for," said a countryman to me only last year. "Now we daren't goo on th' road f'r fear o' moty cars, an' if we go to the old footpaths we're as likely as no matter to find they bin shut up." Happily there are strong forces at work to open them.

Another development the last twenty years has seen has been the rise of tea gardens. You are invited in every direction to stop and take tea, and it is often a well-served meal. Unfortunately there has been no corresponding improvement in the hospitality offered by countryside inns; not one in a hundred can serve a decent lunch at a price that can compare with the Continental house of the same size.

"I got some bread an' some cheese, master," an inn-keeper told me, quite recently, "but th' wife sez she ain't no butter to spare, ne yet no milk." Think of any village you have known in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Austria!

Another feature of the countryside is the opening up of farmhouses to guests. In the wildest parts of Wales, for example, you may notice that a farm offers supper, bed and breakfast; and many of these remote places can look to do good business in summer time if the housewife knows how to cook and make visitors comfortable.

Youth hostels, summer camps and the rest have contributed to the opening up of English countryside, and some of the most beautiful districts in England and Wales have become familiar to holiday-makers since the war.

For this, of course, we have to thank motor-car and motor-cycle, because until they came the holiday-maker was limited by the facilities that railway companies could offer, and districts they did not serve were a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed.

Beyond all doubt, town has discovered country, and in the enjoyment of it will refuse to be restrained by any who assume rights they do not possess.

Modern Children do Anything

"I have some sketches here of little hats I've always wanted to create for children."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OLDHAM

"I LOVE your frock department," said the dreary-voiced woman complainingly. "I *can't* say I like your children's hats. They are dreadful."

The little white-faced assistant longed to say: "I've been shouting that for three solid years and cut no ice."

Instead she murmured:

"The blue velour is very neat, Madame. It suits the little lady."

Suddenly the child looked up and spoke for the first time.

"I came all the way from South Africa by myself," she said. "I'm seven."

"I had a little girl in here the other day who had travelled back from school in Switzerland all by herself; but she was thirteen."

"That's old," said the little girl. "Very old."

"It's incredible what youngsters do nowadays, isn't it, Madame?" ventured the little assistant, who was twenty-six. "All the way from South Africa by herself. Fancy!"

"And never sick once," said the intrepid traveller.

The tranquil blue eyes of the child, without fear, gazed into the nervous blue eyes of the assistant.

"Would *you* come all the way from South Africa by yourself?" she demanded.

"Why, no," said the assistant. "Why, I don't believe I would *ever* have the courage."

All at once her soul seemed loosened from the hat department in the big store, loosened from the London street where it had worked and worried for ten long years. Prised out by the blue eyes of the seven-year-old who had travelled all the way from South Africa alone, it cruised forlornly round all those bold and valiant things that it had meant to do with its career and its personal life and lacked the courage to achieve.

"Do you like that blue hat you've got on, Monica?" said the dreary-voiced woman; and she added to the assistant: "You know, your hats are *not* good, are they?"

"It's a rotten hat," said the little girl who had come all the way from South Africa by herself.

And suddenly the assistant looked up and saw the bun-like face of the old buyer gazing at her. Normally she would have been petrified with fear, for Miss Freshe bought these timeless, undated, cheerless lids for little girls; as if little girls had not perked up and developed taste and personalities and often a definite fashion flare of their own almost from babyhood since Miss Freshe's day.

The buyer slid forward on big, buniony feet and beamed falsely down on the tiny customer.

"Why, you look sweet in that hat," she sugared. "It's just what I should choose for a little girl like you."

"But *I* shouldn't choose it," said the child coldly and politely.

"You know," said the fretty voice of the customer. "Your hats *are* old-fashioned. Why, they are just what I wore when I was a child."

"They *are* old-fashioned and dreadfully dull," the assistant heard herself say. "I have been urging them to bring this department up-to-date with the rest of our house for years. I could make you a delicious hat for very little more than you would pay for the dreary model she has on. I have some sketches here of little hats I've always wanted to create for children. They seem to me just the things that children love to wear."

The child looked at the quaint little elfish, petalled models, almost snatching the sheet of paper on which they were painted, out of the assistant's hand. She gave little squeals of excitement.

"We don't make hats, Madame," the buyer was beetroot-coloured, apoplectic, outraged. Her voice rasped. "This girl is making some mistake. I buy from the best wholesale houses. We do not manufacture models."

"These are delicious," the customer was saying. "What clever little sketches. We want one to go with her blue coat and one with her green. She has come all the way from South Africa and hasn't a thing to wear."

"By myself," said the child. "All by myself I travelled."

Ten minutes after the departure of the customer, who had ordered three hats from the original sketches, the buyer, trembling with rage, was demanding the assistant's instant dismissal. She took her down to the general manager's office and she was too angry to tell her story with any great tact or discretion.

"Let me see the sketches, please," said the general manager, who was general manager because he knew his stuff and for no more subtle reasons.

He looked at them a long time. He asked what prices she had quoted. He sounded her on the margin of profit and found her correct. He told her to come back in a quarter of an hour.

He dealt with Miss Freshe firmly and justly. The children's millinery department had been showing a steady loss for some years. Figures do not lie. He showed Miss Freshe figures. Her retirement was over-due, her pension was secure. He was tactful, kindly and firm.

"We all grow old," he said. "We all get past our job one day, Miss Freshe. That is inevitable."

To the assistant he said:

"You took a chance, you know. One cannot encourage insubordination. Actually, I will be frank with you. This morning has merely precipitated matters very satisfactorily. Miss Freshe was beyond her job—but we were not sure you were up to taking it."

"I can work the department into an important part of the business if I can design my own models and have them made," the assistant said.

The general manager looked at her curiously. He never pretended to understand women, but he wondered what had caused this mouse to come out of her mousehole and suddenly turn into a lion.

"The little girl I am making the hats for came all the way from South Africa all by herself," said the little assistant.

"About 8,000 miles," said the general manager carelessly. "Well, modern children do anything."

"I don't suppose it has ever been properly shaped," said the woman with the fretty voice. "It will be some time before it sets really nicely. Do the best you can with it now, will you though. My little niece is going to live with me now and go to an English day school. There is a very good one near us."

"I should like a lot off in front, because it is beginning to get into my eyes," said the child. "I came to England from South Africa all by myself."

"Did you now?" marvelled the hairdresser's assistant. "Well, what a brave little girl."

"It wasn't anything," the child assured him in a funny grown-up little voice. "I am old enough; and it isn't far."

"How old is she, Madam?"

"You are seven, aren't you, Monica dear? Keep your head still, love, or your fringe will be uneven."

"Children are different to what they were in our day, Madam," chatted the assistant. "I was brought up in the 'Children should be seen but not heard' school."

"What school was that?" the child wanted to know.

The woman next door with the pretty, worn face sat stone still. Seven. And she had travelled from South Africa alone! "Not far," she said.

"You couldn't call the modern child shy, mum, could you?" said the girl who was manicuring her beautiful nails. "It's a long journey for a little thing of seven—South Africa. I've a brother out there."

"I have a friend," said the woman she was manicuring, slowly. "A man I was engaged to years ago."

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Queer how the light, delicate voice of the unknown child next door had cut through space and distance, and brought South Africa right into the cubicle. If a little child of seven could make the journey alone, how safe and still and golden it looked, hanging almost like a bright visible poster in her imagination, just as he had described it to her in all his letters; in the letter she had received only this week.

"South Africa must be lovely," she said.

"My brother never wants to come home. He's got a farm."

"Yes, my friend has a farm, too," said the woman

She did not say that he had a mine, too; and that he was rich. That would have destroyed the warm sisterliness of the moment.

"He wants me to go out to him," said the girl. "I haven't got the nerve to tear up my roots. It's silly, really. It isn't much of a life over here really, not when you come to think it out, is it, Madam?"

"No, not much of a life."

"And then, before you can turn round you're too old to go, aren't you? You're stuck."

"Yes, you're stuck."

"Silly, really, isn't it," said the girl. "Never risking anything."

"I came all the way from South Africa by myself," said the high voice of the child next door. "I wasn't sick once."

"Good sailor," said the man who was cutting her hair.

"It's nothing," the child was airy.

The child had planted South Africa glowingly in the woman's mind. It spread to her heart. Soon it was no longer a place. It was an emotion. It drew her into its promised warmth and sunshine and filled her with hope and courage.

Her parlourmaid looked perturbed when she opened the door. They all knew how it was. You could not be the tired wife of a philandering, successful, drunken play-broker and keep your staff ignorant.

"Miss Verity Vanitie is up in the sitting-room, Madam," she said. "I have taken cocktails and ice."

She was warning her! Warning her in her own house! Verity Vanitie, whose name was Becky Solomons, here in her home.

"Thank you, Mary," she said quietly.

He made no effort to take his drunken arm from round his companion's waist as she went in. The girl had the grace to be miserable.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "I was rehearsing till four—and I was all in."

"She doesn't mind," said her husband thickly.

"No, I don't mind," the woman assured the girl.

It was true. The fact echoed through her with a slow thrill of pleasure and peace. She did not mind anything any more; the girl's obvious possession of an expensive diamond bracelet, her husband's obvious possession of the girl. It was all an old story. She had lived through it dozens of times in her married life, this was the first time it evoked no resentment, no humiliation.

When they had left her, to park themselves in Verity Vanitie's flat until the next rehearsal at noon next day, the woman went out and sent a cable.

The travel bureau was packing up for the night when she entered. The travel folders were covered with dust cloths. She apologised. The young man was very glad to book her first class single passage to Cape Town. He thought her the luxury cruise type.

"You're lucky to be skipping our precious winter," he said. "All the fog and damp and cold."

"Yes," she said, smiling at him, "I heard to-day of a little girl of seven—only seven—who made all that journey from South Africa alone."

"Modern children are the limit," said the young man. "You should hear my old mother on the subject."

He wondered why she mentioned it.

There seemed nothing in it to him.

Over supper that night the woman with the fretty voice said to her husband:

"Corner Ways is still to let, George. I saw the board as I came by. I wanted to live in it when I first came to this neighbourhood fifteen years ago."

"It was too big then and it's too big now, my dear."

"Not now we've got Monica. We really want a nice room for her. Oh! George, I've always coveted Corner Ways."

"How about Minnie? The house needs two maids and you know how cranky Minnie is about working with anyone else."

"Minnie is engaged, George. She'll leave us one day."

"Not Minnie! She's been engaged for years."

"Yes; that's true. It's his evening to-night. He's out there now."

"Minnie suits us. This house suits Minnie. We're very well as we are, dear."

"George—I've always had almost—almost a passionate feeling about Corner Ways. If I lived there I feel I would be a finer, better human being."

She stopped, flushed, uncomfortable. George was flushed and more uncomfortable. For years they had only spoken of things.

"You suit me as you are, old girl," he said.

He patted her hand. A rare, inarticulate wave of tenderness and comradeship passed over them. For him it emanated from her. For her it streamed out of the other house, the house she had secretly longed to live in. Sometimes it was the shape of the rooms she thought appealed to her; sometimes she thought it was the cosy, well-stocked garden. When it was occupied she felt as if it was waiting for her. When it was empty it filled her with restlessness, like something she coveted and could have had that was denied her.

Until Monica was put in her charge by a widower brother in South Africa it had been too large; and Minnie was the perfect treasure; marvellous cook, perfect manager. Spotless. Tyrant. Trustworthy. Dependable. Devoted. She had been with them ever since they were married. She was forty.

"Where's that child? She ought to be in bed. We've had a gruelling day in town. Clothes. Hair cut. Dentist."

"Children never feel tired. I bet she's entertaining Minnie with a recital of the day's doings. Not to mention Minnie's swain! I wonder what they make of the kid."

In the kitchen Monica sat on the elderly police sergeant's knee and cocked a bright eye at him.

"I came all the way from South Africa all by myself," said the little girl boastfully.

"What d'you know about that!" marvelled the police sergeant.

"We've heard that time and again, ever since you got here," said Minnie.

"He doesn't know it," said the child.

It made Minnie restless to see him there with a strange, cheeky child that she didn't approve of on his knee. It filled her with the same curious, aching sense of frustration, of something ordinary and within reach denied and withheld with which the house Corner Ways secretly filled her mistress. A consciousness of half-living and half-having.

"Here," she said roughly. "You pop off to bed. When I was your age my mother would have given me a hiding if she'd found me up at this hour."

"Why?" said the child flatly.

"Because she didn't hold with children being up till all hours and no more do I."

"But you haven't any children have you, Minnie?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing? Will you ever have any: or are you too old?"

Minnie banished her roughly from the kitchen, but a constraint was between her and her elderly police sergeant.

"Catch me letting a kid of mine traipse all over the world by itself," snorted Minnie.

He said nothing. It was as if he was secretly thinking of her as old, as sterile. The vague ghosts of children passed between them like reproaches, vain and useless as memories of their own past youth.

"We should 'ave got married," she said so suddenly and violently that he jumped and spilt his beer. "Then I shouldn't be sitting 'ere gassing about other people's kids."

"Whose fault?" he said mildly.

She said:

"They was talking about Corner Ways to-night in the dining-room. It's to let again. She's always wanted to live there and cut a bit of a dash with two maids."

"Let 'em!"

"And me walk out. I couldn't work with anyone. I've me own ways now and I stick to them."

"And you walk out with me."

She said huskily:

"You still keen, Sam? All this long time?"

"I've never looked at another woman, have I?"

She said:

"I shouldn't 'ave kept you hanging about—but you get set. I'll tell her to-night; then she can have her precious Corner Ways before anyone else grabs it off her. She's not hard but I'm fed to the teeth with her; and now the kid has come to live here it'll be a picnic. I don't like that kid. 'I came all the way from South Africa all by myself'," she mimicked the child's voice. "I don't hold with such nonsense! Making them old before their time!" Warmth, colour, power crept into her voice and infused it with life and vitality so that he looked at her startled, moved; and somehow pitiful and tender for her. "Mine shan't go traipsing about the world," she said. "Not on your life. Ours will stay children."

He nodded. He could not speak. He was a little alarmed and a little ashamed. He was forty-five and had been a police sergeant a long time and there were tears pricking at the back of his eyes.

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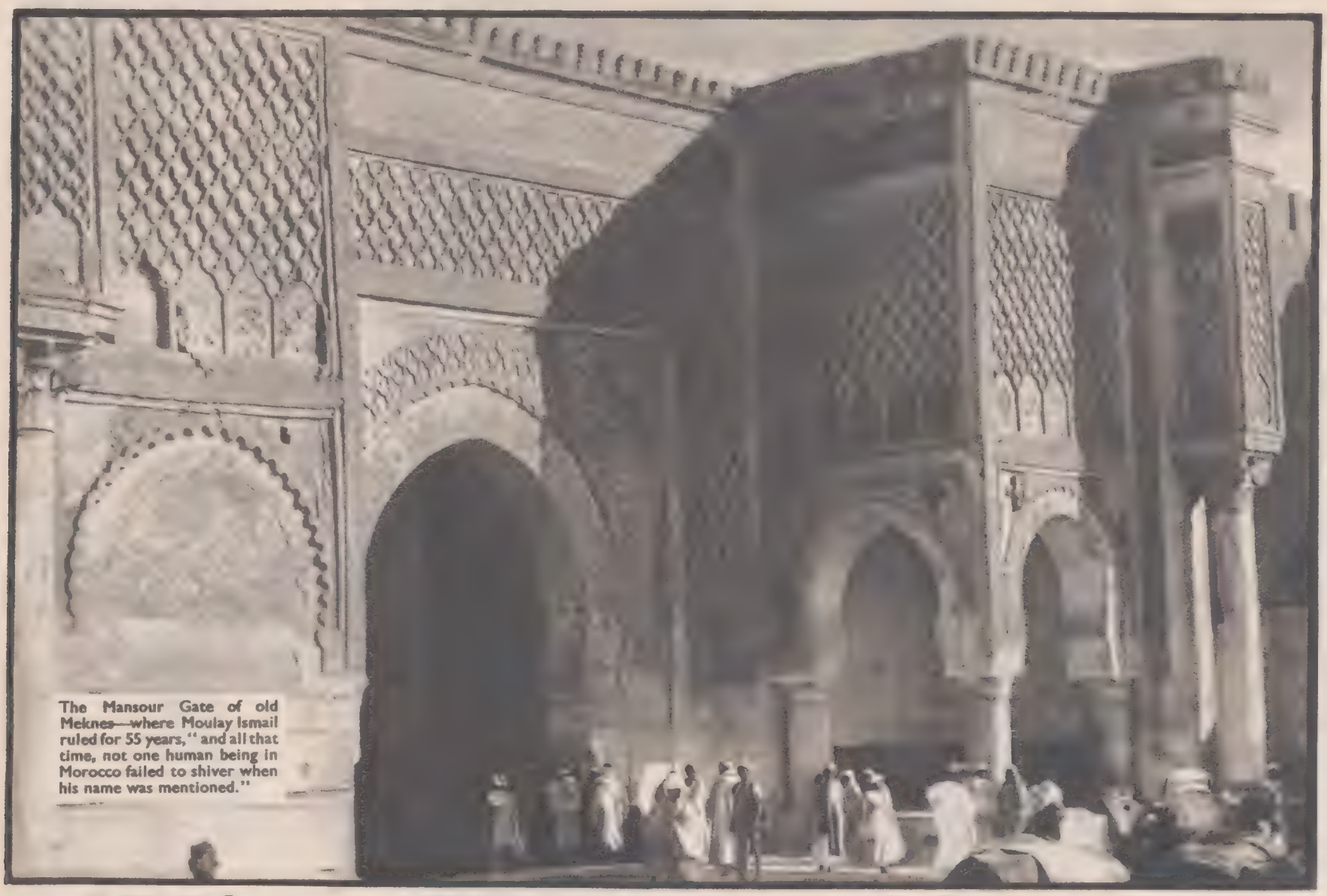

The Mansour Gate of old Meknes—where Moulay Ismail ruled for 55 years," and all that time, not one human being in Morocco failed to shiver when his name was mentioned."

Where Everyone Shivered for 55 Years

HANNEN SWAFFER *in Africa—I*

Everybody has read Swaffer's provocative and earnest yet witty articles on men, women and affairs at home. Here he is writing of a different world—Morocco under the French. He is more interesting than ever.

A TALL Moor walked through my hotel in Tangier, followed by two veiled women in white. I took little notice. You come across hundreds of thousands of white-robed figures in Morocco. . . .

"Do you know who that was?" asked a friend.

"No," I replied.

"That was Moulay Hafid, the ex-Sultan. He's been to take two of his wives to see an oculist. He's left about seventy other wives at home."

A few days later, when I was entertaining Mrs. Lloyd George and her daughter at tea in a French pastrycook's, the tall figure of Moulay Hafid came in alone. Nobody noticed him.

A few years ago he had the power of life and death over the whole of Morocco. Now he lives in a palace in Tangier, powerless, a pensioner of the French.

In Xauen, a two-hours' drive away, I saw a tiny cinema, a mere shed holding a few score people. In the modest hotel, a wireless was sending forth music picked up from Paris. We walked around, looking at two or three sorry-looking apes in a cage in the ancient castle. People looked up idly when we passed. They were all polite, but indifferent.

Yet, only fourteen years ago, Xauen was a Forbidden City. Unless disguised, no European had ever entered its walls. It was discovered, they say, by aeroplane. It is round a corner, you see, hidden by rocks.

A mile or two away, you see, standing all alone, a monument. Only fourteen years ago, 20,000 Spaniards were massacred there. They say "massacred" because they were Europeans. If they had been Moors, the word "punished" might have been used.

The Spaniards, having invaded Morocco, found themselves opposed by Abd-el-Krim, the chieftain of the Riffs. General Sylvestre had been put in command of the Spaniards by King Alfonso, whose countrymen were being overtaxed to pay for this military adventure.

It was like Mussolini and the Abyssinians.

One day, Abd-el-Krim surrounded the Spaniards, some of whose officers were in Tangier, gambling away their soldiers' pay, and the army was wiped out.

But for the fact that Abd-el-Krim, intoxicated by his victory, invaded French Morocco, the Spaniards would have been driven out of Morocco. But Abd-el-Krim, ill-armed, could not fight both France and Spain. So to-day, Morocco is being "civilised."

That means it has better roads, power stations and electric trains. You see, within an hour's ride of Fez, where there are no fewer than 250,000 Moors, living in an Arab town which might be Bagdad or Mecca, a new French town, the new Meknes.

Not far away are the ancient city walls, on which 30,000 Christian slaves worked day and night. Moulay Ismail, who built the old Meknes—that was in the 1670's—cut off the heads of 10,000 people, and killed 30 women belonging to his harem in one day. He would lop off a slave's head merely to test the edge of his sword. Treacherous, voluptuous, a veritable Nero, he reigned for 55 years. And, all that time, not one human being in Morocco failed to shiver when his name was mentioned.

Now the old Meknes is there, scarcely altered. But a mile or two away there is the new Meknes. It is more modern than Paris! In the French capital, there are very modern bits, but near those are parts of an older France. The new Meknes is all new. You see great cinemas as large as those in London. It is all town-planned, perfectly built, a model of a town.

You have driven out of a desert, a few minutes before, and then you come across something more modern than anything you can see in France.

That is the miracle of Morocco.

Yet, while the New arises, the Old goes on

(*Continued on page* 23)

"I KEEP TO **KENSITAS*** BECAUSE THEY GIVE ME A PLAIN-TIP SMOKE THAT RELIEVES ME OF ALL WORRY ABOUT MY THROAT"

Olive Groves

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Continuing

SWAFFER . . .

Swaffer saw the "slavery of all the Moroccan women." Here are women builders making cement for a new house.

untouched. The French plan is to leave the Moors in their own towns, where they have lived for centuries, and to build a new France, outside the walls.

Is it doing the Moors any good? I doubt it. They have to pay for the vast hordes of French officials, all imported from Europe, nearly all of whom save every penny, so that they can go home and spend it.

France is giving the Moors roads they do not want —"They are strategic roads built for conquest," the Moors complain—and, gradually, electric light, which they do not value.

Slavery, in a legal sense, is abolished, it is true. But the Moors have become a new kind of slave—the slave of an Empire. The old Sultans were cruel, which the French are not. But they want to be left alone.

It is a land full of paradox. You would not believe it, but there still lives in Tangier to-day a European woman who, sixty years ago or thereabouts, married a high-placed Moor. He was the Sheriff of Wazzan, the religious head of the Moors.

He wanted a European wife, and so a young governess living with a British family in Tangier married him. The British minister performed the ceremony. She was English and a Protestant. And she is a Protestant still!

She left her husband after some years, after bearing him two sons, because he took another wife. Yet when, years afterwards, the old Sheriff died, he sent for her and threw his cloak around her, meaning that she was to succeed him. So to this day, although she is 82, she lives in Tangier, a Protestant still, but advising Moors who come to her over matters religious, caring for them, solving their problems.

She wears European clothes and is English to the core. Yet, to an extraordinary degree, she is respected by Moors brought up in a Moslemism which despises Christianity, and respected equally by the Christian population.

Then, only about an hour's drive from Meknes and its ultra-modernity, you come across Moulay Idriss, which is still a Sacred City, to which Europeans are forbidden entry after dark. They can go in, in the day time, it is true, but even then they must be careful. And, within sight of Moulay Idriss, there is Volubilis, an old Roman city which is being dug up out of the soil.

What is Empire? We British people sing of our "far-flung battle line," boast that the Union Jack flies over one fifth of the world's surface, point to our conquests in India and the conquered territories of Australasia, filched from aborigines and Maoris, Canada, taken from the French who, before us, had dispossessed the Red Indians.

And we think it is going on for ever. Is it?

Why, in the twelfth century, Yakoub el Mansour, "The Victorious," not only ruled over Morocco. He invaded Spain. The Moslem flag flew in every town from Tunis to Oporto. He not only conquered. He built.

In those days Moslem culture was the envy of the world. Scholars went to Africa, to learn. Indeed, there was a Moorish empire that extended right across Africa, one which might have spread right across Europe.

Abd-el-Krim . . . wiped out a Spanish army.

In Spain, even to-day, they point proudly to the Moorish courts of the Alhambra and the Giralda Tower in Seville. Yet there is an almost exact copy of the Giralda Tower in Marrakesh and another one, unfinished, in Rabat, now the French capital.

Mind you, the Moors then had as much right to claim that they were spreading civilisation in Europe as we have a right to say that we are spreading civilisation in Africa.

Abd-el-Mumin, who founded the Muwahhadi dynasty, in the middle of the twelfth century, had been trained by a prophet, a mystic. He was not only an idealist in a religious sense. He was also a great politician.

You would not believe it, but Gibraltar, of which to-day we boast—"The Key to the Mediterranean," we call it, afraid though it has been, recently, of Mussolini's aeroplanes—was fortified by him. His castle still towers above Gibraltar. Its walls are perhaps 20 feet thick. He was a great Sultan and a great man.

Yakoub El Mansour followed and, what Abd-el-Mumin began in Africa, Yakoub spread in Spain.

For 200 years the Moors were "civilising" Europe. Then, one by one, they lost Portugal, Tunisia, Algeria and Spain. By the middle of the sixteenth century, Spain had been lost to Islam for ever. And now Spain rules over Islam in Morocco, that is Spain and France, who each have zones.

And yet near Meknes, and closer even to Moulay Idriss, there is Volubilis, the remains of the Roman Empire which conquered even Britain and gave us Roman law and taught us how to build roads. And—would you believe it?—in Volubilis, they have found traces of a British Legion, not the one that fought in the Great War, but one which fought for the Romans on the plains of Africa.

Even to-day, Africa remains so much a place of mystery that, when I was in Morocco, a caravan that came across the deserts from Timbuctoo was the first string of camels that had come that way for nearly twenty years! The tribes had all been fighting. War was going on incessantly. And this was the first caravan that found it safe!

And when, in Marrakesh, I spent a couple of days with Lloyd George, he was dictating his last volume on the Great War, comparing what Beatty said with Jellicoe's version, re-reading Haig's *communiques*, digging up secrets from War Office files, writing, indeed, of that great fight to save "civilisation" which was not the first one and which, I am afraid, will not be the last.

The Moors had once fought to save Moorish civilisation. Before them, the Romans had fought to save Roman civilisation. And where are they?

To-day, Mussolini the dictator not of an all-powerful Rome, but a man ruling merely over an Italy because he has enslaved and imprisoned all modern thought, is throwing the gambler's last throw, boasting that he is spreading civilisation in Africa!

It seems a great joke to me. At least it would be a joke were it not a grim succession of tragedies, a series of civilisations being "defended" by means of wholesale murder.

Yet, while Spain is spreading "civilisation" in Africa, she is defending it at home where, after throwing out the incompetent Alfonso and his dictator, a new republic blunders on towards freedom. Only the other day, the prison gates in which thousands of Radicals had been imprisoned by the Conservatives when they crushed a "revolution," were thrown open.

In Portugal, where I landed for a few hours, people whispered to me fearfully of the dictatorship there. Manoel had been thrown out. Indeed, he ran away to England like a frightened rabbit. His former subjects were still groping towards a freedom which they could not find.

I wonder what would have happened if Charles II had kept Tangier. It became his dowry when he married a Braganza princess. He did not hold it. Pepys, the diarist, urged that it was important. But the Moors were always attacking the small English garrison which, badly led, was not strong enough. And, after a few years, the British stole away from Tangier. Had they stopped there, we might not have gone to Egypt and found new troubles there.

Winston Churchill and I were discussing in Marrakesh "What would have happened?"

Morocco would have been an ideal colony for Britain. The Moors do not like the Spaniards, and they object to the French.

Indeed, in Tangier, not very long ago, when a British warship arrived and anchored in the harbour, the local Moors took a holiday.

"The British have come!" they said.

Although they don't like conquest—what nation does?—they would prefer, it seems, our rule to anybody else's.

No, had we held on to Tangier, the whole of Northern Africa in all probability might have been ours—and vast portions of it would have made splendid colonies.

Although I am no imperialist, I do believe that, generally speaking, our people colonise best, and the devil of it is that, if one European nation doesn't grab "native" territory, another nation steps in.

Winston Churchill, walking out from a magnificent hotel into a native Marrakesh that might have been British, carried with him an easel and a paint box. An artist, just as he is a writer, he was putting on canvas records of a civilisation that has long since perished.

It is funny down there, in many ways. When Lloyd George and his party were invited to dine with the Grand Vizier, they squatted on cushions to eat a native meal cooked in their honour. When they served the mixture of flour and stew—"cous-cous," they call it—Lloyd George, dressed in his velvet dinner jacket, and wondering what to do, saw his host gather up in one hand a portion of batter, put it into the hollow made by the fingers and thumb of the other hand, and then, having rolled it into a ball, toss it with grace into his mouth.

Then followed a sort of cup-and-ball competition. L.G. tried to do the same. The mixture scattered all over his white hair and all over his dinner jacket.

Brett Young, the author, and his wife, and Miss Stephenson, L.G.'s secretary, tried the same thing. They were all covered with flour.

We may be civilised and all that, but we cannot eat cous-cous gracefully.

Then when the ladies of the party went into the harem, the wives apologised that they were not wearing their jewels. It was Ramadan. Ramadan is the fast that goes on for a month. You must not eat between sunrise and sunset, no, nor drink.

There is a form of slavery in Morocco which the French will take centuries to end. It is the slavery of all the women. It is they who do the work. You see the men riding along on donkeys and the women walking behind them, carrying the burdens. No Moor would think it right to carry the pack himself. Indeed, you see everywhere women groaning under loads. Often, their backs are bent double under the burden.

Mind you, in Britain, many thousands of women are the slaves of a Belt. They do, mechanically, one little bit of a Robot's job, day after day and month after month. But that takes place behind walls. In Morocco, you see it in the streets. You wonder when the man-made tyranny will end.

SWAFFER IN AFRICA
Again Next Week

JUJU MAN

THERE is a river in Nigeria where time stands still. Those who dwell by its banks are hunters and fishers and men of peaceful habit. One day a Juju man came into the district and laid a spell upon the river.

Sane persons know that spells are all nonsense, but the natives of the Mbula, having no education, were not concerned with sanity. They were, however, deeply concerned that neither spear nor arrow would fly straight; that nets came empty to the shore and no fish nibbled at the baited line. The Juju man had laid a spell upon their source of supplies. He had done strange things beneath a full moon with bits of fur and fin and feather. The spell worked on earth, in air and under water.

In less than a week there was famine. Then the chiefs met in secret and there was a great palaver. The upshot was the despatch of a runner.

The runner ran fast and with a great fear in his heart, to the headquarters of the district commissioner, Mr. Stainforth.

Mr. Stainforth was a youngish man, lean and brown and with indigo eyes. He made no comment during the telling of the story, but sat in his official chair nibbling a short, wiry moustache. At the conclusion he said :

"I will come."

Daring greatly the runner bade him bring supplies, since he would be unable to increase them in the area over which the Juju operated. Mr. Stainforth favoured the runner with needle glance.

"Tell your people that there will be a feast within four days, which I shall provide."

That night he went up river in a launch, and presently came to the village from which the runner had been sent. The foreshore was lined with men and women for the news of the white man's coming had travelled ahead of him. There was a great din to give him welcome, for now would they be saved from the magic of the Juju man.

Mr. Stainforth halted the launch in mid-stream and took the salute with a raised hand.

On the opposite bank, unfrightened by the shouting, a deer came down to the water to drink. Mr. Stainforth addressed his sergeant of Housa's.

"My rifle."

Silence fell as he slipped a cartridge into the breech and cuddled the stock against his cheek. The silence was broken by a laugh from some reeds nearby.

Mr. Stainforth had no need to ask who was the author of that laugh. He knew. The deer was less than a hundred yards away and presented a perfect mark, and Mr. Stainforth was a marksman of repute. It would not be possible for him to miss, but he left nothing to chance. He waited until the deer raised his head, and the white foresight of the rifle had covered the junction of neck and body—the vital spot. He held his breath and pressed the trigger.

The bullet cut a silver slice in the water fifteen feet short of the target and worried away over the jungle with a "whee" of merriment.

From the villagers came a groan of despair and from the reeds another laugh. The white man's magic had failed.

There were fiery sparks in Mr. Stainforth's eyes when he stepped ashore. Addressing the chief he said :

"Bring the man to me."

But there was no need for the order. The Juju man came of his own accord. Daubed with paint, his hair dyed red and plaited with cowrie shells and snake skins; the hideous accoutrements of magic dangling from arms and shoulders, he strode along the shore, a king of confidence. His features were twisted into a smile of insolent cynicism and the upheld hand with which he saluted was a gesture of derision.

"What does the white man do in the territory over which I rule?" he demanded.

Mr. Stainforth kept his temper.

"Evil rule cannot be tolerated."

The Juju man sat down on the dried mud and chuckled.

"What can you do about it?"

"You would be wise to take away this magic. It will not profit you that these people can neither hunt nor fish if, for the rest of your days, you break stones in a prison camp."

The Juju man went on laughing.

"These people would not dare touch me. Ask them if you doubt I speak truth."

Mr. Stainforth shot a glance at his sergeant of Housa's and the sergeant dropped his eyes and shuffled. The prestige of British Government was at stake. Mr. Stainforth said :

"So what?"

The Juju man shrugged his shoulders and the bones and dried bodies of frogs and birds rattled and rustled.

"The juju will remain for so long as it pleases me. Neither bird nor beast nor nsh will fall to the hand of man for so long as it pleases me."

Mr. Stainforth said :

"The creatures of the wild are for all men to hunt. No one man has the right to claim them as his own. The law will not have it so."

At those words the Juju man filled out his chest, mightily.

'I think not," said Mr. Stainforth, and put a bullet through the Juju man's brain.

Long Complete Story by

Roland Pertwee

Illustrated by A. W. Sindall

"I am greater than the law," he said, "for I have a magic to protect all the creatures of the wild."

Then Mr. Stainforth said :

"Can no *man* die in this place while the magic lasts?"

Into the eyes of the Juju man came a look of fear. And he traced a mazy pattern with his finger in dust.

"Many men will die of famine."

From the listeners came another groan.

Mr. Stainforth said :

" I think not," and put a bullet through the Juju man's brain.

Turning to the onlookers he said :

" Let your hunters go out into the jungle and your fishers spread their nets. To-night there will be a feast."

The foreshore emptied at his command until only he and the Chief and the dead man remained.

"You asked for it," said Mr. Stainforth to the body.

The reeds parted and there crawled into the burning sunlight a boy child, naked as a plum, who whimpered and chattered and beat his tiny fists upon the echoing mud.

" His son," said the chief, and tapped the blade of his spear suggestively. "Would it not be wise. . .?"

But Mr. Stainforth frowned him into silence.

From the fishers on the river came a cry that their nets were full.

That night Mr. Stainforth went down river taking with him the Juju man's piccaninny wrapped up in a blanket. Stooping to see if the boy slept, his glance was met by a pair of eyes that burned like live coals.

All of which took place twenty years before the events which will now be told.

At the death of his father, Mr. Stainforth retired from Government service and supported by a baronetcy, took up his abode and the duties of an English country gentleman in the Valley of the Exe.

Here, in the fullness of time, he became a master of foxhounds, the father of a daughter and a justice of the peace.

There was a tragedy and a disappointment when the daughter was born, for his wife died and it was a son he had wanted. Nevertheless, he taught her to ride and to shoot and, as far as she was able, to think like a man. Also he taught her some of the dialects of the river.

When Sally was old enough to share his confidence he would talk to her for hours of matters which were, or had been of interest to him, and she, with quick-witted grasp, would applaud or traverse his judgments according to her opinion of them.

Sally Stainforth had a very clear perception of right and wrong and had inherited from her father a moral and physical courage that was unshaken by the embarrassment of youth or the numbers of bars on a gate. She had but to be convinced that a certain thing must be done to set about doing it.

Stainforth once said :

"The chap who says : 'This job is too big for me' never gets anywhere. Face up to it whatever it is. The worst that can happen is to fail."

And it was then that he told her the story of what had happened to the Juju man on the banks of the Mbula. Sally listened with her chin resting on two shut fists.

"Was this magic real?"

Stainforth raised his shoulders.

"Real or not it worked."

Sally shivered.

"I suppose there was nothing else you could do, but I believe I'd have funked it."

"And let the whole district starve?"

"Yes, I know, but magic !" said she, and screwed up her face.

Stainforth said :

"Magic isn't alarming if you treat it the right way."

"But what is the right way?"

"Ignore it—or abolish the magician."

"Debunking?" Sally suggested.

"Just so, although it isn't a term I'd have used."

"Did you ever hear what became of the child?"

Stainforth looked awkward.

"I had him shipped off to a Mission School in another district and took care that he was properly looked after. Made over a lump sum anonymously. I understand he did pretty well. But it's years since I had any news of him. If you've finished your tea let's go down and have a look at the pheasant chicks."

They went. They went everywhere together. Even when he was fulfilling the duties of a justice of the peace Sally was always in court to see that he did his job all right.

It was in the capacity of a J.P. that he was called upon to deal with an unusual case of poaching. The accused was a negro and it is rare for coloured people to penetrate the wilds of Devon, and even rarer, having done so, to misbehave themselves.

There was a stir in the village court when the clerk read out the name John Henry Maxwell and a door was opened admitting the prisoner. He was a young man of classic beauty which an ill-cut suit of shiny blue serge failed to conceal. His head was covered with crisp curls and he carried it high. His eyes ranged the court with an air at once confident and contemptuous. To the constable who was nudging him in the direction of the dock, he addressed the words :

"Who is the gentleman with the grey hair?"

"You'll find out soon enough who he is."

"I wish to know his name."

The constable whispered and the prisoner stopped short and stared, so that the yellowy whites of his eyes seemed to be the strongest light in the court.

The charge of unlawfully killing a stag was read by the clerk. Then Stainforth asked :

"Is this man represented?"

John Henry Maxwell leaned forward over the rail.

"I represent myself," he said huskily.

Isaac Winton, a harbourer, went into the witness box. He said while harbouring a stag in Pixie Copse at dawn the preceding day, his attention was drawn to a movement among the ferns some hundreds of yards from where he was concealed. With the aid of field glasses he detected the accused squirming on his stomach towards the spot where the stag had been located. At first he attached no particular importance to the fact, thinking some enthusiast was trying to get near enough to the beast to study it at close quarters or possibly to take a snapshot. Amused that anybody should attempt what he was so unlikely to achieve, he kept his glasses focused on the hillside and had a glimpse of the man moving like a shadow into the shelter of the copse.

It then occurred to Winton that the stranger would probably disturb the stag and undo the work

(*Continued on page* 26)

Continuing JUJU MAN

that he had done in marking it down for the hunt. Not wishing to increase the disturbance by shouting, he made a detour of the wood and was descending the hill on the far side when there appeared before him the figures of the man and the stag locked in a death struggle. Only for an instant could they be seen. There was the flash of a knife and the stag crumpled, bringing the man down with him into the sheltering fern.

Isaac Winton let out a yell and ran to the spot, arriving in time to see the accused wiping a long knife on the body of his victim.

Stainforth addressed the witness.

"Did you tell him that what he had done was against the law?"

"I told 'im."

"And what did he say?"

"That t'was his kill and I could go and . . . ''

"Quite so. And then?"

"I fetched him along and handed'm over to police."

"Did he offer any resistance?"

"No, I'll say that for'm."

Stainforth turned to the prisoner.

"Do you wish to ask the witness any questions?" The prisoner shook his head.

"That will do, Winton. You behaved very well."

From the supporting members of the bench came nods and grunts of approval; Mrs. Whitstall, the one lady J.P., dropping her eyeglass and saying :

"Good work, Winton. Most disgraceful story I ever heard. An absolute savage."

Stainforth, as a stickler for etiquette, shook his head at her. The prisoner smiled. Stainforth addressed him crisply.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the charge ?"

"I plead justification, your honour."

Stainforth frowned heavily.

"There is no such plea."

John Henry raised his shoulders.

"All things must have a beginning."

"You wish to make a statement?"

"I do."

The constable muttered, *sotto voce* :

"Make it all the worse for yourself."

John Henry ignored him. He gave his full name.

" Occupation?"

"A student of the law."

Mrs. Whitstall sniffed loudly.

"Reason enough for not breaking it."

John Henry smiled.

"The law as it affects man," said he. "In the wild there is no law but the laws of the wild."

Colonel Blaney said :

"Have we got to listen to a lot of bosh like this?"

John Henry said :

"May I ask the bench for what purpose stags are preserved?"

It was Mrs. Whitstall who replied :

"To be hunted, of course."

"Then I have committed no offence. For I hunted this stag and brought him down."

"You know very well that you had no right to anything of the kind," said Colonel Blaney.

John Henry said :

"I do not think the gentleman understands legal procedure. He is not entitled to presume that I know anything."

Stainforth cut him short.

"If you have anything to say in your defence, say it."

John Henry fixed him with a level stare.

"When I was a child in Africa I heard a great white chief say that the creatures of the wild were for the benefit of all men, and that no one man had the right to claim them as his own." He spoke in a low clear voice with his eyes fastened on Stainforth. "That this should be made to seem true, a man's life was taken."

From the body of the court came a wondering gasp and Sally swung round and looked at the prisoner with new interest.

But Stainforth did not betray by word or gesture that the words had any personal application to him. He said :

"You will go to prison for fourteen days."

John Henry gripped the rail and sucked the air through his nostrils. Then he turned and walked out of the court. He was taken to Taunton Gaol to serve his sentence.

Sally was waiting for her father in the car. She said :

"He was the son of that man; he must have been."

Stainforth nodded.

"One can only suppose so."

"I can't help feeling that you should not have sentenced him."

"Nonsense; there was no choice. I had no bias for or against him."

"But it was you who shot his father. It does seem rather like heaping Pelion on Ossa," for, despite her outdoor engagements, Sally still found time to dip into a book.

Stainforth said :

"Wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't rather respect me for that. Never does to let 'em think you're soft. Still, I can't help being sorry he got into trouble. Let's look into Tout's and see whether he's been able to get hold of those blue dun hackles you wanted for fly tying."

Sally thought :

"How marvellous to be just and cool and terrible, and with it all, first rate." But what she said was :

"Well, I hope it ends there."

It might have been imagined that John Henry would have removed himself from the neighbourhood after his conflict with the law, but this he did not do.

There was a full moon on the night following his release and, making a bundle of his clothing, whereby he was stripped of civilisation and became a savage, he sat and howled by the cairn on top of Dunkery Beacon, where he and the picked skeleton of a sheep were very much alone.

And while in this high solitude the powers, the wisdom, and the magic of old things entered into and possessed him. There was no one to witness the strangeness of what followed. The only record was a circle on a bare patch of earth, trampled flat by the naked dancing feet of a man. No doubt, the old wise moon looked down and understood; but honest men were well and safely abed and did not see the leaping silhouette that made night and the hilltop hideous.

Round and round and round went the figure and with every circle the power that entered into him became a power to send forth in waves over an area as far as his eyes could see.

Down in the reeds the spawning salmon leapt and thrashed the water with their tails. A stag belled and the cry was taken up and echoed from Countisbury to Haddon. Otters whistled and silly rabbits frisked in a dance of joy. Birds roosting in hedge and tree spread their wings with a new sense of freedom. And all the little creatures of the wild were filled with cheeky confidence.

He had gone down from Dunkery before the lemon bars of dawn were strung across the eastern sky. At that hour old Charlie Penfold, shepherd and poacher, went to the river above Lanacre Bridge to get him a fish. Charlie's palate was not too fastidious.

He cared little how red from being overlong in fresh water a salmon might be. His wife had a smoke hole and even a "fungussy" fish dipped in brine and hung in the fumes of slow-burning juniper twigs or oak sawdust tasted well enough to justify the risk of being caught by the water bailiff. He had marked his quarry the previous day—a cock and a hen fish troughing the gravel in a bit of a brook with a tufty alder spread over it. He had a pretty knack with his shepherd's crook and did not doubt his ability to snatch out either or both, given leisure and freedom from interference.

The first rays of the sun had sprinkled the water with amethysts when the crook passed under a greyish-yellow belly and was wrenched upwards with a force which should have thrown the fish four feet behind him into the heather. But this was something that did not happen. His foot slipped, or he had under-estimated the weight that he set about to throw. There was a violent tug, so violent that it brought him face downwards into the brook, where, striking his head against a rock, and being knocked insensible, he would have drowned had the water been deep enough.

When consciousness returned, he saw both fish lying within easy reach of his arm. He made no second attempt to catch them, but scrambled on to the bank and fled, being convinced, through rustic simplicity, that the devil was in them.

A little distance away he met his wife carrying a faggot of juniper, than which there is nothing better in which to hide what it is politic that others should not see. But old Charlie had brought with him nothing but a bruise and a great fear, neither of which the juniper could conceal. In a few words he recounted his experience and was not laughed at. Indeed, his wife came near to crossing herself and said, over a shivering chin :

"I heered a cry last night like a great hyena."

Which very possibly she had. Together, they went towards their cottage, their footsteps leaving islands in a shining sea of cobwebs.

The scent is never good when cobwebs spread their filaments of gossamer over the countryside, and it looked as though the Brushford Staghounds were in for a blank day. The Randle brothers, who were joint masters, showed a disposition to reproach each other for their lack of success, and there were acrimonious comments on the subject of the way the harbouring had been carried out.

The burden of the argument was the difference between what the harbourer saw or thought he saw. It was all very well to declare that he had marked the fresh slot of a four-year-old stag entering Loosemoor Wood. The question was whether the harbourer had had the energy to satisfy himself that the same slots had not gone out on the far side. He declared that they had not. Then it was a funny thing that the tufters went right through the wood without speaking. It might be, but those were the facts.

Half the field had gone dejectedly home when the tufters picked up a line in Ramspit and followed it dejectedly upstream in the direction of Coombe. George Randle was in favour of whipping them off and returning to kennels, but Teddy Randle insisted on laying on the pack. He said :

"We're here to hunt and let's damn well do't."

In this he was vigorously supported by Sally. A distant "Gorn away!" was the decisive factor. The pack was sent for and laid on. But there was no joyous crash of music as the hounds were brought across the line. They sniffed at it and followed with a listlessness and lack of enthusiasm for which there was no precedent. So little was the eagerness they displayed that old Fred Moore, who had hunted stags since he was a youngster of five, exclaimed aloud that he had never "seen the like of it."

In a "rap" of woodland crowning a little knoll above Dulverton Station some ten couples, ignoring whip and cry and horn, faced about and scattered in the direction of the kennels.

Sally Stainforth, galloping downhill with the intention of whipping them in and bringing them back to the line, was thrown violently and had most of the wind knocked out of her body. The truant hounds streamed over her as she lay gasping for breath.

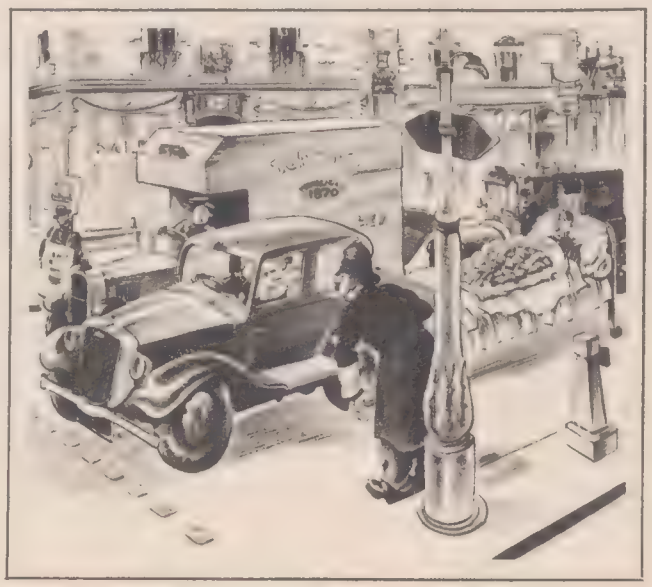
George Randle, whose temper was always uncertain in the hunting field, was shouting directions to all and sundry.

"Whip back the rest of those damned hounds and bring 'em home. They shan't make me the laughing stock of the whole damned county."

But it was easier that day to give an order than to carry it out. The couples who had stayed in the "rap" were as insensitive to discipline as the truants. Like children at a picnic they were rolling and gambolling in the fern.

Sally let herself go when describing the affair to her father a few hours later.

"They were mucking about like puppies within a few feet of where the stag was lying.



"It's all right, constable, I'm just taking my pig-headed husband to see the doctor."

Said a voice sheepishly: "I am not dressed to walk with a lady."

No, but honestly, Dad, I saw the whole thing with my own eyes. I saw the stag get up right in the middle of half a dozen couples, and he might have been a sheep for all the notice they took. He walked through the pack, or what was left of it, and went down the hillside as calmly as the rector coming through the churchyard after morning service."

James Stainforth held out his cup for more tea. He said :

"Must have given your head a nasty bump when you took that toss. Better turn in early, and I wouldn't eat all that cream and stuff."

Sally said :

"Ask anybody if it didn't happen. Nobody is going to make a liar out of me."

But Stainforth did not ask. He had an appointment, after tea, with his headkeeper, Miller, to discuss the shoot which was to take place on the morrow.

The Stainforth coverts were renowned and that year he had put down five thousand birds. With himself and Sally there would be seven guns, and three of them were reputed to be the finest high pheasant shots in the British Isles. It was estimated that they would account for fifteen or sixteen hundred head on the first day. No effort had been spared to ensure success.

At nine forty-five the following morning the guns drew for positions and moved into their appointed stands. At nine fifty-five Stainforth blew a whistle and half a mile away, hidden behind a steep hillside clad in oak and ash, a line of forty beaters, rapping sticks and uttering strange clucking cries, moved slowly forward.

A jay screamed and a flight of little birds rose and scattered like blown leaves. Down one of the rides came a fox. He paused, stared and vanished. In the grasses and dried fern were stirrings, movements and the swift patter of running feet. A pheasant "Cok-cok-coked," rose and settled with ruffled dignity a hundred yards nearer the guns. Where the flushing net spanned the wood a great company of pheasants had bunched confusedly. The rappings and the cries of the beaters came nearer and louder.

A sudden whir, like the whir of an electric fan and a hen was up. High and straight and swift she came, following a line between Stainforth's stand and his neighbour on the left.

Both guns fired. Tap-tap-tap-tap !

The bird went on.

P. A. Warren seized his second gun from the loader and gave her the choke barrel as she declined smoothly into a patch of gorse on the hillside behind.

Stainforth called across :

"Sorry ! Ought to have left her to you."

"No, no. I was waiting for you as matter of fact. A bit too tall for me to reach."

Borne on the thin morning air the words came to the ears of General Sir Champion Cressidy. The General smiled. He thought : "Too tall my foot ! A rotten shot !" He would have said so, perhaps, had he not seen coming towards him a brace of cocks at just the right angle. He took the shots with complete confidence, and did not bother to listen for the thud-thud of bodies striking the ground. He had turned for his second gun when he became aware that there had been no such sound. The birds sailed over him without a feather out of place.

"But that's impossible," he said.

"Not so hot," Sally called to him.

It was then that the birds began to come over in a long, unbroken cascade. The presentation was as perfect as care and experience could make it. They were not easy shots but to such guns as Cressidy, P. A. Warren, Dale, Hornblow and Stainforth they were perfect marks. Hornblow was the kind of shot who would not take a bird at less than "two to three oaks high." Easier stuff was beneath his dignity. He used high velocity cartridges with a lot of power and not much shot; he gave just the right lead and that was all there was to it.

For twenty bewildering and unprecedented minutes birds drifted over and guns blazed. Then a line of white coats appeared on the hilltop and a voice cried : "All out."

The head keeper, Miller, the under-keepers and a number of spaniels and retrievers came down the hill. Miller walked with the air of a man who is justly satisfied with his work and addressed his master in precisely that tone.

"Went over very nice, Sir James."

But Stainforth was staring at the empty shells that lay in a half circle behind his stand. He said :

"Take your men to Brayle Copse straight away."

"After the pick-up, sir?"

"Now."

"Had I best take a count from each gun first, sir?"

"You've been given your orders."

"Very good, sir."

Miller was scratching his head as he turned to climb the hill. But the under-keeper had been having a word with one of the loaders and whispered:

" They never touched one dang bird."

Miller turned on him savagely.

"Tidn't possible, an yu keep a civil tongue in your head."

Meanwhile, the guns had forgathered in a little group. They could hardly have looked more shocked if one of their number had had his head blown off. It was the General who spoke words that brought comfort to some of them.

"There's been hanky-panky with the cartridges. And I shan't rest until I've laid a cane across the shoulders of the chap that did it."

"But we're all using different stuff," said Sally, unpopularly.

The General glared at her.

"Talk sense, my dear, if you must talk. Our cartridges were in the gun-room last night and that's when it was done. Here you are, I'll prove my words. I've had this hat for quarter of a century and I'll never get another like it. Now, let go at that."

He snatched the hat from his head and sent it spinning into the valley. Sally fired both barrels and blew it into shreds.

"Young blighter," roared the General. "I wouldn't not have had that happen for a ten-pun note !"

Sally began to laugh, and even her father's hand heavy as a stone on her shoulder failed to stop her.

"This isn't a laughing matter, Sally. Something has gone wrong and we've got to find out what."

"The whole thing is lun-*at*-ic !" said P. A. Warren. "Why, the birds might have had charmed lives, which doesn't happen."

At those words a notion stirred in the mind of James Stainforth, so that he felt as if a cold hand was passing over his spine. And then he saw that Sally was looking at him, and all the laughter had gone out of her eyes.

"Look here, you men," he said, "don't think I'm off my rocker, but I have a suggestion to make. That patch of gorse over there ! At least a score of birds pitched into it. Before we take up our next stand, I propose that we should circle that gorse patch and shoot whatever gets up at ***any range***."

Donmore Dale grunted protestingly :

"That's plain murder." Stainforth said :

"Sounds like it, but I want to find out."

Then Sally said : "We have found out, haven't we?"

But no one took any notice of that, and with the air of guilty children the party went down the hill, spread out fanwise, and made an enveloping circle round the patch of gorse. At a gesture from Stainforth the circle closed. The birds sat tight and he put in a cocker to rout them out.

Not less than thirty pheasants flapped leisurely through the barrage. A dozen rabbits scampered away pursued by a hail of misdirected pellets. Followed a silence in which white-faced men looked at one another askance. And during that silence, from a little distance away, a laugh rang out that was not like the laugh of an ordinary man.

"Ou-ah ! Ou-ah ! Ou-ah !"

P. A. Warren cocked his head.

"If that isn't a hyena," he began, and suddenly added : "What the devil are you up to, Jimmy?"

(*Continued on page* 28)

Continuing JUJU MAN

For James Stainforth was pointing his gun in the direction from which the sound had come, and the barrels were waving like a tree-top in a wind. A fleck of foam appeared at the corner of his mouth and from his throat came a strangled cry. Then his legs crumpled and he pitched forward on his face.

Sally was the first to go down on her knees beside him and make a pillow for his head. His eyes were open, but only the whites were visible. Between clenched teeth his breath puffed with the swift rhythm of an air drill.

Out of a medley of voices, Sally heard the words: "Stroke. Get him home. Fetch a doctor." Then, once more, the laugh rang out, from farther away.

To that second whoop of devilish laughter, her father's body reacted like the strings of a violin. The sound seemed to pass through him in shivering waves, which grew feebler and feebler as the notes diminished.

Sally rose and reached for her gun.

"Pick up a car on the valley road and get him home in that."

"He needs a doctor," said somebody.

"I'll get the doctor," Sally replied, and to the dismay of the company started to run towards the fringe of woodland that screened the River Exe. She paid no heed to the cries of protest that followed her, but disappeared among the trees and, carrying her loaded gun at the trail, hastened along the fishing path upstream.

Sally had run half a mile before she slowed to a walk. And that was not on account of fatigue, but for another reason.

"I have got to be calm," she told herself. "It will be no use if I seem rattled or afraid. *I must be absolutely calm.*"

And then, in the mud of the path before her, she saw the naked footprint of a man.

Sally Stainforth did not hesitate or turn back. She followed the path until it reached a clearing where it branched in three directions. Here she paused, like a hound casting for a scent, and while debating which of the three to take she heard a measured drumming which seemed to rise out of the bowels of the earth. The sound was old and primitive, but Sally did not doubt that it was made by a man. Tump-tump-a-tump! Tump-tump-a-tump! It went with the dismal incessance of bare fists beaten against a bare chest.

Sally turned her head this way and that and located the sound as percolating through a tangle of brambles which masked the narrow entrance to a long disused tin mine. A swift glance proved that the brambles had recently been disturbed for some of the briars were broken and the grass and fern beneath was crushed by the passing of naked feet.

Sally Stainforth drew in a staggering breath.

"Here's where I learn if I'm any use or not," she thought.

Only for a moment she hesitated, then, with the barrel of her gun she cleared a passage and stooping low crawled into the tunnel before her. It was very dark and the air was heavy with the smell of damp and decay. The drumming had stopped and there came to her ears the low chuckle of running water.

"Water is all right. Water is friendly. Nobody minds water," she told herself, and crawled on.

Then, and only a little distance away, the drumming broke out afresh and with it the heady chanting of a man's voice.

"Mya-nee-a myna-y-ah eeee."

Sally filled her lungs and spoke.

"Cut out that Tarzan stuff and come down to earth."

The words were greeted by silence and taking courage, Sally spoke in the phrase and language of the Mbula tribe as she had learnt it from her father.

"It is not fitting to talk if we cannot see each other's eyes."

"I no longer remember the meaning of these words. Talk in your own tongue."

Sally said:

"If you can't talk like a savage there's excuse to act like one. Come outside where we can see each other's eyes."

"Or the point between them where a bullet may enter?"

Sally pondered before replying:

"You are the son of the witch doctor whom my father killed?"

There was another silence then a voice said, sulkily:

"The same."

Sally thought:

"I mustn't show sympathy. I must be hard as nails."

She said aloud:

"It's a pity you didn't learn sense from that, instead of looking for more trouble."

There was something coldly menacing in the reply.

"It is not I who will find the trouble on this occasion." He chose his words with the particularity of a scholar and gave to each a subtle emphasis. "My father was killed because he ruled over the creatures of the wild. Your father and his kind seek to do the same. It is just that your father should suffer as mine suffered."

Sally said:

"That's rot. Different countries have different laws. You can't get away with a lot of Juju stuff round here."

"Who is to stop me?"

"Looks as if I must."

As she moved forward the barrels of her gun clinked against rock.

"Put down that gun," cried the voice.

Sally thought:

"Shall I? Dare I?"

She said:

"Come a bit nearer and you shall have it."

There was a chuckle.

"I am not foolish like my father."

"And haven't as much pluck," said Sally. "Well, here goes." She let the gun fall noisily. "I am coming on."

On hands and knees she advanced through the darkness. Then the voice cried out:

"I have a knife. I shall kill if you come within reach."

Sally said:

"Nonsense! You are more afraid than I am. And what does a witch doctor want with a knife? If you're what you believe yourself to be try some of your magic on me."

There was a rustle of retreating footsteps and the drumming and the singing crashed out filling the narrow tunnel with terror. It stopped as abruptly as it started and in the listening hush that followed were only the little sounds of somebody crawling.

Then the voice whispered in a tone of awe and admiration.

"You are very bold. I did not know a woman could be so bold."

It was strange that she should welcome praise from that quarter, or was able to brush it aside so insolently.

"It would take much more courage to back out than to come on, for then I should have my father to deal with and now I have only you."

"Your father will die—die—die," was screamed at her, but there was more of panic than of threat in the cry.

Sally was reminded of a small boy who once had shouted at her: "I wish you were dead. I wish you were dead." Then as now, it was the curse of an hysteric—a *cri de cœur* from a nature which felt that its powers of control were slipping.

"Rubbish!" said she and advanced even nearer.

The voice began to whimper, then raved:

"You think yourselves the rulers of the earth. You are not awed by your own ignorance. You fool, have you not seen that I am mightier than the mightiest."

"Don't lose your head," said Sally genially. "You're all right—a darned good conjurer. The trouble is that you've chosen the wrong platform to do your tricks on. You've got to have the right audience for that sort of flim-flam and you won't find it in this part of the world. A man who has studied the law and moved among sensible people ought to have sense enough to know that."

The everyday quality of the words smote John Henry like a whip; their very plainness robbing him of his belief in himself. The cold commonplaces of civilisation were stripping him of the mysteries of which he had been master. His eyes, which like an animal's could pierce the dark, made out a moving shape less than a yard from where he crouched against mildewed rocks.

"Hullo!" said Sally, "I can hear your heart beating. Better drop that knife. Be a pity if you got excited and tried to use it. Besides, you haven't any real quarrel with me or my father. It was his money, though you may not know it, that gave you a start in life through that West Coast Mission. So drop the knife and come outside."

For answer came the tinkle of falling steel and a voice which spoke sheepishly like a child ashamed:

"I am not dressed to walk with a lady."

"Then I'll go back to the house," said Sally. "You think things over, get yourself dressed, and come up to the house for tea. I'll leave my gun, and you can say you found it. That'll make an excuse for coming."

He saw and heard her crawl quietly away. He did not move nor speak. He thought:—

"I am a poor naked man in a dark and dreadful place"

As Sally went down the fishing path there was a buzzing in her head and her legs felt as if they belonged to somebody else. A squirrel fled and hid at her approach and pigeons crashed noisily through the upper branches. And seeing that things were once more as they used to be, Sally rested her head against the trunk of a tree and fainted without falling down. Then she came to and went on. Through the alders which fringed the river, she saw a charabanc of pleasure-seekers go singing and shouting down the valley road. Their pleasures and their voices were of the earth earthy.

She crossed the river by a hump-backed bridge and saw the General getting out of his car.

"Hi!" he shouted, and again "Hi!"

They met and he bristled at her.

"Where the blazes do you think you've been? Yer father's been kicking up hell, and half the county'll be out looking for you if we aren't in time to stop it."

The words "Yer father's been kicking up hell" came to her ears like music, but all she said was:—

"How very stupid. Nobody has to worry about me."

"Stupid be jiggered," said the General. "Damned unfilial I call it. For all you knew, yer father might have had a stroke."

Sally said:—

"I knew it was nothing. I'll bet he brings down more pheasants than any of us this afternoon."

If the General had cared to take it, she would have won her bet.

John Henry did not present himself for tea. The gun was delivered with a letter, which was written in characteristically elegant prose. The writer wished to apologise for any inconvenience he might have caused. He further expressed gratitude for "benefactions the identity of the bestower of which, until apprised" he had been "most lamentably ignorant." In the event of any action of his being deemed an infringement of the law, he appended his London address for the convenience of the police. At the same time, he doubted whether any statute existed under which a charge could be made. He subscribed his signature beneath the words "Your humble and contrite servant."

There were tears in Sally's eyes when she finished reading the letter. She said:—

"You'll have to do something for him, Dad."

Stainforth nodded.

"I'll drop a line to one or two fellars who may be useful."

"And what do you think will become of him?"

"Likely as not, he'll get a first-class degree and a lot of letters after his name. He'll climb and flourish and decline."

"You mean he'll go back—to the river?"

Again, he nodded.

"But it will be his own river, Sally. The General's dying for a game of snooker. Cut along and knock his head off."

"Oh, no, you don't, you had your own way growing a lawn in the window box, but you're not going to roll it with my rolling-pin."

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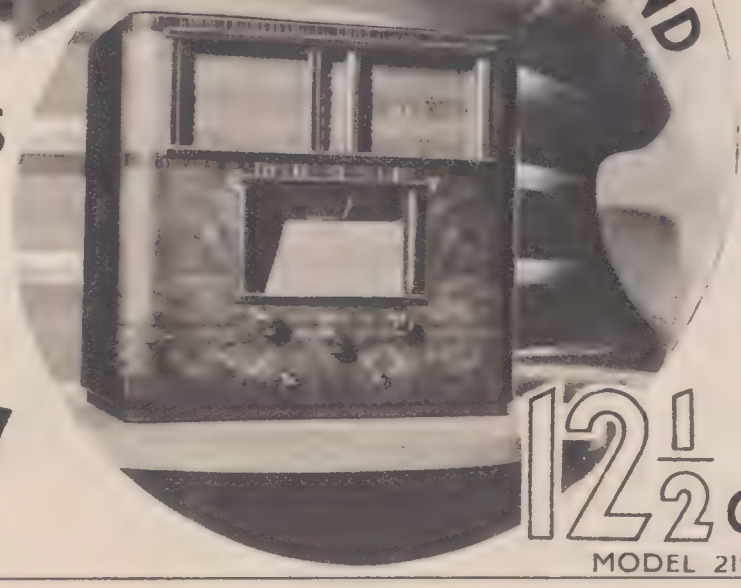

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FRED PERRY

WITHIN a few weeks we shall be in yet another lawn tennis season.

Which of the older stars will have vanished?

What will be the fate of the present champions?

And who are the new players destined to inherit the big headlines from us?

They will have a high standard to live up to. We British lawn tennis players and "fans" have just seen two Davis Cup Challenge Rounds, each packed with thrills.

Who will ever forget the tense moments in the great match between "Bunny" Austin and Wilmer Allison when we played America on the Centre Court? Who will forget the scenes of enthusiasm throughout the whole of the doubles match when our newly discovered pair, Hughes and Tuckey, beat Allison and Van Ryn? While the drama of the match between Helen Wills-Moody and Helen Jacobs will long be "clubroom" gossip.

These incidents are only three of the many that helped to make 1935 stand out.

We saw many new stars last summer. There was the amazing rise of young Donald Budge, the Californian youth with the shock of bright red hair. He came to England as a recruit with the American team in order to gain experience "for future reference," but finished up by being first choice for the singles!

Then there was Raymond Tuckey, our own newcomer. He was sent to Paris with the team for the French Championships, produced amazing form, and forced his way into the Davis Cup team with as fine a record of doubles victories as one could wish to see. He, in company with Pat Hughes, went on to gain a grand victory to clinch the match against the Americans.

Kay Stammers, one of our "hopes," playing in her first Wightman Cup match at Forest Hills last September, astounded everyone by beating Helen Jacobs. As she had already defeated Helen Wills-Moody earlier in the season, her ranking as No. 4 in the world was fully justified.

Can she carry on the good work this year? It is to be hoped that the winter's rest will have freshened her up for the hard matches in front of her—we shall watch her games with interest.

The past season also saw the temporary eclipse of Dorothy Round—lady champion of Wimbledon in 1934. A strenuous summer season, followed by the strain of a long Australian tour, and an unfortunate leg injury early in the year seemed to upset her completely.

She failed in one or two early tournaments, lost confidence completely, and failed to produce anything approaching her real form, except in the final at Beckenham, when she beat Kay Stammers very easily; and again in her Wightman Cup game against Mrs. Arnold, when she played a brand of lawn tennis I consider to be the finest I have ever seen produced by a woman.

Dorothy wisely decided to take a complete rest at the close of the American tour. As a matter of fact, she didn't even wait for the tour to finish—but caught the first boat after the Wightman Cup match, so thoroughly tired out was she. I am convinced that she will be in better form than ever in 1936.

No longer will she go into a game as the champion. She will have everything to gain and not nearly so much to lose; that in itself should allow her to play a more carefree game. If she can recover that old attitude of 1934, then we may see her back at the top of the ranking list again.

Then there were the intriguing complications of the Davis Cup. The astounding defeat of the Australian team in Berlin (where our own team failed in 1932) showed the great strides made by the German players led by Baron von Cramm.

Quite a change for me to have an English winter! It has been my first in five years.

Their team went on to give the Americans the biggest fright of their lives—and there was only a mere point in it during that exciting doubles match on the second day. Had they won that point, there would, in all probability, have been an Anglo-German challenge round.

1935 provided many thrills, but I think we are to see even more exciting games this year. There will be the usual exodus to foreign countries before the English season gets under way. Already a team of ladies are in South Africa on a tour which embraces the whole of the Union.

They are due back in England towards the end of March, thus giving time for a few weeks' practice before starting on the home tournaments. It will be interesting to see what effect the South African summer (usually nearly twice as hot as ours) has had on their games.

In 1932, I was a member of a mixed team to the Union. None of us seemed to be able to jump right back to form for some time, whereas it had the effect of breaking up Mary Heeley's game completely. The balls bounced so high that she could scarcely reach them, and on her return home she couldn't hit the low ones at all!

It is to be hoped that none of our present team suffer in the same way, as the Wightman Cup is played in England this year, and it's high time we won it back.

None of our Davis Cup team have played much during the winter months. Austin and Tuckey have not appeared in any matches since that last week-end in July. Hughes, most unfortunately, has been suffering from heart trouble, but after a long treatment and a month's cruise to the West Indies, he is now back in the lists.

I left Southampton in August for my annual trip round the world. It was cut short from the actual playing point of view soon after I landed in America, and I have not touched a racket in nearly six months.

Quite a change for me to have an English winter! It is my first in five years—and should have done me a lot of good.

We in England have been extremely fortunate in the past three years, as we have been able to watch all the leading world stars. We have started well already. The annual match between London and Paris took place a short time ago, and it was our turn to act as hosts. It was played on the covered courts at Dulwich.

Although the season is not really under way as yet, we have already had some warning of new stars.

(*Continued on page* 33)

Springtime offers delightful pictures for your camera. Use SELO films and be sure of first-rate snaps, and your successes will continue right through the year. SELO is an excellent film for all straightforward photographs. SELOCHROME is a faster film, and will give you perfect results on dull days or fine. Both films have a world-wide reputation as the very finest of their kind. Made by Ilford Limited, Ilford, England.

SELO films

SUCCESSFUL WITH EVERY SCENE

Continuing

FRED PERRY

Raymond Tuckey, one of last season's new British stars, with Mr. and Mrs. " Bunny " Austin.

The London - Paris match gave us another chance to look at young Destremeau, a youth in whom the French place a lot of confidence.

To date he has already beaten John Olliff and Frank Wilde among others, and he plays a type of game which lends itself to improvement. We should hear much of this new recruit in the future.

The French also have another youngster, Pellizza, whom they are training for future honours as a " Musketeer." I saw him in Paris during the French championships last May and was much impressed with his game. He is much more sturdily built than Destremeau, and plays somewhat after the style of Henri Cochet.

Ther are many new stars from other countries for whom we might watch with interest. While still on the subject of Continental players, we cannot overlook the names of two newcomers we saw at Wimbledon last summer.

Henkel, of Germany, caused much surprise by his victories over Crawford and McGrath in Berlin. He came over to Wimbledon and took Borotra to five sets—then in the Davis Cup against America, fought two splendid matches against Allison and Budge. He has been training with Tilden during the winter and I understand is playing much better. He will be a danger this year—particularly on hard courts.

The Czechoslovakians have a lot of confidence in the ability of Caska. He did well last season, which was his first out of his own country. To displace Hecht in singles is a good effort, and the Czechoslovakian Association are of the opinion he will go a long way.

Henkel, of Germany, " will be a danger this year."

To go farther afield, we find in Australia a youth who " out McGrath's McGrath" if you can consider such a thing possible. John Bromwich, a young man from Sydney, is the most extraordinary player I have ever seen. He plays his forehand lefthanded, serves righthanded, and hits his backhand with two hands !

I do not think there is one Australian player other than Crawford who can be sure of beating this youth. He defeated Kirby, Menzel and Maier while they were in Australia last year, and he won the South Australian championship, beating Turnbull and Quist on successive days !

I saw him a few times during my short visit to Australia at the end of last year. It amazes me how he ever manages to make such extraordinary shots from seemingly impossible positions. If he could only learn what to do in order to clinch winning positions we might have seen him over here this summer, but the Australian selectors decided against sending so young a player.

There is an abundance of talent out there, probably much greater than in any other country, but many of their young " hopefuls " fade out before their time owing to too much play.

It is a pity that we shall not have Bromwich over this year as I should have liked to have seen what he could do under strange conditions—I think he would have created a sensation.

In America too they have had an " unknown " player good enough to topple Wilmer Allison. It happened in the tournament at New Orleans, when Arthur Hendrix, of Florida, won in four sets, and it was the first time that he had played outside his home state.

He follows the usual American type of game—hard serving and hard groundshots—a combination which makes it difficult to get to the net. I do not expect we shall see him over here this summer, but no doubt the Americans will again provide us with an interesting player.

It is highly probable that they will include Frank Parker in the " squad " which comes to Wimbledon. Sydney Wood has recently undergone a serious operation, one urgent enough for the doctors to take him off a train in the Middle-West, so it is doubtful if he will be fit enough to gain a place.

For two years now we have been looking forward to watching Frank Parker in action. Each time something has happened to stop him—last year it was impossible for him to forgo college.

So far the Americans have invited six players to start training for the Davis Cup—Allison, Van Ryn, Budge, Mako, Shields, and Grant, but I think Parker will soon be asked to train with them, as he is at his best on hard courts, a surface they will probably have to use for the earlier Davis Cup games.

It is unfortunate for us that the Australians decided to challenge in the American Zone as it robs the European Zone of a great team. The

Hendrix, of Florida—an " unknown " good enough to beat Allison. His specialities are a hard service and hard ground shots.

Japanese have also decided not to challenge this year, and we shall miss them at Bournemouth, our first tournament of importance.

The absence of Jack Crawford, Adrian Quist, and Vivian McGrath is unfortunate also. Whether they come to Wimbledon probably depends on the result of their Davis Cup encounter with America—should they win, they will have to come over for the Inter-zone finals, but it is to be hoped they will come in any event.

They have had three years continuous tennis now —dashing to and from Australia—with hard tennis all the while. It is small wonder that they feel in need of a rest !

When they are in their own country the games are no less strenuous, and as soon as the season finishes they must be on their way to Europe for the Davis Cup. Now they are challenging in the American zone they have a chance to rest, as they will have only four Davis Cup matches at the most.

We in England are at an advantage as we have only one match to play in the competition, and that at the end of July. Our players can go into the fray keen and fresh as there is plenty of chance to rest in between the big championships.

The first big tournament of our general season is held at Bournemouth during the first week in May—the Hard Court Championships. France will no doubt send some of her best players, and as the members of the Argentine Davis Cup team will be here by then, there will be no lack of opposition for our own "giants."

These matches have become extremely popular during the past five years, so that it has been found necessary to restrict the entry. That Hard Court Championship is indeed a coveted title !

Then two weeks later come the Championships of France at the Stade Roland Garros in Paris—the scene of our Davis Cup triumph two years ago. The French titles very seldom go abroad, but since the passing of the famous "four Musketeers" we have had our share of the spoils. At some time or other, we have held all of them—which is a good record.

This meeting marks the end of the hard courts season as far as we in England are concerned. Then starts the big trek to Wimbledon. Players arrive from all the world over.

Apart from some of those I have mentioned, there will be a most interesting gentleman from Sweden—Karl Schroeder. He has had a most phenomenal run of success during the winter, and has defeated Borotra, von Cramm and Boussus on covered courts. He did not survive long enough in last year's Wimbledon for anyone to have seen much of his game.

It is based on a fast service and hard ground shots which he follows to the net—a very effective combination for indoor play. It will be interesting to watch his progress on grass where the rallies will be longer.

Wimbledon will this season have a " curtain raiser" in the shape of the Wightman Cup, when our ladies will do their utmost to wipe out the long list of defeats they have suffered at the hands of the Americans.

We shall have a hard fight, as the Americans have won on many occasions without the help of the great Helen Wills-Moody. However, I feel confident that we shall succeed this time—it would be rather nice to have both the Wightman and Davis cups at the same time, wouldn't it?

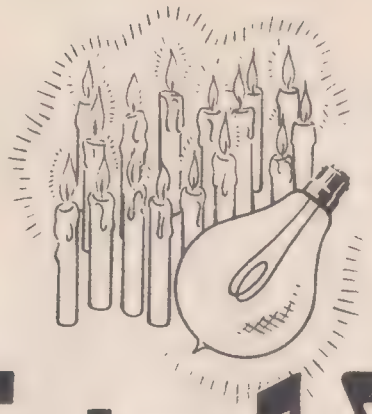
Then comes the hurly-burly of Wimbledon. The amazing crowds day after day—those marvellous courts. Grand matches that will be talked about for months and months.

Then a lull for about two weeks. For the victorious teams in the American and European zones, the inter-zone final. Our own team will no doubt be engaged in a quiet sort of " practice " down at Eastbourne as is the usual custom. Then once more back to Wimbledon for the Challenge Round. The same Wimbledon in a different setting —a much more serious one. Just one court in use—the centre.

We shall be striving for our fourth successive victory, and though the struggle will be hard, I feel sure we shall still be in possession of the cup when that three-day is finished. We fought hard for that cup for three years, and as three of the original team are still together, we shall fight equally hard to keep it.

After the end of July comes the parting of the ways. Those in quest of the American titles sail as soon as possible, in order to get acclimatised, while those in search of " holiday " tennis make for the Continent or the coastal tournaments in our own country.

And so then will have ended the season as far as we " fans " are concerned. But it will have been a season full of thrills and good lawn tennis. Champions will have come and gone—let us then salute the old and hail the new.



16 in 1891...

It was in 1891 that Gerard Philips and a handful of his work-people began to manufacture electric lamps. They produced a carbon filament lamp which gave a light as bright as 16 candles burning together, a great achievement in those days.

Years of development followed. Laboratories were opened. The secrets of the Tungsten filament were probed.

To-day, 45 years later, the Philips Coiled Coil Lamp made in the finest lamp factories in the world, gives as much light as 50 candles, yet uses no more current than that dim lamp of 1891.

Use **PHILIPS** *"measured light"* **LAMPS**

AND GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU PAY FOR

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I awoke to find she was holding my hand and staring into my eyes.

One Moment, Mr. Honeybone!

Complete Story
by
B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

NOW, Mr. Honeybone, if you'll take a seat while I mix you a drink, we'll soon have the colour back in your face. I still advise you that it would have been better, in view of the claim I am going to make for you, if you had gone to hospital for treatment, but no doubt we will be able to get over that little difficulty. I have had a large experience in running down cases. You may speak quite confidently here in my office. Just how did you get through that hedge into the field with your car?

I don't think you have made an entirely correct survey of the situation, Mr.——

Sehbohm is the name, Mr. Honeybone. At your service. A car like yours must have cost a lot of money. British, was it not?

The vehicle was of British manufacture, and I am indebted, I am sure, to you for the prompt way in which you came to my assistance on the road, bringing me to your office here. I think you will appreciate that I do not wish any claim to be made on my behalf in respect of the car, or, as you urge, in respect of personal damages arising out of the situation in which I found myself, when——

No claim, Mr. Honeybone. Come, come! Allow me as a lawyer of wide experience to point out——

There is something I should tell you about that car, Mr. Sehbohm.

What about it, Mr. Honeybone?

I stole it about half an hour ago.

You—what?

I took it, perhaps without the intention of converting it permanently to my own use, yet, nevertheless, with the intention of using it. To get away. Just one minute, Mr. Sehbohm!

I cannot—well, make it brief.

I have here the sum of seventeen dollars and forty-five cents. If you will permit me to retain the forty-five cents, I would like you to advise me on the somewhat ambiguous position into which unforeseen events had led me.

You can keep the forty-five cents. I'll give you twenty minutes of my time, Mr. Honeybone. What's your story? Who are you? Either you talk Hollywood, or you're British. How d'you come to be car snatching?

I am a British subject, Mr. Sehbohm, employed by Mr. Grover Van Hoven as butler at——

Grover Van Hoven?

That is correct. Mrs. Van Hoven brought me back from London to the United States some months ago. I am thirty-two years of age and unmarried, and may say that up to now I have been associated with the best families in my country.

Been in trouble in England?

I think you misunderstand me, Mr. Sehbohm.

Maybe I do. And maybe others would, too, in the circumstances. I find you in a five-thousand-dollar sports car, with a high hat British accent and striped pants, dazed and parked in a field behind a hole in the hedge, talking about the wrong that has been done you. And when I get you to my office and give you a drink, you tell me you have just stolen the car! Oh, no doubt, I have got you all wrong!

My duties while in this country have, so far, Mr. Sehbohm, been of an unexpected and exacting nature. The financial arrangements made by Mrs. Van Hoven in London I found to be of a satisfactory nature. And yet——

Well, the Van Hovens can pay for anything they want. Even London butlers, I imagine. Tell me how you came to be headed for New York just now and crashing hedges in Long Island.

I was endeavouring, in a car with which I was not entirely familiar, to avoid capture and evade pursuit. As I was saying, I found my new duties scarcely in line with those to which I had been accustomed. I had been in Mrs. Van Hoven's establishment in New York only five days when Mr. Van Hoven—my present employer—prevailed on me to accept—

I get it. He swiped you from his wife. The financial arrangements, I take it, were satisfactory?

The terms were generous.

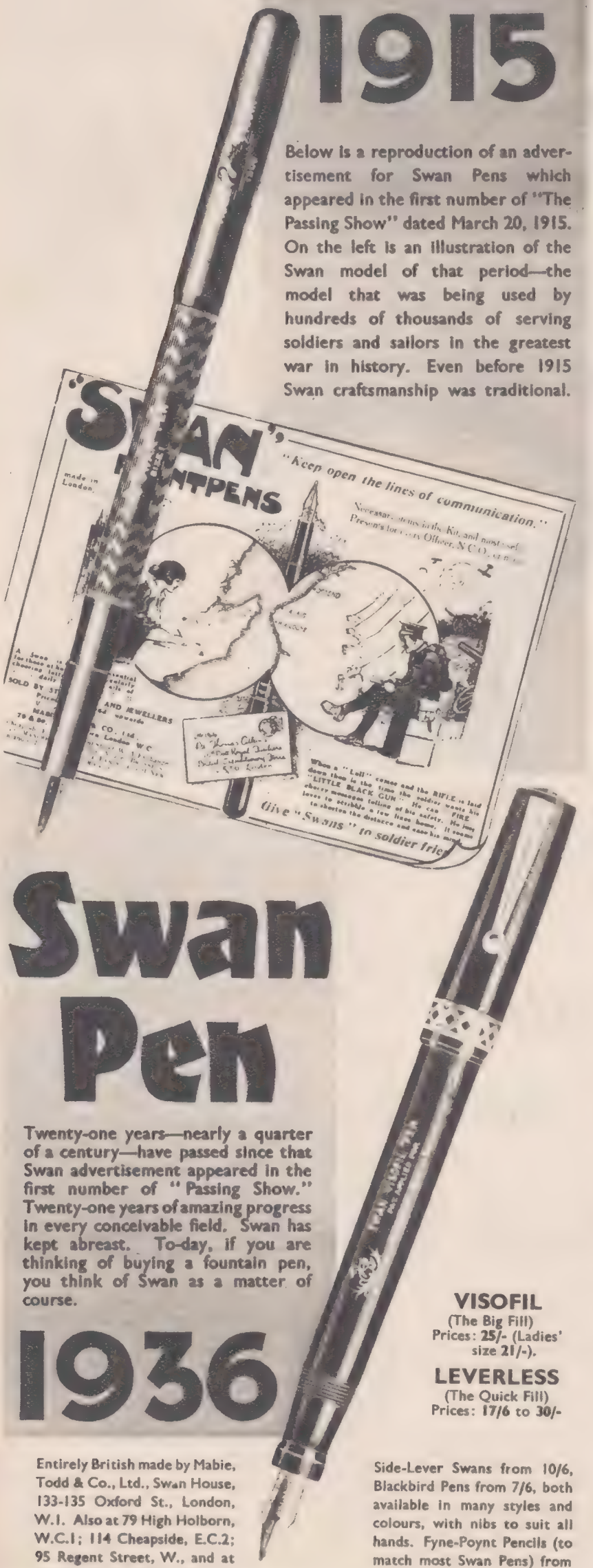
He did it to annoy his wife, I'll bet. They been fighting most of the five years they've been married, haven't they?

Mr. and Mrs. Van Hoven are suffering a temporary estrangement. I should say that their normal life together is not one of accord. Mr. Van Hoven has an establishment situated at Rockingham, Long Island, which he has recently purchased and of

(*Continued on page* 37)

1915

Below is a reproduction of an advertisement for Swan Pens which appeared in the first number of "The Passing Show" dated March 20, 1915. On the left is an illustration of the Swan model of that period—the model that was being used by hundreds of thousands of serving soldiers and sailors in the greatest war in history. Even before 1915 Swan craftsmanship was traditional.



Swan Pen

Twenty-one years—nearly a quarter of a century—have passed since that Swan advertisement appeared in the first number of "Passing Show." Twenty-one years of amazing progress in every conceivable field. Swan has kept abreast. To-day, if you are thinking of buying a fountain pen, you think of Swan as a matter of course.

1936

VISOFIL
(The Big Fill)
Prices: 25/- (Ladies' size 21/-).

LEVERLESS
(The Quick Fill)
Prices: 17/6 to 30/-

Entirely British made by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133-135 Oxford St., London, W.1. Also at 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W., and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

Side-Lever Swans from 10/6, Blackbird Pens from 7/6, both available in many styles and colours, with nibs to suit all hands. Fyne-Poynt Pencils (to match most Swan Pens) from 5/-.

"Priceless!"

Health *is* priceless

Chief among the things that keep this bonny little chap a picture of health are soap and water—Wright's Coal Tar Soap, of course. Always Wright's. The experienced mother knows that the very name Wright's is a guarantee of purity and quality—that this is the only toilet soap to earn the Blue Seal of Merit, the highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

Gladly mother pays the extra few pence for the protection that Wright's gives her child and herself—for she uses Wright's herself, too. What's good for baby's beautiful little skin, she reasons, *must* be good for hers. Besides, have not investigations shown that doctors themselves use Wright's more than any other toilet soap? And *they* certainly know what's best for the skin.

Professor A. M. Low's recent experiments only confirmed what has been common knowledge for 75 years. That Wright's is definitely protective to health *and* complexion, and is admirably suited for even the most delicate skin.

Soap so good as this *cannot* be sold for less than 6d. Get a tablet to-day.

Also in boxes of three tablets, 1/6.

Wright's COAL TAR *Soap*

1089

THE SAFE SOAP

CONTINUING *One Moment, Mr. Honeybone!*

which Mrs. Van Hoven is not aware. He is known in the neighbourhood as Mr. Higgins.

One of those establishments, eh, Mr. Honeybone? Care to smoke?

Why, thank you, Mr. Sehbohm, sir. I am fond of a good cigar.

You surprise me! You, a butler—and an English one, at that! Well, that's a good cigar, although I'm giving it you. Tell me some more.

On the second night of my arrival, Mrs. Van Hoven entertained. She was celebrating the fact that her daughter, Estelle, who was born to her by a previous marriage, had been temporarily entrusted to her care and custody for a period of seven days. I understand that entertainment is somewhat freer in New York than that to which I have been accustomed. I was struck on the head with a bottle in the latter part of the evening, and a guest who, I am informed, is an eminent cartoonist, insisted on drawing pictures in doubtful taste upon my shirt front.

Just one of these merry evenings, Mr. Honeybone. Among old friends, you know.

Mrs. Van Hoven explained that in the morning, sir. But the same atmosphere repeated itself the following evening, when Mr. Van Hoven and some theatrical friends paid a visit to Mrs. Van Hoven, and I was accidentally pushed down a short flight of stairs. On attempting to rise, two of the young ladies, employed, I was told, in a cabaret performance at a restaurant, removed my coat, and being of a nervous, a sensitive nature—ticklish is the vulgar word——

Don't take any notice of me, Mr. Honeybone. Just a joke I remembered. I'll tell it to you later. So they tickled you? You must remember that you are—will you allow me to say?—of that fine, dignified, ambassadorial type, with which ladies of the description you mention would not be familiar. How did you meet that emergency?

I retired for the evening. And I was glad of the opportunity to remove myself the following day into Mr. Van Hoven's service. He placed me in charge of the domestic staff at his new residence at Rockingham. The position there I found more satisfactory. We saw little of Mr. Van Hoven, and nothing, of course, of Mrs. Van Hoven. Mr. Van Hoven visited the property occasionally with friends during the three months I have been there, for the rest my duties were of a confidential and discreet nature. There was considerable amount of plate and valuable pictures in the house, not to mention the polo ponies in the stables, in charge of a man named Schuyler.

I take it you kept an eye on things and sort of kept up the incognito?

That is correct, Mr. Sehbohm. There was some question of alimony in respect of one of Mr. Van Hoven's former wives that touched on the pictures and plate. The polo ponies were being sought, as I understood the matter, by the present Mrs. Van Hoven. At the same time, Mr. Van Hoven confided in me that he had found an irresistible urge in him to return to the affections of his first wife, whom he hoped shortly to marry once more. This lady, who was frequently with us at White House, Rockingham, was not the lady who was legally interested in the pictures and plate.

Took a little thought to get these wives straight, didn't it, Mr. Honeybone? How many were there in all?

Mr. Van Hoven has been married four times. But there was one wife—his second—who seemed to have dropped out of his life. She was, I believe, Australian.

Australia's a long way away.

I am thinking of going there. I have an offer of a situation with a friend of Mr. Van Hoven who sailed for Sydney last Thursday.

Then why steal cars?

The matter was of no little urgency, Mr. Sehbohm. Mr. Van Hoven conceived a liking for me and left me entirely in charge for long periods. My duties were onerous, but simple, until—until——

Until what, Mr. Honeybone?

A young lady who was one of a party brought from New York by Mr. Van Hoven showed an attachment to the property. She is, I am informed, Mexican of origin. She speaks little English and used to perform at a night club, her duties there being, according to Schuyler, the groom, to dance with the aid of fans, or feathers.

How do you mean—"attachment to the property?"

When the others left on Sunday, she refused to accompany them.

What did Mr. Van Hoven say?

He, in fact, did not know. This young person was found next morning, having spent the night in the house. And she has refused, to my embarrassment, to leave the place.

Why should that embarrass you?

You see, Mr. Sehbohm, it was I who found she was still—still with us. In fact, I awoke that morning to find she was holding my hand as I lay in bed and staring into my eyes. I had difficulty in persuading her to leave my room while I dressed. She speaks little English and displays a temper which is both quick and illogical. She, in fact, impedes me in my duties by following me about, which gives rise to vulgar remarks from Schuyler and his friend, Hobbs, the stable boy.

Tell me some more about this girl. Is she beautiful?

I understand she is considered a very attractive young person—especially by Schuyler, to whom I mistakenly confided the incident of my bedroom.

How does she impede you in your duties?

She keeps looking at me. And whenever I have a hand temporarily disengaged, she endeavours to take it up, and pat it playfully.

Very distressing.

Last week certain friends of hers paid her a visit, arriving outside the house in the early hours of the morning and attracting attention by kicking the door and discharging firearms.

What did you say to them?

I did not see them. I heard them, but by reason of the chest of drawers I place against the door of my bedroom each night in order to——

I understand.

Schuyler opened the door to them and told them the girl was not there. She instructed him to that effect, it seems. These friends, I understand, caused her grave apprehension and distress.

What is this girl's name?

Doubting that it could be Baby, as she is alluded to by the groom, Schuyler, I caused enquiries to be made which brought to light the fact that her name is Inez. She has black hair and her eyes are dark in colour. Her figure is slight, but she is very strong; in fact, she has on more than one occasion forced me to the ground by gripping my wrists.

You seem to have been having a good time, with this wrestling and the chest of drawers. What have you been telling this girl? You can confide in me.

I have made it a habit to address no remarks whatsoever to her, except under constraint.

Constraint, Mr. Honeybone?

On one occasion, taking exception to some light remark of the groom, Schuyler's, she made issue of the matter, and he had to be driven to the doctor's down in the village to be bandaged.

Makes you watch your step, Mr. Honeybone.

I took every precaution to maintain tactful relations. For the last few days, whenever this person thought proper to pass a certain observation, both Schuyler and I—and in addition, Hobbs, the stable boy—acquiesced in the sentiment.

What was this observation that the girl kept passing, Mr. Honeybone?

That she loved me.

Awkward. What did you do about that?

I acknowledged the sentiment with a smile and a slight bow.

Behaviour beyond reproach!

"A thousand pardons, sir—this could never have happened if the lights had not gone out!"

I flatter myself that it met the situation, Mr. Sehbohm.

How long has this tactful business been at issue?

For the last four days I have been minute by minute apprehensive of a crisis. This young lady's infatuation has progressed to a point where the household suffered discomfort from its manifestations. I have been going about my work one-handed. On Monday, however, the major portion of my responsibilities liquidated itself.

Could you make that a little clearer, Mr. Honeybone?

In the early hours, it seemed, this Mexican lady's friends visited the house once more. I was again awakened by the sound of pistol shots. They shot down the front door, searched the house, and removed almost everything of value, driving away in two cars and a truck.

They got the pictures and the plate?

They did.

And the girl?

No, Mr. Sehbohm. When they searched the house, they missed the Mexican lady. She was in the airing-closet with me, whither she had impelled me at the sound of the shooting.

How about that chest of drawers, Mr. Honeybone? You know the old parable about the man and his lawyer, eh? How did she get hold of you in the middle of the night, over that chest of drawers?

I am well acquainted with the saw you mention, and concur in it without reserve. The explanation is simple. On hearing shots, I took up the automatic pistol Mr. Van Hoven entrusted me with for the protection of his property, removed the chest from in front of my bedroom door, unlocked the door, and was on the point of running down the passage when I became aware of—of the Mexican person.

You saw her?

I found her arms tightly twined round my neck. She was in night attire. Somewhat exiguous, but no doubt suitable and proper to the sub-tropical climate of Mexico, her country of origin. She refused to allow me to proceed, biting my ear in the lobe and impeding me generally.

So she got you into the closet, and kept you there until her friends had gone? That saved you a lot of trouble; there must have been plenty of them around, if they came with two cars and a truck.

There were a number of them, and I am advised by Schuyler that it was lucky I failed to make an appearance with the automatic pistol.

It probably was. But, who were these men, Mr. Honeybone?

I am told that the principal miscreant is a man of the name of Vanetti, and——

Joe Vanetti? Holy snakes, Mr. Honeybone, you have certainly been knocking into folks since you arrived in America! But Vanetti doesn't go round the country burglarising—with trucks and cars.

On this occasion he happened to be in the neighbourhood on other business, when it occurred to him that he was not satisfied that this Mexican person had left the house. Wishing to make sure he called again to look round, and, I am to understand, it was his friends, or business acquaintances, who took the valuables.

They seem to have been taking a certain amount of pains about our little Mexican friend. What would she be to them, I wonder?

While under constraint in the closet, Mr. Sehbohm, she made me understand that she was the wife of Mr. Vanetti—or stood to him in some analogous relationship. Mr. Vanetti, it seemed, has for some time been looking for the man who took her away from him. Schuyler, the groom, informs me that this miscreant has already made three mistakes in his search.

How d'you mean—mistakes, Mr. Honeybone?

He has shot three men with fatal results, only to discover, too late, that he was in error and overhasty.

That was unfortunate for all concerned, Mr. Honeybone. He must have come near to making a fourth experiment that night.

That is correct. It was not until some hours after they had left the house that we discovered the man, Weiss.

Tell me about this man Weiss, Mr. Honeybone. Your tale is beginning to work me up.

It appears that this miscreant Weiss is a close associate of the man, Vanetti. He states that he was intoxicated on arrival at the house, and that, finding liquor in the cellars, temporarily collapsed while further indulging himself. He recovered and regrettably discovered the Mexican lady and myself, as I was attempting to dress in my room, prior to visiting the police. His confederates had long since gone, so he remained with us.

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Mrs. B.

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CONTINUING *One Moment, Mr. Honeybone!*

But what about the police? You gave him in charge?

No, Mr. Sehbohm. My position became more acutely embarrassing. The miscreant, Weiss, threatened to inform Vanetti of what he chose to term my association with Inez, and on consulting the groom, Schuyler, I decided that no useful purpose would be served by delivering Weiss up to justice.

What did Schuyler say?

He said nothing. But I discovered some moments later that he had left the house in the only car available, and that he had taken the stable boy, Hobbs, with him. He has not returned.

I am not surprised. You seem to have got yourself into a tough spot, Mr. Honeybone. What about the other servants?

There were none. Two women came to the house daily from the village. The household staff consisted of us three men. The following day the two maids failed to make an appearance, and I noticed that the tradesmen did not call. I was at a disadvantage with Mr. Van Hoven's ponies. My experience has not included the care of horses, and I found myself at a loss as to how to feed them. Mr. Van Hoven has shown great kindness to me, and I have been animated throughout with a desire to do him service in return. He was much attached to his ponies.

How about Weiss? Was he any trouble?

He gave me some advice about the ponies, having had experience, so he relates, of the race track. But I was forced to give him money.

You gave him money?

All I had. He stated that he only had to telephone to a number he knew. The first time I gave him money, the Mexican lady found out the transaction had taken place, and she compelled Weiss to give it back. Later, however, I came upon Weiss about to make a long-distance telephone call and——

I understand, Mr. Honeybone. When was this?

Yesterday, Mr. Sehbohm. I was unable to get into touch with Mr. Van Hoven about his ponies, and the police were a little troublesome when they discovered that Mr. Higgins was none other than Mr. Van Hoven.

So that came out?

It came out. Mrs. Van Hoven arrived this morning and removed the ponies, and it was while she was questioning me about the establishment, with some asperity of manner, that Mr. Van Hoven's third wife—the one to whom the pictures and plate apparently belonged—drove up to the porch. The focus of animosity, if I may call it that——

Not a bad way of putting it, Mr. Honeybone, at that.

The focus shifted, and the two ladies became involved in a heated altercation in which vituperation was freely indulged. In the course of it, for no discernible cause, I was struck on the cheek-bone by the blunt end of the handle of a decorative Japanese parasol, causing me to lose the sight of my left eye temporarily through that organ lacrimating. On recovering my sight I saw, however, that the Mexican lady had made a third in the altercation, and that the two other ladies were retreating towards their cars.

I can picture it.

As the present Mrs. Van Hoven was leaving, I gathered that she had, at least, some familiarity with the Spanish tongue, for her hands were working and she appeared to be on the point of exploding as she listened to what the Mexican person at my side had to say. We two were alone in the establishment when they had gone.

So the two Mrs Van Hovens left you in peace?

Scarcely that, Mr. Sehbohm. The third Mrs. Van Hoven left me to instruct some person of influence in the police force to have me arrested for complicity in the theft of her valuables, and for assault.

What about the other Mrs. Van Hoven?

She stated that she held me criminally liable for the damage done to the polo ponies, which she maintained I had removed, and held, for her care.

Well, that's two tight spots for me to ease you out of, Mr. Honeybone. It will cost you money. How much have you?

I was forced to give the man Weiss all I had saved.

You didn't bank any?

I had heard of certain difficulties with regard to American banks. When first in New York, on applying to open an account with a bank, I was informed that it would be necessary for me to produce three references acceptable to the bank. On reflection, I came to the conclusion, in view of certain failures of recent times, that before entrusting the bank with the sum I proposed to lodge with them, it should be I who should demand references, acceptable to me. Nothing came of that venture.

That is quite a point you raise, Mr. Honeybone. I had forgotten the man Weiss. Where was he?

He disappeared on the appearance of Mrs. Van Hoven. That would be this morning shortly before luncheon. At about two-thirty this afternoon I answered the telephone at the house and an unknown voice, on hearing me state that it was the butler speaking, told me in return that that was all the information required. I suspected this might be the man Vanetti, and came to the conclusion that it would be prudent to leave the house, much as I wished not to betray the trust Mr. Van Hoven had placed in me.

Prudent is the exact word I would have chosen myself, Mr. Honeybone. But go on. You left the house, then?

I became entangled with the young lady while endeavouring to pack a few necessities in my room, and in the ensuing confusion a car drove up the drive in the hands of two young gentlemen, whom I readily recognised as having been guests of the house on several occasions. They informed me that Mr. Van Hoven had heard of the mess I had made of his affairs entrusted to me, and that he was on his way to skin me, as they put it, alive. Mr. Van Hoven is a gentleman given to eccentricities of behaviour when emotional, and I feared that he might not be inclined to listen to reason, especially when he found out that his polo ponies had gone, which, it seems, he did not as yet know.

A logical presumption to make. So then, Mr. Honeybone?

I took immediate advantage of the fact that the young person who had taken an attachment to me was at that moment repairing the disarrangement to her person consequent upon the recent scene with me in the matter of my packing, and was, accordingly, upstairs.

Meaning that the girl, hearing someone in the house, had gone off to tidy herself up after wrestling with you.

It might be put in that manner without inaccuracy. As the two young gentlemen went off to the stables to see, as they thought, the polo ponies, I stole their car and drove towards New York.

So, so, Mr. Honeybone. Well, I respect now, your diffidence in offering me the sum of seventeen dollars as a fee for my professional counsel.

I would prefer you, Mr Sehbohm, to look upon the issue rather as a man offering all he has in the world than in the light of a client who tenders an utterly inadequate fee

If I had thought of that way of putting it, I would have gotten myself an alibi for accepting it. But, anyway, let us say no more about it. I'm going to help you out of this tiresome predicament, as I believe you would put it.

I am grateful, Mr. Sehbohm.

Don't mention it. Now, let's see. A notorious gunman is trailing you to shoot you up for alienating the affections of his girl. As far as I can judge offhand at the moment, you are liable in the course of the next few days to arrest on charges to be preferred by Mrs. Van Hoven III, and the present (or fourth) Mrs. Van Hoven. Your employer, Mr. Van Hoven himself, is looking for you to skin you alive. That's three slight predicaments, isn't it?

I cannot dispute it.

And then there is the question of your girl friend, Inez, the fan dancer. You have heard that a ravening wolf is as a newborn lamb compared to a temperamental woman who is fighting for her man?

I had not heard it, but events of the last few days would lead me to put every credence in the sentiment the saying expounds. Yet, the Mexican person, it would appear, is now——

Don't you believe it, Mr. Honeybone! Not until you are well out of the country. Say about 800 miles out at sea. I do not think she could swim that far.

You would advise—Australia?

I would advise another planet, but for the difficulties in reaching such a place. But how would you get to this situation in Australia that you mentioned earlier on?

Mr. Haines-Cornwallis left me with the clear and definite advice that any time I wished to change my mind in the matter of entering his employment in Australia, I had only to apply at his attorneys and they would arrange my passage and make any necessary financial provisions.

Then, Mr. Honeybone, the issue narrows to a mere matter of expedient procedure. You have to get a ticket on the first boat that sails.

I have the attorneys' address in New York. I was in fact obtaining it from my bedroom when the incident just mentioned occurred with the Mexican lady. You advise me to leave without any attempt to regularise my position here in America?

Without any attempt at all, Mr. Honeybone. Unless I am misinformed, you will be able to catch a boat at eleven o'clock to-night. That is your hat there, isn't it? Good. In the course of my professional duties, I am called upon from day to day to give advice to those in need. Never have I felt so confident as I do now that the advice I am giving a client is right, logical, and radically unarguable. Catch that boat, Mr. Honeybone, and in the years to come avoid this continent for choice.

I thank you, Mr. Sehbohm. I will follow your advice. I wish you good-day, and at the same time venture to express my——

One moment, Mr. Honeybone! It has just occurred to me. You said—correct me if I'm wrong—that it was while you were getting the address of the attorneys in New York that your girl friend burst into your room and made a scene about your leaving the house?

You are quite correct. That is what I said. The girl, in fact, snatched the address from me.

She read it, Mr. Honeybone?

She did.

Well—*bon voyage* to you, and I'm very glad to have met you. But you'll have to make that reservation on the boat for two, Mr. Honeybone. Good day!

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

Six thousand years old—and still growing, is this amazing Dragon Tree on the Isle of Teneriffe, Atlantic Ocean.

This is a bank—the sort you put your money in—at Clovelly, Cornwall. Except in summer, it opens only once a month.

Right: Cats on the wall at Henfield, Sussex, were first painted by the owner of a canary killed by a cat.

These aren't the sheep—but the shepherds! Picture from Hungary.

The LION *and the* ROSE

THE wind poured in upon Marseilles from the darkness of the Gulf of the Lion. Along the light-jewelled Cannebière, it sported gaily the skirts of the promenading girls; for it was a carnival wind, moist and friendly. But in the crooked alleys of the *vieux port*, it flickered the gas lights gustily and hurried along.

Hugh Darcy felt it ruffling his hair, and was thankful. It cleared his head, though it still throbbed like a vibrating gong.

Gingerly he felt the base of his skull and winced. It had been a tough bit of ash to lay him senseless for so long. He found his stiff, tarred sailor's hat in the gutter and leaned against the lanthorn post, nursing his knuckles. He had no need to search his belt to know his pieces of gold were gone. How could he sit for officer's papers at home this voyage, with desertion marked against him?

His shadow spun out and dwindled as he moved away from the light. The warm wind whimpered under the wooden balconies. Overhead, a sign creaked its hinge beside a smoky lamp. Hugh looked at it. *La Petite Fenêtre.* He paused, staring. . . . "At the sign of the little window," the fellow had said, "that's where the bloody cut-throat lives." . . . For a moment Hugh wondered if he hadn't been beaten senseless because of what he had heard. But it couldn't be that. They had no way of knowing he sat on the other side of the shabby curtain, or that he understood their French patois. No; it was for the five golden Napoleons he had in his belt.

Impulsively Hugh Darcy stepped under the swinging sign and tried the scarred, teakwood door. It opened easily enough. He stepped down three flags into a low-vaulted room.

"*Bon soir,*" a merry voice lilted at him at once. "Come in, outlander, if you are sober—and can understand a civilised tongue."

"I understand well enough."

Hugh looked at her. The girl stood leaning with elbows propped on the low counter that ran one length of the little room, her saucy chin cupped in the palms of her hands. She surveyed him just as frankly, a roguish imp of a young woman in tight-fitting dark blue. A lamp in a wall bracket behind her made pools of bronze of her high-coiled hair, and spots of shadow on the bright fichu low about her shoulders. The place was friendly, and smelled a little of soup and smoke and tar. Hugh knew that a shaggy-maned man sat at a little table, eating. But he found it difficult to take his stare from the girl's gay, bubbling eyes. And he wanted to hear the tinkle of her voice again.

"I am looking for a man," he said.

"If he is a sailor, sooner or later he will be here."

"Well, then!" the man at the table growled without lifting his head. "Come away from the draught and sit down."

Hugh came forward and dropped into a chair opposite him. The girl glided away and he dropped his eyes to the massive man across the table. He was eating bouille-abaisse out of a steaming dish, passing chunks of crusty brown bread to his mouth with severe dignity. Brass links circled the hairy wrist, champing faintly as his arm moved. His broad face was shaggy-browed. Heavy moustaches swept down on either side of his mouth. But for all this, he was not sullen. There was humour in his wide-set eyes, and he ate calmly on, measuring the stranger.

When he spoke, his voice rumbled from deep in his chest.

"You have been robbed?"

"Of every sou."

"And your ship?"

"Sailed for Barcelona. I would rejoin her there—if I can."

The man snorted. "It is a long way to swim." He raised his head for the first time and called loudly: "Nina! Food and——"

"I did not come here to beg!"

"There is no need," the other snapped throatily, "at the sign of the little window."

"I am Hugh Darcy, and I am looking for a man."

"Ay? And who is it?"

"The one called the Bourbon Pirate."

The man across the table leaned back and stared hard at him.

"So?" he said, and fell silent.

Nina came in, humming, and set soup and bread and wine before him. Hugh watched the lithe, panther-like grace of her movements, the ripple of light along her bare, white arm. Then she vanished behind him quite as a matter of course: and he felt her washing the wound on his head. He growled objection. She slapped his cheek and laughed all at once.

"Be quiet, outlander! Yours is not the first cracked head I have bound up in this place. Eh, my father?" she asked across the table.

Her father blinked his eyes once at Hugh and pulled at the leather of his cheek.

"I am Sebastian," he said simply. "Eat . . . And why do you seek him?"

"I would tell him he has an enemy."

Sebastian's mouth opened. He laughed. It was a loud and stormy laughter that rollicked from the beams of the little room. Then it ceased as abruptly as it had commenced, its echoes still vaunting about his large head.

"At Sebastian's age, Hugh Darcy, I would consider my life ill and weakly spent if I had not gathered *more* than one enemy. I held cutlass in hand a good many years from the latitude of the Cape to the rim of the northern ice. I have a business to do to-night which must be done alone, now that a cur has deserted me. . . . Eat, Hugh Darcy, and presently we will find a bed for you."

"The enemy's name, Sebastian, is—or so I think—Petain."

"Blood of God!"

Sebastian roared the oath and smashed his fist on the heavy oak of the table.

by Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.

The two steels clashed together in mid-air. With his free hand Hugh shoved the old sailor away

"Blood of God!" he said again, and then: "I knew it. I should have slit his throat."

"You should have done nothing of the sort!" Nina was at his side. Her eyes flashed. Hugh looked up at her burning face, startled. She had changed in an instant from an agile creature of grace and beauty to an enraged leopardess. Her hand was at her bodice, and Huge saw the ivory of a poniard hilt. "You should have done nothing at all!" she said again. "Since when, *mon père* Sebastian, since when do you have to defend me? Hey? I can toddle well enough by myself. Now you have sent him packing and he . . ."

She ceased speaking suddenly, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and laughed her tinkling, merry laugh. Hugh watched her, fascinated, as she glided rather than walked away and took up her place behind the counter, chin on hand. Her eyes smouldered, but she looked once more the gay and lovely imp.

Sebastian sat glowering hard at Darcy. He was a judge of men, tough old Sebastian, and he knew this once he must judge well. He saw a lean, full-heighted man, all young sinew and muscle beneath the striped shirt and worn reefer jacket, with the clear, open countenance of a western ocean sailor.

"You are no spy," he decided gruffly. "This Petain, I should have broken him in two. . . . He offended my Nina."

Hugh Darcy pushed aside the empty bowl, and drained the last of his wine.

"I am grateful," he said simply. "I was hungry. and the *vieux* port is a poor place for a hungry sailor without either ship or money." Then, after a moment's hesitation: "I have heard, Sebastian, as have others along this coast, very much of the man called the Bourbon Pirate. Well then, by chance I overheard a threat at him, and a betrayal. When I came to my senses out yonder like a cur kicked into the gutter, it came suddenly to me that what I knew was of great value to him. I sought you out with this in mind: to make a trade. My information for a quick passage to Barcelona to rejoin my ship. You did not know this. Yet you feed me and offer me a bed. Well, Sebastian, with such a man I do not trade. I will tell you what I know and get along."

He stood up. From behind the counter Nina's eyes were glued on him. They were wide now, and sparkling, full of curiosity and something else that agitated her firm breast as she breathed. It troubled Hugh Darcy strangely. Sebastian's shaggy brows were drawn together in a line of truculent thunder. He reached up his thick forearm with the brass links circling his wrist, and drew the outlander down in his chair again.

"Sit down, thou impetuous man," he growled. "I am the one called the Bourbon Pirate. Do you know why?"

Hugh Darcy shrugged. "I am not stupid. There is a man to the west of the gulf named Don Carlos de Bourbon, pretender to the throne of Spain. Who his followers are and his friends is no concern of mine. Listen then, Sebastian! These are the words I heard from Petain's lips as he swore vengeance on you:

"'I know the time of his passage, that cut-throat who lives at the sign of the little window,' he said. 'He will not fail to make it on time. I will be there before him, waiting with the balancelle inside the spit. If you chase him along outside you will catch him red-handed. And between the Lion and the Rose we will clip the eagle's wings.'

"These were the exact words, Sebastian. That is all, old sailor.'

Sebastian's broad, heavy face remained impassive. Only his eyes glowed with hot fixity. For some moments he remained motionless and silently alert. Then slowly his thick lips twitched once, and again.

"The noose is spread for Sebastian's throat," he said softly; and he showed his gleaming white teeth.

Hugh stood up again. "Just so you understand."

He took a pace toward the door. Nina's eyes were on him still. The old seadog sprang violently to his feet and seized his arm

"My passage, Hugh Darcy," he spat out thickly, "will take me to the Gulf of Roses on the Spanish coast. From there it is not far to Barcelona. It may be the noose will not snare a throat this time. If not, when the business is done, I will put you ashore where you wish. What do you say, my friend Hugh? Have you the stomach for a little adventure with Sebastian, the old eagle whose wings are about to be clipped?"

Darcy grinned a broad, quick grin Seeing it, Nina relaxed slowly, and her eyes half closed like the eyes of a comforted cat.

"Try me!" Hugh said.

"Good!" the old sailor exploded. "You are a man after my heart! . . . It is very simple for them now, *hein?* The *guardacosta* outside will chase us in; Petain will chase us out. And between the two they will have good sport of the kill."

"Well?"

"We sail at once!" He started off, stopped short, and spun around. "Do you understand that my tartane carries a contraband cargo of guns and shells and sabres for the Carlist rebels in Spain?"

"I did not think it was potatoes."

"The noose pulls tight on rebels' throats," Sebastian warned.

"A rebel on one side of a fence, old sailor, is a patriot on the other."

Sebastian showed his glistening teeth in appreciation. "*Allons!*" he said shortly.

Darcy's eyes swept in search of the girl, Nina. She had vanished. Plague take it! he thought. I shall see her no more. It worried him. But Sebastian had already picked up his cape, the flowing cape of the Mediterranean sailor, with its deep hood enveloping his shaggy head. He had an iron-barred lantern in his hand, and in silence he led the way through a narrow tunnel beneath whose wooden planks Hugh Darcy heard the suck and slap of water.

It led at length to the uneven cobbles of the quay, where the shadows danced. Sebastian sniffed the breeze, grunting approval. It came strongly out of south-east by south, swinging the masts of the moored fishing craft like pendulums loosely hung from heaven. Without pause, the old seadog crossed the quay, his sabots ringing in the silence. At a narrow plank leading from the scarred stringers to the deck of a tartan moored below, he turned on Hugh and held aloft his lantern, so that its barred light fell for a moment on both their faces.

"When life seems dull," he rumbled serenely, "I have but to recall that on these unyielding cobbles tramped once the ruthless boot-heels of Napoleon. And here, too, slapped once the bare feet of those first sailors who dared to venture from this Latin Lake into the western ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules. . . . This is my ship, Hugh. Her name is *Trilby*." And he added with simple pride: "She sails well. You shall see."

He dropped to her waist, casting off the lines. Hugh followed. Then the old sailor tailed his great weight on the fore halyard, swinging the long yard and the lateen sail high. As Hugh swayed on the rope he was conscious of a third figure beside him, with head buried in the hood of a cloak. The sails were sheeted home. Sebastian took the tiller in his hands. The tartan took to swinging lightly from side to side with the easy, gentle lurch of a speedy thing finding its stride. Presently spray came lifting aboard, and the tartan sang through the water on the silvered path of the riding moon.

Hugh heard someone panting slightly beside him. The tartan swung low to her rail. The wan light lipped into the hood draping the girl's head before she flung it back, her eyes bright beneath the dark helmet of her hair. Hugh started.

"You . . .!" he gasped.

She sent him her bubbling laughter. "Who else, did you think?"

"But, Nina, this is not a place for . . ."

"No?" Her eyes went hard as steel in that swift and startling change of mood she was capable of. "You think Nina is a girl to sit by the hearth over a pot of fish—until some clod comes along, snivelling he wants her for his serving maid? *Hola!*" She tossed her head. "I have another notion of what love is!"

He grinned at her; he simply couldn't help it. The anger went out of her eyes, and her face lit up in merriment again.

"Be quiet, you two!" Sebastian growled from the helm. "Be quiet and sleep. Presently there will be no time."

Before dusk of the following evening the tartan, before a dying breeze, was close in to the coast of Spain. Sebastian, searching the cloudy seaward horizon, flung up his arm suddenly and pointed.

"The *guardacosta*!" he said. "She comes up to station. We have ten leagues the better of her." He put a telescope to his eye. His brows knit anxiously. "If the wind had only held!" he growled.

"She is in chase," Hugh muttered. "Presently the wind will chop south for us. She has it already in her sails."

"With a quartering breeze no Spanish sloop could catch the *Trilby*. Close hauled, she will walk us down!"

"But your plan was——"

"To fly into the Gulf of Roses hours before our time while the *guardacosta* was still hull down beneath the horizon; to take care of Petain and his balancelle in there, and to be out to sea again, empty and peacefully on our way to Barcelona with you when the Spanish sloop overhauled. The wind has failed us. The hare," Sebastian muttered dully, "the hare is in the trap."

Hugh watched the topsails of the sloop loom larger beneath a massing cloud bank. The squall swept closer, beating rain upon the tartan's deck. Out of it the south wind chopped, and the *Trilby* shuddered as she leaped the seas against it, her speed cut in two.

"It will be dark soon," Darcy muttered. "We must light the masthead lamp, Sebastian. Else that fellow there will get lost in the night."

"Are you mad?"

"We must give him something to chase." Hugh grinned. "To make sure he chases in the proper

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Those who have experienced it are best qualified to express opinions upon the teaching of the School. Below are statements from a few of the hundreds of men and women who have been helped by the Premier School to make of Story or Article Writing either a lucrative profession or a profitable spare-time hobby.

A MIDDLE-AGED SHOPKEEPER writes: "I needed, very badly, some form of recreation that could be followed at home, where the nature of my business keeps me more or less a prisoner. I have now an engrossing occupation for my spare time, the proceeds from which are gradually assuming the proportions of a steady income—due entirely to the almost uncanny power of teaching which Mr. Meggy possesses."

A YOUNG SCIENTIST writes: "With my last lesson I sent in a Results Sheet of work done during the six months of the Course on which was recorded a total of £71 7s. 9d. worth of matter definitely accepted. In terms of hard cash, the Premier School has shown me, by the end of the twelfth lesson, how to make an hour or two of my spare time bring me in a weekly income of between £3 and £4, which income is definitely on the upward trend."

A PROFESSIONAL WOMAN writes: "From the first I was made to feel less like a pupil than a friend being 'nursed' to success with an individual care and sympathy beyond anything I have experienced in any branch of teaching. The significant thing is that during my first month of tuition I earned £3, while at the end of the third month I was earning £5 a week, which has increased since then until my spare-time profession has become a material source of income: in fact, before the end of the course I was making £8 a week."

A TEACHER writes: "If I had more time at my disposal I could easily treble what I now earn. Out of occasional articles and paragraphs I almost earn as much as I do in my well-paid profession of teaching. This week, for instance, I have received £6, and also three articles and five paragraphs accepted."

A YOUNG MAN FROM A COUNTRY VILLAGE writes: "At the age of twenty I was living at home in a tiny country village. I happened to know a girl who has made a great success of free-lance journalism. She told me that her success was due to Gordon Meggy of the Premier School. That decided me. I got together some money to pay part of the fees, and arranged the rest by instalments. Since taking the Premier School Course I have had about 325 articles published and have earned over £1,000 by writing. I should never have made a success of Journalism were it not for Gordon Meggy."

A HOUSEWIFE writes: "Although I had had no experience whatever of Journalism, I sold my first article after the second lesson, and by the end of the Course I was making a regular income of several pounds a week. Since then my connection has grown steadily. My children are assured of their education and a start in life, and I have already reached a stage, less than a year since I started, when I can count upon my Journalism to swell the family exchequer to an extent at first undreamed of."

AN ARMY OFFICER writes: "It is by the response that you require from your pupils that you are obtaining the results you are. Since I started your Course I have earned £84. It does prove that a pupil may earn while still learning. I shall be very disappointed indeed if I am not earning £500 per annum *in my spare time* very shortly."

AN ACTOR writes: "My wife has learnt this new profession side by side with me and story writing now occupies all our time. We have been able to quit the nomadic life of the stage for a comfortable existence in a house of our own, bought out of our joint journalistic earnings. I have never ceased to bless the day when I took the Premier School Course."

AN INVALID WOMAN writes: "I have not only to thank you for the successes I have already had, but you have also given me an interest in life—an impetus to get well. If I should walk again, and there is now hope of it after being in bed two years, I shall be indebted to you as well as the doctors. Your lessons have given me 'spunk' as well as tuition in journalism."

A POST OFFICE OFFICIAL writes: "Mr. Meggy has brought me in contact with an exceedingly wide range of topics, and, by showing me how to give that necessary touch of originality, has enabled me to dispose of scores of articles on matters that had formerly passed unnoticed. Needless to say that with 159 articles published, principally in London, my Course has actually been paid for several times over."

A FRUIT FARMER writes: "Since the conclusion of my studentship at the Premier School of Journalism, the lessons there taught have stood me in good stead. During that period my spare-time literary work has resulted in the sale of seven books and well over 2,000 articles."

A GIRL IN SOUTH AFRICA writes: "One day I chanced upon some extracts from letters written by grateful and now successful pupils of Mr. Gordon Meggy, and I decided then and there to see if he could do anything for me. He did—for he has a magic wand! Gradually I sold a story here and there, and then concentrated on a novel, and, when finished, mailed it to my literary agents. Within a few weeks I received a cable informing me that they had sold the serial rights of my story (for £180) to a well-known London evening paper."

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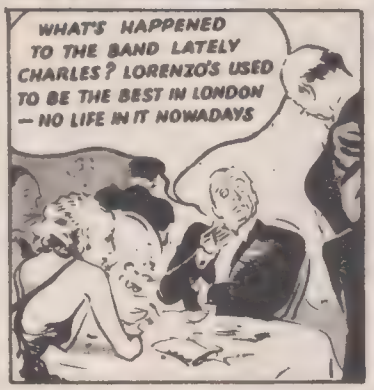
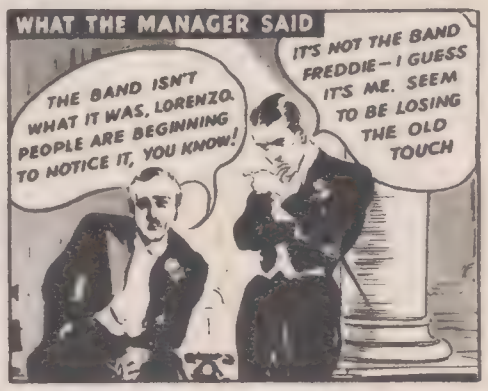
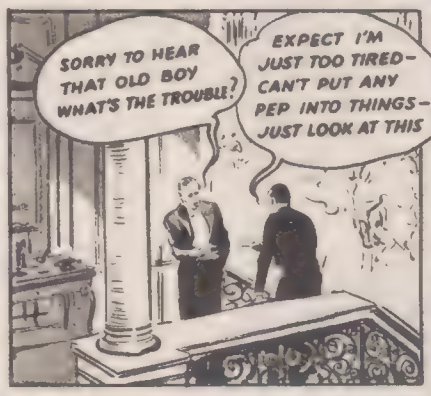
NOTICE **The original letters containing statements of results secured by pupils, which are published in any of the School's literature or advertisements, will be produced for the inspection of enquirers who call at the School at any reasonable time.**

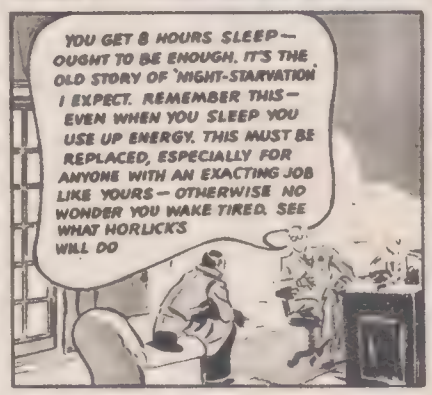
They said the Band Lacked Sparkle

—but I knew it was me...









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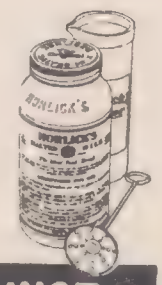

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

Continuing The LION *and the* ROSE

direction. There will be no moon for some time yet. Step the mast to your longboat and set the sail. Put a lanthorn to the truck and lash the tiller. Weight the bottom boards so she will sail. Then, old sailor, we will put out the *Trilby's* lamp and let the *guardacosta* chase your longboat by its light until the moon shows him his valuable prize!"

Nina, who had been standing close, sent a clear peal of laughter across the darkling sea.

"Splendid!" she cried. "Such a trick was well worth a bowl of bouille-abaisse and a bottle of wine!"

She flung off her cloak and sprang for the rigging. Hugh watched her skim aloft, smiling. The old seadog's eyes went wide, then narrowed. Without a word he slipped a bight of line about the tiller bar.

The darkness had become complete on the hissing sea. Nothing was visible now of the pursuing sloop but the red and green eyes of her running lights swinging in the distance as she flew down her prey. Aloft, Nina gyrated darkly across the stars, taking care that her body did not shield the masthead lamp. For perhaps half an hour longer they let the tartan lean angularly against the southern wind, until Sebastian judged her abeam of the mouth of the Gulf of Roses. Then Hugh raised his head.

"Now, Nina!"

The tartane's light was shuttered immediately. Sebastian and Darcy launched the ballasted longboat. Nina was on deck beside them almost at once, watching the small craft in a tensity of suspense. She wallowed for a moment. Then the canvas fluttered and went full. She heeled over in a desperate lunge, then found her rudder and came up to the wind, snoring. Sebastian turned his shaggy head to Hugh at the tartan's tiller bar.

"*Barre tribord!*" he called severely, and went forward himself to trim the *Trilby's* sails.

The tartan swung on her heel at right angles to the bouncing longboat's light. With the south wind on his neck now, Hugh Darcy felt her lift and leap toward the Spanish coast. Over his shoulder he watched the red and green lights of the *guardacosta* sloop that would tell success or failure.

"Ha-ah!"

The breath left Sebastian's lungs in a booming sigh. For the red eye swung slowly from sight. The green light alone glowed balefully. She had changed course in pursuit of the sailing lanthorn. Presently they heard the single roar of the sloop's forward gun, and saw the stab of red flame in the darkness, as she called to the empty longboat to heave to for search.

Laughter bubbled to Nina's lips. Hugh grinned back at her. Old Sebastian showed his teeth in silence.

"That," he said at length, "will warn Petain that the hare is flushed."

"How many will there be with him?" Hugh Darcy asked.

"Two. Perhaps three at most. He expects no one but old Sebastian and his girl to chase out again into the jaws of the Spanish sloop."

"But the Carlist rebels on shore?"

"They will not come out to unload until the proper signal is given. No one knows it but their leader—and I myself. Not even Petain."

"Well then, now *I* will teach you a trick." Nina faced them, her slim body balanced to the swing and lift of the running tartan. "I have been here before, *Sebastian mon père,*" she said. "The moment we clear the eastern headland, the wind falls away. It is a trick of the wind of the gulf. Beyond the spit where Petain waits in his balancelle, the breeze pours gently from the east. That will be fair for him, and he will use it to come down on us. Splendid! We will let him come."

"Are you, too, mad?" Sebastian asked in his throat.

"More than a little," the girl agreed gayly. "Because I will let him come alongside and grapple the hulls together. He shall have an easy victory. But——"

"Nina!"

". . . But I shall be alone," she went on serenely. "You and Hugh will have left me before we round the point. You will be in the little dory, and you will board him from the other rail. *Voila!*" she ended firmly. "Give me the tiller, Hugh."

He released it to her hand at once. Sebastian uttered a muffled oath of appreciation. And he set his puckering eyes on the shadowy line of the land toward which the tartan flew. . . . Far eastern, the Spanish sloop swept on in pursuit of the light, sailing steadily westward, with the boom of her forward ordnance sounding once again like the deep bay of a coursing hound.

As Nina predicted, once in the shadow of the promontory of the gulf, the wind fell away to idle puffs. She steered carefully, slim and upright. The tartan glided ahead, gurgling toward a lake of dark turquoise where only the stars showed on the water in shimmering pin-points of light. Sebastian hauled the dory close under the stern, and dropped into it. Hugh followed, picking up the muffled oars. He pulled with steady, silent strokes close along the shore.

Ahead of them the tartan ghosted clear of the headland. Darcy turned his head on his shoulders. It was very black before moonrise. But sure enough! A dark hull and set canvas loomed on the *Trilby's* beam. Petain's balancelle, slipping before the puffs of wind from the east. They had sighted the tartan. An easy prey! Nina uttered a low call of surprise for their benefit and put the tiller over. A hoarse cry answered her and the deep laughter of triumph. The two vessels scraped together. Darcy leaned his weight on the dory's oars and swung swiftly up under the free rail of the balancelle.

"Your game is up, Sebastian!" that hoarse voice mocked from the deck above them. "I will teach you to throw Petain out on his head! And you, Nina, my spitfire!"

Heavy sabots thumped the planks overhead as Darcy swung himself aboard. Sebastian came after him his lip curled back.

"Traitor!" he cried in one angry roar as he hurled himself across the deck with his dagger tight at his hip.

Two men, upright and black on the grappled bulwarks, spun about and leaped down, uttering startled cries. The third, Petain himself, had already boarded the tartan, thirsting for victory as he raced aft toward Nina. He, too, whirled on his heel and flung up his sabre, his mouth agape at the unexpected attack from behind. Sebastian lunged ahead like a charging bear. With one wide sweep of his arm he laid bare the cheek of the first man in his path. Darcy leaped aside lightly as the other, bewildered, slashed his blade at the empty air. Then he stepped in quickly and struck out. There was the solid impact of hard fists and the thud of a falling body.

Hugh plucked up the weapon as it clattered to the deck. Sebastian's man lay very still, his shoulder humped against the mast as if asleep The old seadog himself plunged to the deck of his own tartan armed against Petain's long steel with nothing but the short blade of his dirk There was death for Sebastian in the sabre the traitor held and by the flame of hate on his thin face Hugh knew he would not hesitate to deal it. Quickly he leaped to the rail, stood poised for an instant, and then sprang to the tartan's deck.

Petain's blade was high for a shoulder slash at Sebastian that would have finished him off. Hugh's sabre swept up. The two steels crashed together in mid-air. With his free hand Hugh shoved the old sailor away.

"The man is mine!" he cried.

Nina no longer searched for her poniard. Instead, she stood to one side with her little fists clenched and her eyes burning. Hugh danced back and dropped his point. Petain followed, seeking always to beat up the attack, to keep the fight at distance. Darcy held steel strongly, pressing in, allowing no recovery. Then suddenly he feinted high. Petain flung up for the parry. At once Hugh leaped in and caught the blade full on the forte, pressing until they were almost chest to chest. Then swiftly he slipped the steels, and all in an instant disengaged surprisingly and crashed the tang of his sabre hard upon the other's finger joints.

Petain let out a howl of pain. His weapon clattered from his hand. Hugh brought his left fist up with all his weight behind it. Petain flung backward to the deck, senseless. Darcy stepped away, panting.

"Foolish man!" Sebastian growled. "He might have run you through."

"Well, but he did not!" Hugh snapped shortly. "Truss up these men. Quickly, old sailor!"

The two ships had drifted toward the shore of the cove. Hugh went forward to tend the anchor with a sailor's instinct. When he came back, Sebastian had taken care of the two men on the balancelle. He was standing over Petain, flourishing his dagger angrily.

"You have too much scruple for the life of a traitorous dog!" he growled.

"Put up your blade! Petain is still of use to us."

"Of more use to hungry fish!"

"You have forgotten the sloop outside," Hugh answered quietly. A band of pearl-grey light was spreading across the eastern sky. "The moon rises. The *guardacosta* will know by now he chases an empty boat. He will be bowling back presently, with a rage in his ears. It would be better to be outside and explain the thing to him than to have him slinking in here while——"

"Explain . . .?"

"Ay. Give your signal to your compatriots on shore, Sebastian. Tell them to hurry! We will leave them here in charge of your tartan and her cargo. Then you and I and Nina will take our friend Petain and his balancelle and wait for the Spanish sloop. You will keep below decks. When she speaks to us, Petain will explain to them the truth of the thing, because I shall be behind him with a dagger at his ribs. They know him; he is their spy. They do not know me. He will say the tartan came and, seeing his balancelle in wait, turned tail and fled back for the Gulf of the Lion. And he will point out the first sail he sees on the sea as ours. Your men can work here in peace. Quickly, then! The signal!"

Nina's eyes glowed. Sebastian stared at him. Then, without a word, he went forward to light three flares in a line. Hugh turned slowly to the girl. "Nina . . ," he said.

She shrugged, parting her lips in a swift smile. "You are worth another bowl of bouille-abaisse," she conceded gravely. "Meantime, I will make coffee."

He watched her drop to her knees before the sand box and pile wood upon it. In the bows old Sebastian stood up, the three smoking red flares silhouetting his solid body blackly.

"By my soul!" he growled aloud, "by my soul, you have earned your passage to Barcelona."

Hugh looked at him, and then back at the girl. There was an odd light in his eyes. It was perhaps because of the sight of her grace and her strength, or the vivid memory of her proud and untamed spirit. It was an uncommon thing to him.

"Old sailor," he said firmly, "I am no longer in such a hurry to become a merchant admiral." The girl's head lifted quickly at that, as if she had been waiting with bated breath for what he would say, knowing how important it was to her. "I should like," he went on to her directly, "I should like to stay a while at the sign of the little window. I have found something to-night between the gulfs of the Lion and the Rose. I think it is something precious."

Nina shrugged her shoulders again. "As you wish," she said. "Sebastian will be glad. . . . It is all one to me."

The Bourbon Pirate showed his teeth at this in a smile of silence. Even Hugh Darcy knew she lied. For she did not drop her eyes from his, but looked at him steadily with her saucy head cocked on one side, her lips pursed happily, for all the world the merry little imp once more.

"I say, don't look now, but there's Mrs Johnson!"

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If You *lived in* Hollywood

by a Film Chief's Wife

IT sounded good to us. We sat down with paper and pencil and figured it all out. We made rows of figures and added them up and subtracted and divided. We tried to find a catch in it; but any way we looked at it, we were sitting pretty. We said, "We can't lose."

My husband sat back and tapped his teeth with the end of his pencil. He took the pencil away from his teeth and whistled softly, as men do when they see a pretty girl pass, or another man walks up to them and offers them thirty-five or forty thousand dollars a year, which is twenty-five or thirty thousand more than they have ever made before.

Divide all my figures by five, you British readers, for the approximate equivalent in pounds sterling.

Bob had been making ten thousand a year. Then a man from Colossal Pictures took him up into a high building and showed him the world and the gold thereof. I knew that Bob was intelligent and resourceful and clever and full of energy, but I didn't know you could trade those qualities in for forty thousand a year unless you had an office at Broad and Wall and pulled off mergers and refinanced companies and knew when to buy long and when to sell short.

"There just isn't that much money," I said. Bob couldn't believe it either. He went around pinching himself for days. Then he signed on the dotted line and we began to take it seriously.

That was four years ago.

I remember Bob said, "We can save half of it. We'll sock it away each month, and then, when they find out they are really paying me that much and fire me"—we laughed when he said that—"we'll have enough so we can buy a cottage and a couple of hundred acres up in Connecticut or somewhere, and live the life of Riley."

There was even a clause in the contract which said that Colossal would pay for a compartment and my transportation, so that I could go East with Bob when he had to go back and see a few New York shows. "Imagine," I said. "They call that a business trip."

So we stored the furniture and boarded the Century. Three days and four nights later we were looking up at the Beverly Hills. The sunlight slanted up from the Pacific and made them shine. Bob said, "Thar's gold in them hills, pardner, and I'm goin' to cut myself a slice of it."

I'm wiser now. I know those hills are full of baloney dollars. I know that no matter how thin you slice them, they are still baloney. So I'm sitting down to take stock. I'm doing a lot of thinking. I'm trying to find out what happened to the money Bob has made and where it has gone, and why so little of it has gone into that sock we talked about so glibly four years ago.

I don't think we are a special case. In fact, our case is pretty typical. Multiply us by three or four or five and you have a vice-president in charge of production, divide us by two and you have a writer on a six weeks' contract. But the problems we face are pretty much the same. And we all wake up some day with the same question mark in front of our eyes.

Ironically enough, even now, I don't know of any place where I could live more cheaply if I had to than in Hollywood. But being in pictures is like riding up to a garage in an expensive limousine to have a few repairs made. The man in the overalls takes a look at your car and charges accordingly. As soon as the people with something to sell find out you are in the picture business, the prices go up as if they were filled with helium gas. For that reason, a lot of our friends in the upper salary brackets carry on their business deals, such as renting houses, through dummy agents.

Hollywood palace of Cecil B. de Mille.

The Hollywood housing problem is as good a place to start taking stock as any.

The movie population is a shifting, uncertain one, and a shifting population calls for furnished houses. Accordingly, the people who have furnished houses for rent can ask and get practically anything they want for them. The average furnished house in Beverly Hills rents for between two hundred and five hundred a month.

One of the items we gloated over when we were putting those optimistic rows of figures down on paper was the matter of coal. We were right on that. But we found that the water rents in California were just about as high as our coal bill had been back East. It is absolutely necessary to sprinkle your lawn every day, and the water is metered out like gas or electricity. Water rent for an average house in Hollywood runs to twenty dollars a month.

If you have a swimming pool in your back yard, it costs you an additional fifty dollars a month to change the water in it. The much publicised ozone is free, but the water is something else again. It is piped at great expense across plain and mountain.

(*Continued on page* 47)

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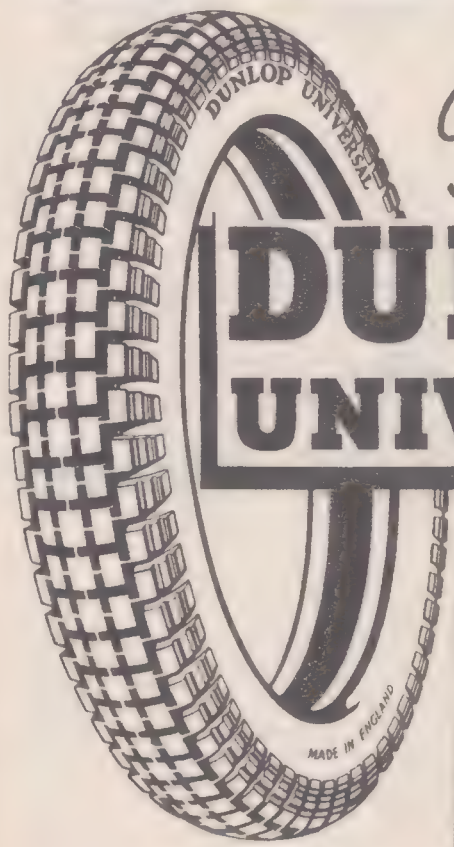

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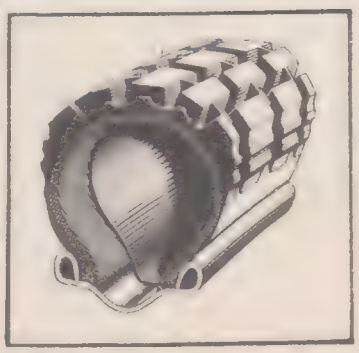

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AFTER

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Continuing

...HOLLYWOOD

Another thing which loomed up as a great potential saving when viewed with our New York telescope was the fact that our children could go to a public school in Los Angeles. We were told that they could count on rubbing shoulders with other children of their approximate upbringing and background. But no one had told us that Ella and Bob, Jr., would have to live in a high-rental dsitrict in order for them to get their shoulders within proper rubbing distance. And no one had prepared me for the shock I got when Bob, Jr., came home from school one day and said, "Johnny Marcum won twenty-five bucks at Santa Anita yesterday." Johnny, the son of one of my neighbours, is eight years old. Only last week I asked Bob, Jr., how things had been at school that day. He said, "Pretty dull. Three of the kids were working on location and couldn't be there."

Stars' Cars.—Lilian Harvey in Hollywood, where people "take one look at your car and charge accordingly."

When the wife of a studio executive speaks of her offspring as "my jewels," she means just that. It cost me one thousand dollars to have a baby in Beverly Hills. I had my first one for one hundred and fifty dollars back home. Your "jewels" are set in expensive surroundings.

If you have attained any degree of prominence in the movie world, you pay and pay through the nose for their protection. Unless you live in Beverly Hills, which boasts of a fine police force, you pay for private watchmen and patrols. Their fee is based on the district you live in and the size of your home, and ranges from five dollars to twenty-five a month.

As a matter of fact, nobody has to look you up through a credit service, or jimmy his way into the studio book-keeping department to figure out what the traffic will bear in your case. There is an easier and surer yardstick to use in placing you in your particular salary niche.

In Beverly Hills about fifteen streets run across Sunset Boulevard. Most of the bodies who are anybody in this dizzy business live on those streets between the 500 and 900 blocks. If you make less than ten thousand a year, you probably live in the 500 block. If you are a minor executive and make more than ten thousand, you move up a notch to the 600 block. If you live in the 700 or 800 block, you are a producer, or a supervisor at the very least; and if you plunk yourself down with about fifteen dependents in the 900 block, you are definitely in the stratosphere and paying the Government more in taxes than you keep for yourself, and by this time you have hired a business manager to help you keep some of it.

You don't have to live in this particular slice of the movie marble cake. There is no law compelling you to. As a matter of fact, two miles away you could live just as well, in houses just as attractive, but you would be on the wrong side of the tracks, which is unthinkable. It's screwy and childish, but mighty important.

Once you have a house, the problem is to stock it with servants. And they come high and choosy. Movie business hours are different from ordinary business hours. Bob gets home from work about seven or seven-thirty, and we sit down to dinner around eight-thirty or nine. It makes a pretty long day for the help, and they remind you of it when you are trying to agree upon wages. People in Bob's position have to entertain a lot. The personnel changes a lot, and every time a new man in a key job arrives the executives and minor executives have to do something about it in the way of wining and dining him. Also, the standards of service are exacting. A cook or chef must be able to produce something more than meat loaf, boiled potatoes and pie. He must be able to run up a tasty soufflé or curry sauce without having a nervous breakdown or running a high blood pressure. A maid may be called upon to set a finger wave or iron an accordion-pleated frock. She must be well turned out, trim and tactful. Servants add all these things up, divide them into your salary and come out with the wrong answer for your budget.

When I said I could live cheaply in Hollywood, I meant it. Food can be bought for the proverbial song, but somehow I never learned the words and music. Your friends all buy their foods at certain markets and shops, and you naturally fall into the habit of using the same shops, although the butcher and the baker charge you on the aforementioned limousine basis. The thrifty, prosaic business of shopping in person is out. There is none of this thumping melons with your forefinger and peering into the ears of corn, or seeing if the shop next door has a special on canned goods. Your shopping is done over the telephone, and usually you leave it to your cook. The result is often petty graft in the kitchen. A little bonus to the cook from the market for throwing the trade their way is quite the usual thing. The bonus is added to your bill. Not only the butcher and baker, but other tradespeople work this racket if they can get away with it.

But in spite of the chance for extras, lots of servants won't take jobs with picturepeople at any price, because of the late hours expected of them. One hundred and fifty dollars a month for a couple, and twenty-five dollars a month for a part-time gardener, who has plenty of other families on his list to take care of, is the least you can expect. The average is higher. Two hundred dollars a month for a couple is common, and all this in spite of the fact that you are home very seldom. We are only home alone one night out of every two weeks, and I have to fight to keep that one night free.

The men work under high pressure; they deal and talk in big figures all day long. Their responsibilities are tremendous. At night they are too nervous and wrought up to sit down for a quiet rubber of bridge.

There are only two or three places where picture people go after dark, and Bob can't take a party of six to any of them and get out for less than fifty dollars for the evening. I know it seems stupid that we go to these places like sheep following a bellwether, instead of going our own way to other and less-expensive places, but it is not all huddle psychology or wanting to be seen by the right people in the right places. An awful lot of business is done at night in Hollywood. As Bob says, "All day long I see people who want to see me. At night I can see the people I have to see in order to get anything accomplished."

Speaking of thinking in big figures, when your pay envelope every week contains more money than you ever saw at one time before coming to Hollywood, and you haven't got used to the idea that it is real money and not stage money, you are more inclined to take chances with it. When we spend our evenings at a private party at a friend's home, there is often gambling. Many of the larger homes are equipped for roulette, crap, blackjack and bird cage. Bob has a natural knack as an amateur croupier, and I have stood on the side lines plenty of times with my heart going thump-thump while he banked a game for a host who was busy elsewhere; for the games seem to be geared to the pocketbooks of the higher-ups rather than the lower-downs.

A little week-end at Caliente was a dangerous thing. There were the races. Then, between tearing up tickets, there was gambling in the clubhouse. Your paper money was changed into silver dollars instead of chips; and to this transplanted Easterner, at least, these enormous silver cartwheels lost all semblance to money as soon as I bought a stack of them. They weigh your pocketbook down. You think, "Well, there's no point in lugging all that home."

We went to Hollywood, determined to lead the same kind of life we had always led. There would be no stupid galloping to keep up with the Joneses. We thought that the people we would meet and the friends we would make would get a kick out of simple things like picnics and steak dinners and weenie roasts. We thought they would go for it as a novelty. We were all eager and bright-eyed about it—and naive. We tried it, but our picnics and weenie roasts were complete frosts. The men were too tired to relax, too tense and geared up to play simple, and the women were full of the idea that they must be forever busy being decorative and glamorous.

Keeping up with the Joneses is bad enough, but keeping up with Joan Crawford's, and Jean Harlow's, and Carole Lombard's figures is a more strenuous job. And it is only human to want to look as svelte and sleek and curvacious as the ladies your husband comes in contact with day after day at the studio and runs into at the Colony Club and the Trocadero at night.

The search for Ponce de Leon's fountain goes in waves and spurts. You go heavily for masseuses at three dollars a pushing around, and diet lists supplied by your doctor or your manicurist or the nurse girl. The masseuse gives you three-quarters of an hour of supervised exercise and a half-hour of pounding and squeezing your fat cells. In the first stages of your campaign you have her in two or three times a week. After a while your dresses begin to fit again and you weaken. Then, a month or so later, you are conscious of your husband's eyes resting on your midsection with a faraway "I knew you when" look in his eyes, and you call up the masseuse again.

It is even tougher for the men to keep in shape. They are locked up in the office from ten o'clock to seven-thirty, and are too tired to play tennis or take walks or potter around out-of-doors at the end of the day. They try to crowd a week's exercise into a week-end, which is just too bad, as any conditioner of men will tell you. And I mean that word "shape" literally. When Bob found himself getting bulbous and pudgy and wearing a spare tire around his middle, he arranged for a man to come up twice a week at seven in the morning and give him the works. He ran Bob around the tennis court twenty times and then sicked him on the dumb-bells and pulleys and bending and dipping and push-up and pull-up routine. It cost Bob five dollars a treatment.

The personal overhead of a Hollywood wife runs into important money. Hairdressers and beauty parlours are more expensive than they are back home. A wave, shampoo and manicure take a large bite out of a five-dollar bill, leaving only a very, very small core. You can wrap the same goods up and take them home for a dollar and a half back in Manhasset or around the corner on 52nd Street.

You can't see it or touch it, but there is something else hanging heavy, heavy,over the heads of Hollywood wives. Something besides marcels and permanents. It consists of a lot of superfine time, and nothing much to do with it. My friends have various ways and means all worked out for filling it, all of which cost money. And what, you may ask, does the owner do to redeem it? All about me I can see women taking music lessons and riding lessons and tennis lessons, with a grim air of determination, in an effort to fill the vacuum. Every day they drop in, in twos or threes or fours at the Vendome, or Victor Hugo's, or The Brown Derby. You can kill a couple of hours that way and you can also seriously cripple a five-dollar bill.

The stars come out at night in Hollywood. And they get dressed up before they make their appearance. Those of us who only make the wheels go round get dressed up too. And when I say "dressed up," I mean evening clothes. Good clothes seem to cost more in Hollywood than they do back East. There are only two or three good tailor shops. Back in New York, Bob used to get fairly presentable sack suits for seventy to eighty dollars, but his Hollywood tailor speaks another language, full of words like "one hundred and twenty" and "one hundred and fifty."

I blush to say it, but I have paid as high as two hundred dollars for an evening dress since I have been here, and I would have fainted at the thought four years ago.

(*Continued on page* 49)

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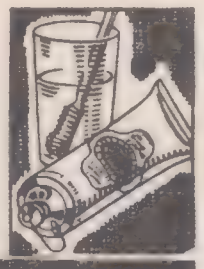

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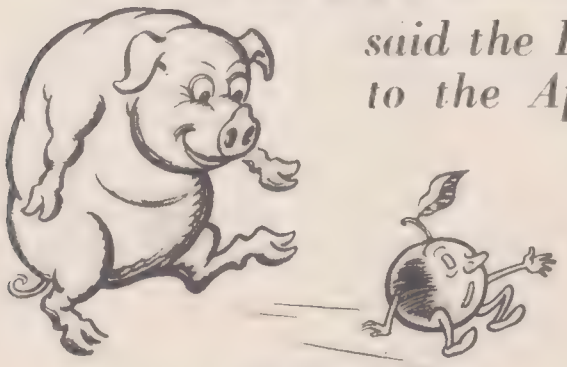

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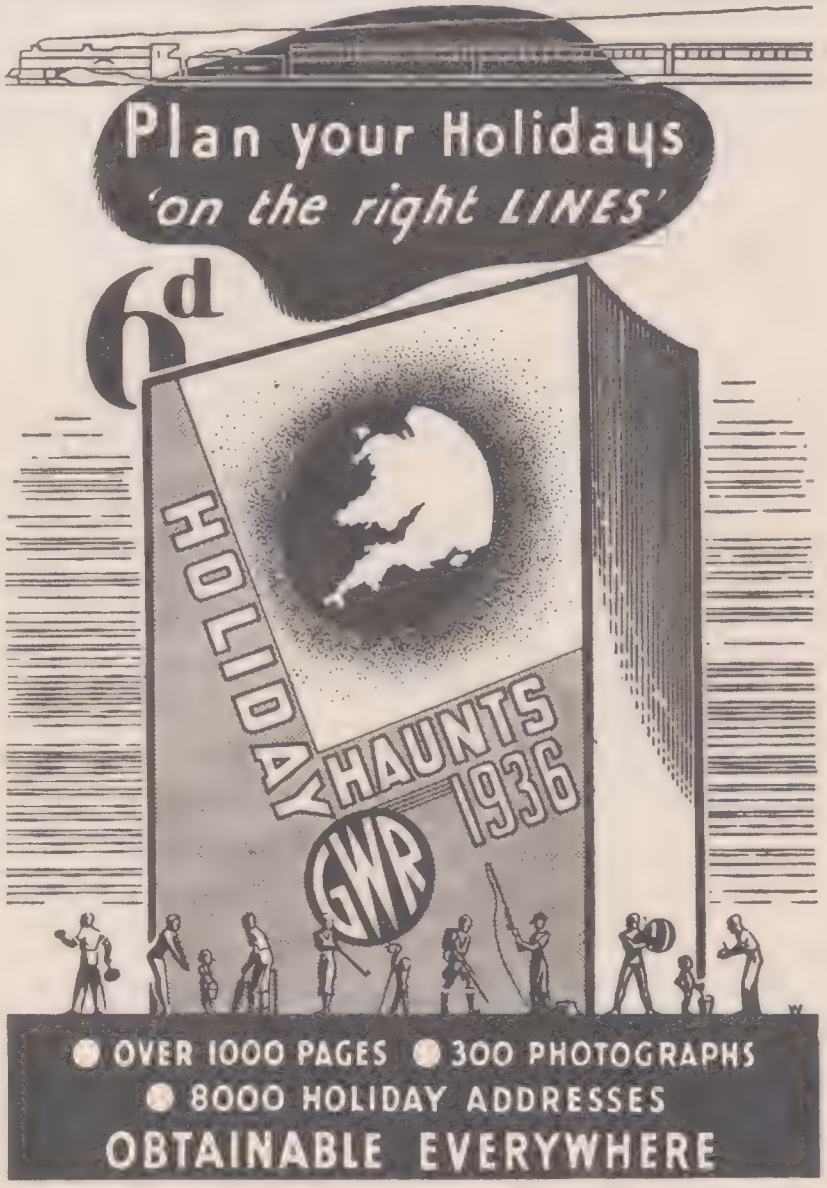

Continuing ...HOLLYWOOD

Then, too, living in a place where you are constantly on dress parade, you develop a phobia against appearing in the same evening dress more than three or four times. It is a vicious circle. You must have evening dresses to go out at night, and you go out at night so frequently that your dresses are old stories to your friends unless you buy new evening dresses so that you can go out at night. It sounds pretty involved, but it's no bigger headache for me than it is for Bob on the first of every month.

There are some wives—principally those stratospheric explorers who live in the fabulous 900 block—who actually feel that they can't afford to be seen in a dress more than once.

One way to beat the game is to wear them one night and return them the next day as being defective or unsatisfactory. I know one girl who bought six hats, wore them all at least once, and returned them with varying excuses. If such returned merchandise has to be scrapped and taken out of circulation the loss to the store is probably passed on to the customers in higher prices for the buyer who plays fair.

Another way to salvage something out of your passé flounces and furbelows is to pass them on to the ever-present dependents.

Dependents are the largest single item of expense. No matter what you earn out here on the Gold Coast, it seems fabulous to relatives back in the home town. Aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, and even parents, instead of putting up a fight to help themselves, sort of relax and go limp. They have the attitude that because they know you've living well, they have a right to expect more than mere living expenses.

They leave perfectly good homes back East to come out and "be with you." Of course, someone has to do something about the homes they have left. When Bob and his friends close their eyes, they can see little white elephants back East in the shape of houses that can't be sold for the first mortgage. It seems a shame to let them be sold for taxes, even if the absent dependent would allow them to be sold. So the lucky son, daughter, niece or nephew in Hollywood kicks through with the taxes and upkeep; for even if you manage to rent them, there is the little matter of new wall-paper and paint jobs and plumbing and roofing to take care of from time to time.

I have done a little quiet gumshoe work on the subject, and I have figured it out that the average couple in the movies has from five to ten people financially dependent upon it.

I know one executive who has been in pictures for eighteen years—a darn good record, by the way, for Hollywood. He has saved and invested shrewdly, so that he now has an income from his investments equal to his salary, and his salary is much larger than Bob's. And it's a mighty good thing he did. He has fifteen people completely dependent upon him. They tap him for a combined total of thirty thousand a year in upkeep. Sometimes I wish I were a dependent relative. It's nice work if you can get it.

Some of the stars make the best of a bad job and try to get some return on their output. You'll find dependent relatives acting as business managers, agents, secretaries, glorified majordomos and personal press agents. They talk in the language of royalty and editors. "We" is their favourite word. They say, "Well, how did you like our last picture?" and "We have decided not to sign up for that radio hour." If by word or manner you cast any doubt upon the value of their services to the family bread-winner, they are not amused. They develop a competitive technique in an effort to cut themselves into a larger share of the family dole money. They turn on the *vox humana* with the ease of a Shirley Temple weeping over the backsliding of a screen daddy. They work themselves up into spasms of jealous rage if they suspect that brother Jim has talked himself into a town car or a new house with a game room in the cellar. Their trump card is a dignified, hurt silence that says louder than words, "I can see you are tired of having me around. Well, I won't be a millstone around your neck any longer. I can always get into the old folks' home or go on relief. I won't bother you any more."

I have often wondered what happens to them when the El Dorado runs dry, when the syrupy voice that has turned masculine backbones into jelly develops a crack and lays an egg at the box office, when the studio decides to get along with one less master mind in the front office.

Recently I saw it happen, and I know what happens to them. They go back to work. A certain feminine star found that her list of dependents was growing more rapidly than her salary. She was working her head off, with no time for vacations. She was making a pile, but enjoying none of it. She had become so nervous under the strain that she had taken to a diet of bread and milk. One day she rebelled, threw up her job and told the folks back home she had been fired, and from now on they would have to take care of themselves. Amazingly enough, they did. Uncle John took some of the money he had saved from the allowance she had sent him, and started raising dogs. Brother Willie took that job at thirty-five a week that had looked like small potatoes when he was up in the *filet-mignon* class. And Aunt Sarah fired the trained nurse, forgot her mysterious pain in the back, and pitched in to help with the housework.

It all went to prove my favourite theory: if you didn't have a movie job and your dependents didn't have a gravy train to ride, they would get along somehow.

Then, too, the Administration at Washington and the state of California seem to be growing more and more dependent upon us every year.

Bob says that next year, when he has to pay a state income tax as well as a Government income tax, six weeks' salary out of every fifty-two will go to the tax collectors.

We also have two secondhand automobiles absolutely dependent upon us to maintain them in the style to which they are accustomed.

If Washington is the City of Magnificent Distances, Los Angeles is the city of super-super distances. We think nothing of driving thirty miles for a swim and thirty miles back. We have learned to get along without street-car lines and interurban trains. We had to. They don't believe in them in Hollywood and Santa Monica. We found it an absolute necessity, therefore, to have two cars. Without an extra car, I would be left stranded when Bob had chugged off to the studio in the morning. The gas and oil bill for our flivver and larger car runs about fifty dollars a month. I don't see how we could cut down on that.

In addition to the gas and oil bill, Bob carries

"Every day they drop in at . . . the Brown Derby. You can kill a couple of hours—and seriously cripple five dollars."

$100,000 and $200,000 public liability policy on each car. Movie people who are unfortunate enough to nudge a pedestrian with a bumper or mudguard often find themselves plastered with lawsuits for tremendous sums. In fact, I think sometimes that Cahuenga Boulevard is lined with people who let themselves sag in front of oncoming autos, hoping that the driver will be good for twenty or fifty grand.

I know people back East who hope that if everything else fails them, they will be smacked down by a railroad train or a taxicab, so that they can start life anew on the proceeds of their accident. Well the auto of a movie employee is the Limited of the West Coast.

One of our friends, a writer much in demand by the various story departments, rammed his car into another car one night. The other car was driven by a man who was obviously a victim of St. Vitus's dance. "I'm very nervous and high-strung, as a result," he said, "and I really shouldn't be struck." On the advice of his lawyer, however, our writer friend settle out of court for twenty thousand dollars, although he was seriously hurt, and the victim of St. Vitus's dance had only suffered from shock.

We sent flowers to our friend in the hospital; and when we went to condole with him, we found that he had laid out his bankbook in a little white pasteboard box and our flowers were appropriately arranged around it for the financial funeral.

Which reminds me of one of Hollywood's amenities.

Hollywood has one custom I have not run into anywhere else. If you are willing to pay out six or eight dollars a week, there are people who will undertake to keep your house full of flowers. They will not only deliver them daily but will arrange them tastefully and attractively for you. It sounds tempting. I know I fell for it.

There are hothouse plants out here too. Movie agents fall into that category. Like the well-known lily of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these.

Fortunately for Bob, he has never been in a spot which forced him to use an agent. But there are a lot of things waiting around the corner for us along with prosperity, and one of them may be an agent. His fee will be 10 per cent. of Bob's salary if, as and when he comes into our life. And that goes for better or for worse. If Bob doesn't like his agent when he has hired him, that's just too bad—for Bob. Bob can go out and get another agent and pay the new one 10 per cent. of his take, but the 10 per cent. will keep on going out to the one he has fired, too, as long as the job lasts that the fired one had landed for him. I know men who have as many as three agents, one active and two inactive, except on pay day.

Our parties at home fall into two general classifications. Small parties for six or eight, or big parties for forty or fifty. The larger parties cost from two hundred dollars up. You can't expect your regular staff of servants to handle them for you. So you get in a caterer and turn him loose.

I get away with from four to six parties of this kind a year, but our obligations are piling up on us, and Bob thinks we should entertain more than we do.

Bob's liquor bill averages seventy-five dollars a month, and that figure is rather under the average of his men friends and business associates. As a matter of fact, it is quite a bit more than seventy-five a month, now that repeal has made it possible to get vintage wines and imported beers. He finds that his friends and guests are pretty particular about the brands they drink.

Occasional trips East for both Bob and myself I regard as necessary expenses. I mean jaunts in addition to Bob's annual trips back to see the theatre openings, which are paid for by the studio. Bob works on these trips and doesn't really get away from California mentally at all. I mean the trips we take either together or alone at other times.

It is absolutely necessary for the peace of mind and mental well-being of an Easterner transplanted into the California climate to receive an annual or semi-annual assurance in person that somewhere the seasons actually change, that snow flies and rain beats in faces and the air is capable of a cold crispness.

It was on one of those escape trips East that Bob and I woke up to the realisation that we were playing a game of put and take with too much putting and too little taking.

We figured that the best way to save was to oblige yourself to save, so that you have to lay aside something whether you like it or not, come hell or high taxes. We bought a house.

It is beginning to work already. We needed four thousand cash to swing the deal, and we saved it in six months. I don't know how, but we did. Having thus found out that it can be done, I managed to save five hundred out of my "egg" money for a trip East, and Bob has bought a few thousand-dollar annuity bonds. Then, after we have made the last payment on the house and it is no longer our little white house in the red, we will have something tangible to show for our pains.

Maybe after a while we will even get around to saving half of half of what we thought we were going to save.

The sooner you can bring yourself to think in terms of "How long will this last?" instead of "How long has this been going on?" the better. You are fortunate if you don't wake up too late to do something about it.

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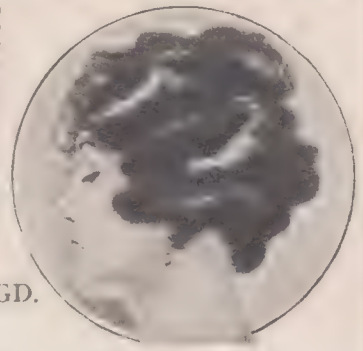

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AS every other night, she listened to her father going round the house, locking the doors and windows. He was head clerk at Bergson's Export Agency, and lying in bed she would think with dislike that his home was like his office, run on the same lines, its safety preserved with the same meticulous care, so that he could present a faithful steward's account to the managing director.

Regularly every Sunday, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, he presented the account in the little neo-Gothic church in Park Road. They always had the same pew, they were always five minutes early, and her father sang loudly with no sense of tune, holding an out-size prayer book on the level of his eyes. "Singing songs of exultation"—he was presenting the week's account (one household duly safeguarded)—"marching to the Promised Land."

When they came out of church, she looked carefully away from the corner by the Bricklayers' Arms where Fred always stood, a little lit because the Arms had been open for an hour, with his air of unbalanced exultation.

She listened : the back door closed, she could hear the catch of the kitchen window click, and the restless pad of his feet going back to try the front door. It wasn't only the outside doors he locked : he locked the empty rooms, the bathroom, the lavatory.

He was locking something out, but obviously it was something capable of penetrating his first defences. He raised his second line all the way up to bed.

She laid her ear against the thin wall of the jerry-built villa and could hear the faint voices from the neighbouring room; as she listened they came clearer as though she were turning the screw of a wireless set. Her mother said " . . . margarine in the cooking . . ." and her father said " . . . much easier in fifteen years." Then the bed creaked.

In fifteen years, she thought harshly, the house will be his; he had paid twenty-five pounds down and the rest he was paying month by month as rent. "Of course," he was in the habit of saying after a good meal, "I've improved the property," and he expected at least one of them to follow him into his study.

"I've wired this room for power," he padded back past the little downstairs lavatory, "this radiator," the final stroke of satisfaction, "the garden," and if it was a fine evening he would fling the french window of the dining-room open on the little carpet of grass, as carefully kept as a college lawn.

"Yes," he said, "I've improved the property," looking round for a nail to drive in, a weed to be uprooted. "If we had to sell now, we should get more than I've paid, back from the society." It was more than a sense of property, it was a sense of honesty. Some people who bought their houses through the society let them go to rack and ruin and then cleared out.

She stood with her ear against the wall, a small, dark, furious immature figure. There was no more to be heard from the other room; but in her inner ear she still heard the chorus of a property owner, the tap-tap of a hammer, the scrape of a spade, the whistle of radiator steam, a key turning, a bolt pushed home, the little trivial sounds of men building barricades. She stood planning her treachery.

It was a quarter past ten; she had an hour in which to leave the house, but it did not take so long. There was really nothing to fear. They had played their usual rubber of three-handed bridge, while her younger sister altered a dress for the local "hop"

She could hear her father going back to try the front door. He was locking something out.

next night; after the rubber she had boiled a kettle and brought in a pot of tea; then she had filled the hot-water bottles and put them in the beds while her father locked up. He had no idea whatever that she was an enemy.

She put on a hat and a heavy coat because it was still cold at night; the spring was late that year, as her father commented, watching for the buds on the apple tree. She didn't pack a suitcase; that would have reminded her too much of week-ends at the sea, a family expedition to Ostend, from all of which one returned; she wanted to match the odd reckless quality of Fred's mind. This time she wasn't going to return.

She went softly downstairs into the little crowded hall, unlocked the door. All was quiet upstairs, and she closed the door behind her. She was touched by a faint feeling of guilt because she couldn't lock it from the outside. But it had vanished by the time she reached the end of the crazy-paved path and turned to the left down the road.

She walked fast, passing a long line of little garages like the graves in a Portuguese cemetery, where the coffin lies for ever below the fading photograph of its occupant. The cold night air touched her with exhilaration. She was ready for anything, as she turned by the Belisha beacon into the shuttered shopping street.

Fred, as he had promised, was at the corner where the road turned down towards the church; she could taste the spirit on his lips as they kissed, and she was satisfied that no one else could have so adequately matched the occasion; his face was bright and reckless in the lamplight, he was as exciting and strange to her as the adventure. He took her arm and ran her into a blind unlighted alley, then left her for a moment until two headlamps beamed softly at her out of the cavern.

She cried with astonishment, "You've got a car?" and felt the jerk of his nervous hand urging her towards it.

"Yes," he said, "do you like it?" grinding into second gear, changing clumsily into top as they came out between the shuttered windows.

She said, "It's lovely. Let's drive a long way."

"We will," he said, watching the speedometer needle go quivering to forty-five.

"Does it mean you've got a job?"

"There are no jobs," he said, "they don't exist any more than the Dodo. Did you see that bird?" he asked sharply, turning his headlamps full on as they passed the turning to the housing estate and quite suddenly came out into the country by a café ("Draw in here"), a bootshop ("Buy the shoes worn by your favourite film star"), and an undertaker's with a large white marble angel lit by a Neon light.

"I didn't see any bird."

"Not flying at the windscreen?"

"No."

"I nearly hit it," he said. "It would have made a mess. Bad as those fellows who run someone down and don't stop. Should *we* stop?" he asked, turning out his switchboard light so that they couldn't see the needle vibrate downwards to sixty.

"Whatever you say," she said, sitting deep in a reckless dream.

"Never going back there?"

"No," she said, abjuring the tap of hammer, the click of latch, the pad of slippered feet making the rounds.

"Want to know where we are going?"

"No." A little flat cardboard copse ran forward into the green light and darkly by. A rabbit turned its scut and vanished into a hedge. He said, "Have you any money?"

"Half a crown."

"Do you love me?" For a long while she expended on his lips all she had patiently had to keep in reserve looking the other way on Sunday mornings, saying nothing when his name came up at meals with disapproval. She expended herself against dry unresponsive lips as the car leapt ahead and his foot trod down on the accelerator.

He said, "There's a bottle in my pocket. Have a drink."

"I don't want one."

"Give me one then. It has a screw top." And with one hand on her and one on the wheel he tipped his head, so that she could pour a little whisky into

(*Continued overleaf*)

CONTINUING *Crazy Elopement*

his mouth out of the quarter bottle. "Do you mind?" he said.

"Of course I don't mind."

"You can't save," he said, "on ten shillings a week pocket money. I lay it out the best I can. It needs the hell of a lot of thought. To give variety. Half-a-crown on Weights. Three and six on whisky. A shilling on the pictures. That leaves three shillings for beer. I take my fun once a week and get it over."

The whisky had dribbled on to his tie and the smell filled the small coupé. It pleased her. It was *his* smell. He said, "They grudge it me. They think I ought to get a job. When you're that age you don't realise there aren't any jobs for some of us—any more for ever."

"I know," she said. "They are old."

"How's your sister?" he said abruptly; the bright glare swept the road ahead of them clean of small scurrying birds and animals.

"She's going to the hop to-morrow. I wonder where we shall be."

He said, "There's a club out this way. At a roadhouse. Mick made me a member. Do you know Mick?"

"No."

"Mick's all right. If they know you, they'll serve you drinks till midnight. We'll look in there. Say hullo to Mick. And then in the morning—we'll decide that later when we've had a few drinks."

"Have you the money?" A small village, a villa fast asleep already behind closed doors and windows, sailed down the hill towards them as if it was being carried smoothly by a landslide into the scarred plain from which they'd come. A low grey Norman church, an inn without a sign, a clock striking eleven. He said, "Look in the back. There's a suitcase there."

"It's locked."

"I forgot the key," he said.

"What's in it?"

"A few things," he said vaguely. "We could pop them for drinks."

"What about a bed?"

"There's the car. You're not scared, are you?"

"No," she said. "I'm not scared. This is——" but she hadn't words for the damp cold wind, the darkness, the strangeness, the smell of whisky and the rushing car. "It moves," she said. "We must have gone a long way already. This is *real* country," seeing an owl sweep low on furry wings over a ploughed field.

"You've got to go farther than this for real country," he said. "You won't find it yet on *this* road. We'll be at the roadhouse soon."

She discovered in herself a nostalgia for their dark windy solitary progress. She said, "Need we go to the club? Can't we go on farther into the country?"

He looked sideways at her; he had always been open to *any* suggestion: like some meteorological instrument he was only made for the winds to blow through. "Of course," he said, "anything you like." He didn't give the club a second thought; they swept past it a moment later.

He said, "I suppose this is country now. They none of them get farther than the club. We're quite alone now. We could stay in these fields till doomsday as far as *they* are concerned, though I suppose a ploughman . . . if they do plough here."

He raised his foot from the accelerator and let the car's speed gradually diminish. Somebody had left a wooden gate open into a field and he turned the car in; they jolted a long way down the field beside the hedge and came to a standstill. He turned out the headlamps and they sat in the tiny glow of the switchboard light.

"Peaceful," he said uneasily; and they heard a screech owl hunting overhead and a small rustle on the hedge where something went to hiding. They belonged to the city; they hadn't a name for anything round them.

She said, to reassure herself, "It's good to be here—miles away from anyone we know."

"I daresay Mick's there. Down the road."

"Does he know?"

"Nobody knows."

She said, "That's how I wanted it. How did you get this car?"

He grinned at her with wild unbalanced amusement: "I saved from the ten shillings."

"No, but how? Did someone lend it you?"

"Yes," he said. He suddenly pushed the door open and said, "Let's take a walk."

"We've never walked in the country before." She took his arm, and she could feel the tense nerves responding to her touch. It was what she liked; she couldn't tell what he would do next. She said, "My father calls you crazy. I like you crazy. What's all this stuff?" kicking at the ground.

"Clover," he said. "Isn't it? I don't know." It was like being in a foreign city where you can't understand the names on shops, the traffic signs: nothing to catch hold of, to hold you down to this or that, adrift together in a dark vacuum.

"Shouldn't you turn on the headlamps?" she said. "It won't be so easy finding our way back. There's not much moon." Already they seemed to have gone a long way from the car; she couldn't see it clearly any longer.

"We'll find our way," he said. "Somehow. Don't worry." At the hedge end they came to the trees. He pulled a twig down and felt the sticky buds.

"What is it? Beech?"

"I don't know."

He said, "If it had been warmer, we could have slept out here. You'd think we might have had that much luck to-night of all nights. But it's cold and it's going to rain."

"Let's come in the summer." But he didn't answer. Some other wind had blown, she could tell it, and already he had lost interest in her. There was something hard in his pocket; it hurt her side; she put her hand in. The metal chamber had absorbed all the cold there had been in the windy ride. She whispered fearfully, "Why are you carrying that?"

She had always before drawn a line round his recklessness. When her father said he was crazy she had secretly and possessively smiled because she thought that she knew the extent of his craziness. Now, while she waited for him to answer her, she could feel his craziness go on and on out of her reach, out of her sight; she couldn't see where it ended, it had no end; she couldn't possess it any more than she could possess a darkness or a desert.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I didn't mean you to find that to-night." He suddenly became more tender than he had ever been. "Don't you see? Life's hell. There's nothing we can do."

He spoke very gently, but she had never been more aware of his recklessness: he was open to every wind, but the wind now seemed to have set from the east: it blew like sleet through his words. "I haven't a penny," he said. "We can't live on nothing. It's no good hoping that I'll get a job." He repeated, "There aren't any more jobs any more. And every year, you know, there's less chance, because there are more people younger than I am."

"But why," she said, "have we come——?"

He became softly and tenderly lucid. "We do love each other, don't we? We can't live without each other. It's no good hanging around, is it, waiting for our luck to change? We don't even get a fine night," he said, feeling for rain with his hand. "We can stay here to-night—in the car—and then—in the morning——"

"No, no," she said. She tried to get away from him. "I couldn't. It's horrible. I never said——"

"You wouldn't know anything," he said gently and inexorably. "It wouldn't hurt." Her words, she could realise now, had never made any real impression; he was swayed by them but no more than he was swayed by anything: now that the wind had set, it was like throwing scraps of paper towards the sky to speak at all, or to argue.

He said, "Of course, we neither of us believe in God, but there may be a chance, and it's company, going together like that." He added with pleasure, "It's a gamble," and she remembered more occasions than she could count when their last coppers had gone ringing down in slot machines.

He pulled her closer and said with complete assurance, "We love each other. It's the only way, you know. You can trust *me*."

She said, "There must be some way . . ."

"Why *must*?"

"Otherwise people would be doing it all the time—everywhere."

"They are," he said triumphantly, as if it were more important for him to find his argument flawless than to find—well, a way out, a way to go on living. "You've only to read the papers," he said. He whispered gently, endearingly, as if he thought the very sound of the words tender enough to dispel all fear, "They call it a suicide pact. It's happening all the time."

"I couldn't. I haven't the nerve."

"You needn't do anything," he said. "I'll do it all."

His calmness horrified her. "You mean—you'd kill me?"

He said, "I love you enough for that. I promise it won't hurt you." He might have been persuading her to play some trivial and uncongenial game. "We shall be together always." He added rationally, "Of course, if there *is* an always," and suddenly she saw his love as a mere flicker of gas flame playing on

"You've got to, maybe. But I haven't. Why should I kill myself?" She dragged herself away from him.

the marshy depth of his irresponsibility. She had loved his irresponsibility, but now she realised it was without any limit at all; it closed over the head. She pleaded, "There are things we can sell. That suitcase."

She knew that he was watching her with amusement, that he had rehearsed all her arguments and had an answer; he was only pretending to take her seriously. "We might get fifteen shillings," he said. "We could live a day on that—but we shouldn't have much fun."

"We might get a job."

"I've been trying for a good many years now."

"Your people, they'd give us something."

"But we've got our pride, haven't we?" he said with remorseless conceit.

"The man who lent you the car?"

He said, "You remember Cortez, the fellow who burnt his boats? I've burned mine. I've *got* to kill myself. You see, I stole that car. We'd be stopped in the next town. It's too late even to go back." He laughed; he had reached the climax of his argument and there was nothing more to dispute about. She could tell that he was perfectly satisfied and perfectly happy. It infuriated her. "*You've* got to, maybe. But I haven't. Why should *I* kill myself? What right have you——?" she dragged herself away from him and felt against her back the rough massive trunk of the living tree.

"Oh," he said in an irritated tone, "of course if you like to go on without me." She had admired his conceit; he had always carried his unemployment with a manner: now you could no longer call it conceit; it was a complete lack of any values. "You can go home," he said, "though I don't quite know how—I can't drive you back because I'm staying here. You'll be able to go to the hop to-morrow night. And there's a whist drive, isn't there, in the church hall? My dear, I wish you joy of home."

She tried to think of a bitter retort, for after all there was something to be said for the negative virtues of doing no injury, of simply going on, as her father was going on, for another fifteen years.

He said, "I'm going now. Are you coming?"

"No," she said. He hesitated; the recklessness for a moment wavered; a sense of something lost and bewildered came to her through the dark. She wanted to say: Don't be a fool. Leave the car where it is. Walk back with me, and we'll get a lift home, but she knew any thought of hers had occurred to him and been answered already: ten shillings a week, no job, getting older. Endurance was a virtue of one's fathers.

He suddenly began to walk fast down the hedge; he couldn't see where he was going; he stumbled on a root and she heard him swear. "Damnation"—the little commonplace sound in the darkness overwhelmed her with pain and horror. She cried out, "Fred. Fred. Don't do it," and began to run in the opposite direction.

She couldn't stop him and she wanted to be out of hearing. A twig broke under her foot like a shot, and the owl screamed across the ploughed field beyond the hedge. It was like a rehearsal with sound effects. But when the real shot came, it was quite different: a thud like a gloved hand striking a door and no cry at all. She didn't notice it at first and afterwards she thought that she had never been conscious of the exact moment when her lover ceased to exist.

She bruised herself against the car, running blindly.

She turned out the light and picked her way as quietly as she could across the clover. She could begin to be sorry when she was safe. She wanted to close a door behind her, thrust a bolt down, hear the catch grip.

It wasn't ten minutes walk down the deserted lane to the roadhouse. Tipsy voices spoke a foreign language, though it was the language Fred had spoken. She could hear the clink of coins in slot machines, the hiss of soda: she listened to these sounds like an enemy, planning her escape.

A man was trying to wind up his car.

A thin girl with red hair sat on the step and watched him.

The man tried to wind up the car again, and she came up to them as if she'd come out of the club and said, "Give me a lift?"

"'Course. Delighted. Get in."

"Won't the car go?"

"No."

"Have you flooded——?"

"That's an idea." He lifted the bonnet and she pressed the self-starter. It began to rain slowly and heavily and drenchingly; the kind of rain you always expect to fall on graves, and her thoughts went down the lane towards the field, the hedge, the trees—oak, beech, elm? She imagined the rain on his face, the pool collecting in each eye socket and streaming down on either side the nose. But she could feel nothing but gladness because she had escaped from him.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"Devizes."

"I thought you might be going to London."

"Where do *you* want to go to?"

"Golding's Park."

"Let's go to Golding's Park."

The red-haired girl said, "I'm going in, Mick. It's raining."

"All right." He smashed his way out of the little car park, bending his mudguard on a wooden post, scraping the paint of another car.

"That's the wrong way," she said.

"We'll turn." He backed the car into a ditch and out again. "Was a good party," he said. The rain came down harder; it blinded the windscreen and the electric wiper wouldn't work, but her companion didn't care. He drove straight on at forty miles an hour: it was an old car; it wouldn't do more; it leaked through the hood. He said, "Twis' that knob. Have a tune," and when she turned it and the dance music came through, he said, "That's Harry Roy. Know him anywhere," driving into the thick wet night carrying the hot music with them. Presently he said, "A friend of mine, one of the best, you'd know him, Peter Weatherall. You know him?"

"No."

"You must know Peter. Haven't seen him about lately. Goes off on the drink for weeks. They sent out an S.O.S. for Peter once in the middle of the dance music. 'Missing from Home.' We were in the car. We had a laugh about that."

She said, "Is that what people do—when people are missing?"

"Know this tune," he said. "This isn't Harry Roy. This is Alf Cohen."

She said suddenly, "You're Mick, aren't you? Wouldn't you lend——"

He sobered up. "Stony broke," he said. "Comrades in misfortune. Try Peter. Why do you want to go to Golding's Park?"

"My home."

"You mean you live there?"

"Yes," she said. "Be careful. There's a speed limit here." He was perfectly obedient. He raised his foot and let the car crawl at fifteen miles an hour. The lamp standards marched unsteadily to meet them and lit his face: he was quite old, forty if a day, ten years older than Fred. He wore a striped tie and she could see his sleeve was frayed. He had more than ten shillings a week, but perhaps not so very much more. His hair was going thin.

"You can drop me here," she said. He stopped the car and she got out and the rain went on. He followed her on to the road. "Let me come in?" he said. She shook her head; the rain wetted her through; behind her was the pillar box, the Belisha beacon, the road through the housing estate.

"Hell of a life," he said politely, holding her hand, while the rain drummed on the hood of the cheap car and ran down his face, across his collar and the school tie. But she felt no pity, no attraction, only a faint horror and repulsion. A kind of dim recklessness gleamed in his wet eye, as the hot music of Alf Cohen's band streamed from the car, a faded irresponsibility.

"Le's go back," he said, "le's go somewhere. Le's go for a ride in the country. Le's go to Maidenhead," holding her hand limply.

She pulled it away, he didn't resist, and walked down the half-made road to No. 64. The crazy paving in the front garden seemed to hold her feet firmly up. She opened the door and heard through the dark and the rain a car grind into second gear and drone away—certainly not towards Maidenhead or Devizes or the country. Another wind must have blown.

Her father called down from the first landing: "Who's there?"

"It's me," she said. She explained, "I had a feeling you'd left the door unbolted."

"And had I?"

"No," she said gently. "it's bolted all right," driving the bolt softly and firmly home. She waited till his door closed; she touched the radiator to warm her fingers—he had put it in himself, he had improved the property; in fifteen years, she thought, it will be ours. She was quite free from pain, listening to the rain on the roof; he had been over the whole roof that winter inch by inch; there was nowhere for the rain to enter. It was kept outside, drumming on the shabby hood, pitting the clover field.

She stood by the door feeling only the faint repulsion she always had for things weak or crippled, thinking "It isn't tragic at all," and looking down with an emotion like tenderness at the flimsy bolt from a sixpenny store any man could have broken, but which a Man had put in, the head clerk of Bergson's.

The PROFESSOR Forgets

The policeman grabbed his arm just in time to prevent him from stepping in front of a 'bus.

SHORT SHORT STORY BY

D. Wilson MacArthur

THE little quiet man was plainly distressed.

"Yes, yes," he said, apologetically, with a pretence of giving his entire attention to his companion. But it was evident that his mind was preoccupied with something else.

Finally he burst out, with almost a wail.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Tanner. What you tell me is extremely interesting—extremely interesting. But—so interesting, in fact, that I have completely forgotten something. I am sure it was important—of the first importance. For the life of me I cannot recollect—something I had to do—something important. . . .

"Are you quite sure, quite sure, Mr. Tanner, that you aren't any relative of Professor Tanner—Professor Julian Tanner—of Newhaven? A very dear friend of mine. A great expert. Yes. You are not? A pity. Now, what can it be that I have forgotten? Dear me, my wife was quite right. I should never have come to London without her."

He smiled tremulously. The tall handsome man opposite him preserved a steady face. He was not inclined to laugh. He wanted to curse for a very long time without stopping. He knew that he had picked the perfect sucker, but he had never before had to deal with a mind that would persist in wandering quite so erratically.

He strove to collect the threads again.

"And so you see, Professor, that's my task," he said earnestly. "That's what has brought me all the way across the Atlantic. And it is not going to be easy. In bills—those were the terms of the will. I must hand this money over to the heir in bills, in the presence of two independent witnesses. And honestly, I'm scared to death. All that do—money on me: it gives me the willies—uh, shivers. It sure—surely does."

He mopped his forehead. His technique was going to pieces. And, he asked himself, could you blame it? He could cheerfully have leaned across and strangled the little man.

He thought he knew enough about him. Professor Henry Tweedle. Jake had seen his wallet—stuffed with notes. Someone—the porter, probably—in the hotel had told him that Professor Tweedle was a very wealthy man. His own eyes had told him he was also an absent-minded innocent. Jake had agreed that the chance was too good to be missed; and Professor Tweedle had been easy to get to know. And very confiding.

"Now, sir," Tanner went on, and indicated Jake, who was sitting close by, "that gentleman there has offered to be one of my witnesses. The will stipulates independent witnesses who must be men of subsid—substance. I take you to be that. Will you do me a great favour? Will you be my other witness? It won't take long——"

"Certainly, certainly. Of course. With pleasure," Tweedle cried, in staccato assurance, aware that he had been very rude in not paying more attention to what this polite and friendly American gentleman was saying. A lawyer, he had said he was.

"Ha, ha! This is very strange," the professor, suddenly garrulous, went on, with a shrill chuckle. "Here are we, perfect strangers, and yet good friends already. Have you ever studied the psychology of criminal processes, Mr. Tanner—as a lawyer, that is? No? Most interesting. Why, here are we—meeting casually in this hotel—and for all you know I might be a common trickster. For all *I* know *you* might be one. Ha, ha! I assure you, no offence, Mr. Tanner."

Tanner stole a sidelong glance. Jake was looking a bit hot under the collar. Had they been wrong? Did this old bird suspect? Was he up to the tricks, or what? He had a moment's paralysing suspicion. Then he caught Jake's eye. That eye said, as plainly as could be: "Go through with it. We're in it now. If the old bird is on to us, we're no worse off. We'll get away all right. But if he isn't . . ."

So Tanner went through with it. Professor Henry Tweedle listened with half an ear. He was still cudgelling his brains to recollect that important matter that had slipped his mind.

He heard vaguely a suggestion touching on displaying their confidence in each other. Once or twice he absently pulled out his wallet and searched through it in the hope of finding a note that would put him on the track of that elusive memory. He did not notice the glitter in Tanner's eyes at sight of the thick bundle of notes the wallet contained.

He found himself presently in a peculiar predicament. Tanner had handed him a packet, and he stared at it doubtfully, not at all sure what was expected of him.

"Just put it in your pocket and take a stroll around for five or ten minutes," Tanner urged. "Then come back here. That'll show I trust you. I want you to believe I place complete confidence in you."

"Bless my soul," Professor Tweedle expostulated. "Is that necessary? What a peculiar thing! However . . ."

He had been desperately rude. It seemed ungracious to refuse his strange friend this astonishing request. He did not pretend to understand it; but there it was. People were very queer often.

Queer, too, that that wretched business he was trying to remember should have passed so completely from his mind. It was as if a shutter had clicked down over it and blotted it out.

He realised vaguely that the bulky packet Tanner had handed him, which crackled between his fingers, must contain money. He remembered that Tanner had said something about two thousand pounds. Good gracious! What a very extraordinary thing! But the active part of his brain was still busy trying to remember, and all other impressions were indistinct. He should never have drifted into conversation with this talkative stranger, and let his attention be taken up by him.

He thrust the packet into his breast pocket, and, after a moment's indecision, wandered out of the lounge into the lobby. His feet carried him, absently, towards the door. A page set it revolving, and he passed through. He was unaware of an apprehensive American gentleman watching him furtively from the lounge entrance.

He was on the pavement, still cudgelling his brains to remember; and suddenly he saw a policeman.

The policeman was large and benign and fatherly. He grabbed Professor Tweedle's arm just in time to prevent him from stepping in front of a 'bus. Tweedle turned and gazed up at him, and a cry of joy escaped his lips.

"Of course, of course!" he babbled. "I remember now!"

The policeman was left staring blankly after a diminutive energetic figure that darted into the stream of traffic, hailed a taxi, barked an address, and leapt in. The policeman removed his helmet and scratched his head. He was unable to inform an agitated American gentleman who came dashing out of the hotel just where the little old chap had gone to. The American gentleman swore very violently.

Twenty minutes later, still very breathless and somewhat dishevelled, Professor Henry Tweedle mounted the platform in a large airy room, and faced an audience of alert and keen-faced young policemen.

"My subject," he began, with a friendly and trusting smile all round, "is the psychology of criminal processes. . . ."

There was a rustling and a stirring, and the policemen settled down to try to follow the intricacies of a psychological dissertation by a leading authority. The leading authority presently digressed.

"As you know, gentlemen, the mind works often in compartments. An idea leads by association to another, and one is capable of doing something under a particular stimulus which cannot be recalled, so that one is unable to recollect why the action was performed. It would then be necessary to reproduce the original stimulus before the memory could respond. This accounts for many criminal lapses, and is very important. For example—er, *not* a criminal one, I hope, gentlemen! Ha, ha!—when I put my hand into my pocket to extract my notes for this evening's lecture, I discovered—er—this!"

He pulled out a packet, displaying a bundle of five-pound notes. It appeared to be a very thick wad, but when he opened it up the audience observed that the thick core was brown paper, not money. In other words, the packet was a fake, intended to look like a small fortune but actually worth less than a hundred.

"Here you see I have several notes—quite ten of them, I should say—which for some inexplicable reason I have wrapped up round a folded piece of ordinary brown paper. Now I shall probably never remember why I did such a peculiar thing. However, it is an illustration of what I have been saying; and so . . ."

He detached the notes, placed them carefully along with his own in his wallet, and tossed the wad of brown paper into a waste-paper basket under the desk. Then, happily, dismissing that strange problem of behaviour from his mind, he resumed his discourse.

And when he returned to the hotel, escorted, out of courtesy, by an impressed Chief Inspector of Police and a detective sergeant who looked their parts, Tanner and Jake saw, took thought, and were not seen.

In the morning, when Professor Henry Tweedle left the hotel to catch his train home, they were far away; and so he has never encountered the stimulus necessary to recall to his mind exactly why he had found in his pocket a bundle of five-pound notes wrapped round a wad of plain brown paper.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"You're sure the thing isn't loaded?"

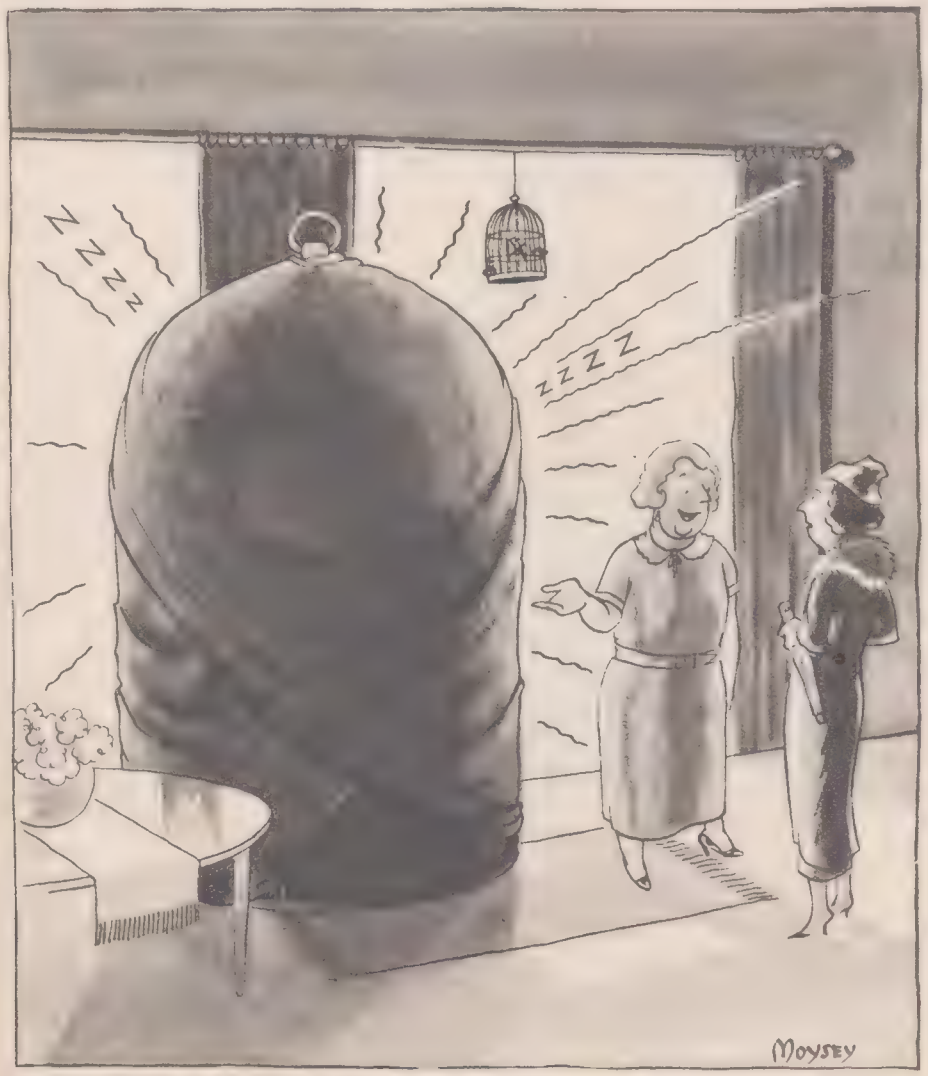
"Shut the door, Joe—there's a hell of a draught!"

"Glad I kept the tops to check the milkman—he says twenty-four pints."

"Hullo! Is that the police station; I'm being kidnapped."

A MAN AND HIS BOOKS

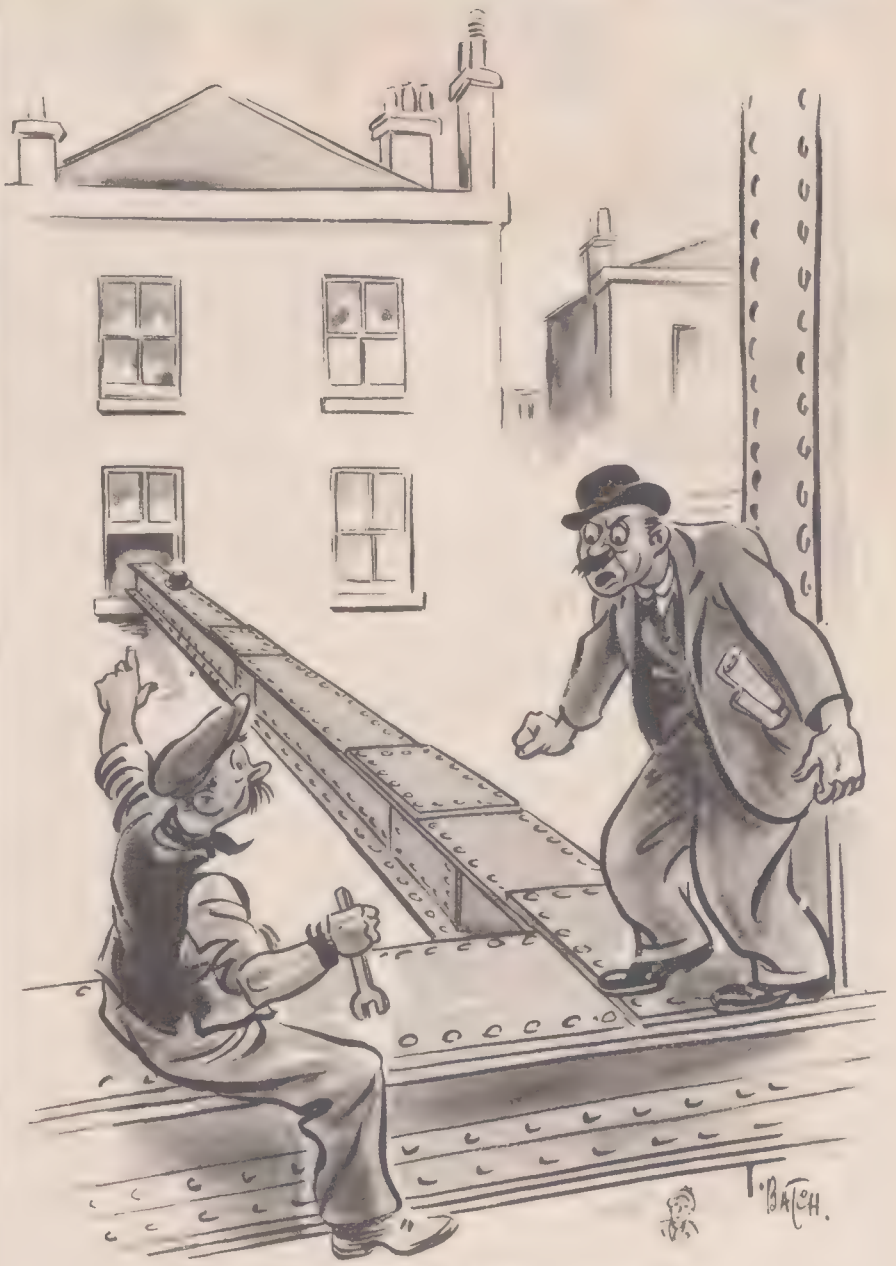
by A. C. BARRETT



" John always has his afternoon nap in there—we found it so successful with the canary."

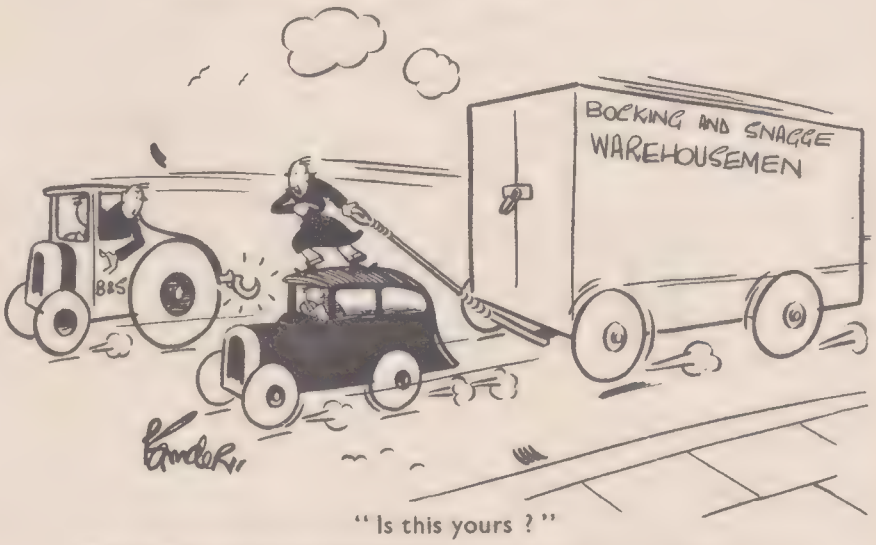
" Now can I have one of those clay pipes ? "

The Tilt.



"She asked 'im across to a cup 'o tea, sir."

Indulgent Parent : "There are some of Lancelot's very first drawings."



"Is this yours ?"

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"You look so imposing and manly in your costume. Just run round to the landlord and tell him about the heating and then give the chauffeur notice."

—*Fleigende Blatter*, Munich.

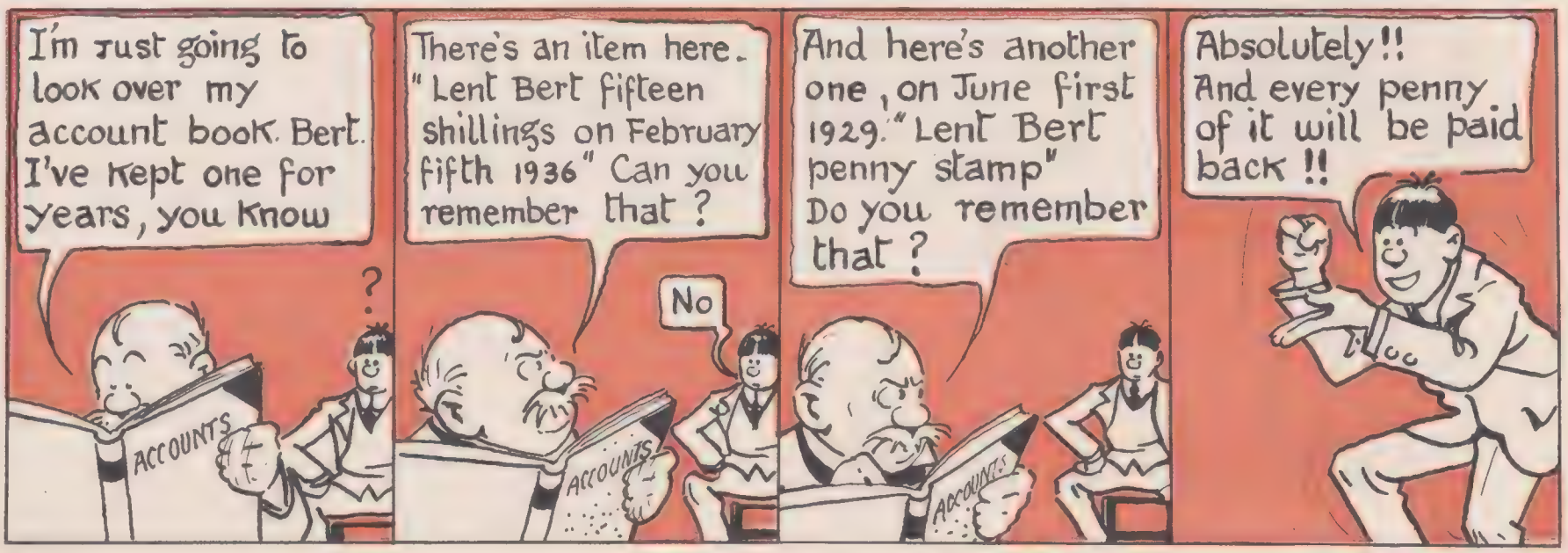
Householder: "If the police doesn't come soon I'll fall asleep."

Burglar : "Get into bed. There's no sense in both of us waiting up for them."

Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

Keeper (to wife) : "Cut out that leopard skin coat when you bring my dinner—they'll smell a rat."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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Number of Bedrooms.....

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	.	.	.	.

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.	.	.	1	2	3	4
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	.	.

MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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It BEATS . . . *as it Sweeps . . . as it Cleans*

"You may live six months. Surely you knew how serious it was?"

Masters of Destiny

Short Short Story by

W. A. Sweeney

THE doctor in the court was listening and watching the Public Prosecutor in a kind of dreamy fascination. He was a distinguished specialist, and he had dropped in to witness the final phase of this murder trial because it had a particular medical interest for him and some of his colleagues gave important evidence. The Public Prosecutor, a little, dried-up-looking man, had a rather monotonous manner of speaking, though with perfect diction and with his points and phrases marshalled in a deadly way that brought a dull flush into the sallow face of the defending counsel, from time to time.

Deadliness (thought the doctor) was wrapped round this man like a cloak. Pale and thin, his face in which nothing seemed to move or live except the lips, forming, with elaborate precision, each syllable to weave a hangman's rope. . . . The rapier-like thrusts between the cracks in the armour of the defence. . . . The calm, the imperturbable manner in which he saw witnesses fall into his fatal, unsuspected traps—all deadly. The slight trace of Scots in his accent seemed to the doctor (a Londoner) to lend a further chill, an additional touch of iciness to his discourse.

Strange (thought the doctor) that this man—that any man should be so implacable, after all, in an impersonal way. Hardly possible, hardly human. His duty? A queer thing duty. Need he really do his duty so much like the avenging angel with a flaming sword? What did it matter to him if he lost this case? Public sympathy was with the prisoner. The Public Prosecutor was already a great man, his reputation made, one of the greatest lawyers in the country. What difference would it make to him if this man were acquitted? He had only to hold back a question or two and the prisoner would go free. Why was he so insatiable in his demand for a human life?

But he was as deadly as a snake. He demanded a death verdict like a snake making its way slowly and confidently towards an animal in a trap. He would go home to-night, when it was all over, eat his dinner, smoke cigars and read the papers tranquilly. It would make no difference to him how the verdict had gone, once it was all over.

Men like this (brooded the doctor) surely could have no ordinary realisation of what it meant to be condemned to death. They couldn't have. This was simply a battle of wits between him and the defending counsel.

Dr. Hanby glanced at the prisoner. About fifty, a face cruelly lined with worry ; still a refined face, for the man was of good family. He looked ill, thought the doctor, and noticed the faint, incessant trembling of the hands on the dock rail.

Finally, the jury retired to consider their verdict. The prosecuting counsel, having demanded the life of the man in the dock, with every atom of energy and all the skill that lay within him, retired also, enveloped in his customary exterior of inscrutability and calm confidence.

The jury found the prisoner not guilty and he was acquitted. The doctor glanced down at the prosecuting counsel and saw him, perfectly expressionless, arranging methodically some law-books in front of him.

The doctor felt rather inclined to call down to him, "Would you have been any happier had he been condemned? What good would it have done you anyway?"

The doctor went home thoughtfully. He was glad, like most people, that the prisoner had been acquitted. It was one of those cases in which one could say that even if the prisoner had committed the crime he was accused of, he had great provocation, and it was very doubtful that he *had* committed it. One of those cases in fact (mused the doctor) in which one feels that the law is an ass.

He saw a few patients, by appointment, before dinner, then sat down to dine with his wife and was drinking coffee and talking of the famous trial, comfortably, when the maid announced that a patient wished to see him.

"I am sorry to disturb you at this hour, doctor," said the patient, "but I am in almost constant pain and, apart from that, I want you to give me a certain definite statement and I decided not to put the matter off any longer."

The doctor saw before him a man carelessly-dressed in good clothes, middle-aged, with a face bearing the cruel traces of a long period of worry and pain. He regarded him in silence for a moment and then said.

"Not at all. If you are suffering pain you are perfectly right to consult a doctor. That's what we're here for. Sit down, won't you, and tell me what's the matter."

He pushed forward an armchair and the patient sank into it gratefully and tiredly.

"The pain," he said, "is here, and I wish you to examine me and tell me the truth. I came to you because you are a specialist of distinction in what I suspect is the matter with me."

The doctor asked him a few questions and then made a long and careful examination. He requested his patient to dress again and sat down before his table, pulling over a prescription form.

"I shall give you something to relieve that pain," he said.

"That's of minor importance, What's the verdict?"

"It's serious." The specialist leaned back in his chair, with grave face.

"In other words—hopeless. I may die at any time?"

The doctor lifted a blotter. "Any of us may die at any time, as far as that goes. What is death, after all? We have all to pass that way."

"What is death, you ask?" The other's face was trembling slightly and he laughed, a little hysterically. "You doctors are accustomed to it, I know."

He paused looking with grave, rather frightened eyes at the carpet. Then he sighed. "So it's hopeless. How—how long do you give me?"

"You may live—six months," said the doctor, gently. "Surely you knew before you came to me how serious it was?" he added.

"Six months or——?"

The medical man hesitated. "Or not so long as that. It depends largely on whether or not you follow out these instructions. I'm really sorry to have to tell you this but you asked me to tell you the truth."

The other arose as if he were not listening and the doctor began to issue medical instructions.

When his patient had gone Dr. Hanby went to the drawing-room, for he expected a party of friends that evening. They had already arrived, a merry crowd, and young Jenny Silverstone was softly playing "When the Sun Shines in Manchester" at the piano, with Jack Baxter, of the War Office, drooping over her shoulder. The others were standing about chatting.

"Here comes the laggard," cried Mrs. Hanby, as her husband made his appearance.

"By the way, doc, your wife says you were in court at the trial to-day. Must have been interesting. I'm jolly glad that fellow got off.

"What a holy terror the Public Prosecutor is, though. Did you read his speech?"

"I can never understand," said Mrs. Hallowmore, "how those prosecuting counsel can try so hard to hang a man whom they must know in their hearts, doesn't deserve it. How *can* they do it? That has always bewildered me."

"For them, my dear," replied her husband, the Colonel, "it's professional duty. It's a case they're out to win, that's all."

"But a man's life?"

"They don't think about that. They condemn a man to death, so to speak, as part of their day's work," put in another guest, a doctor. "It's all in their day's work, you see, though, personally, I don't think *I* could do their job; sometimes anyway. It's too inhuman—and deadly."

Dr. Hanby lit a cigarette.

"Yes, at times theirs is a queer sort of a job. Stretching out for a man's neck. Oh, well. . . ." He turned to Jenny Silverstone at the piano and said, as if to dismiss the subject,

"Jenny, do you know that French thing—

'Avec les pom-pom,
Avec les pom-pom,
Avec les pompiers !'

Chevalier, or somebody, sings it. Can you play it? I heard it in Paris, and it's decidedly catchy."

Miss Silverstone struck a chord on the piano.

Back in his house, the Public Prosecutor was sitting before his library fire. He was unmarried, and he felt, to-night, lonelier than ever. As he looked into the fire he muttered, over and over again, almost soundlessly with dry, trembling lips.

"Six months at the most. Condemned to death. Six months at the most, he gave me. . . ."

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The Wandering GENTILE

Illustrated by
A. C. MICHAEL

ASKERN stood on the tiny veranda of his "Residency" waiting for death.

Far across the clearing, against the deep mystery of the dark and brooding jungle, a body of Sharti spearmen danced about a blood-red fire to the howled chant of a witch-doctor. They were working themselves into the right frenzy for slaughtering him.

He could do nothing. His bearers and his Askari guard had bolted; it was hopeless to think of fighting these picked warriors single-handed. Let him even attack them across the clearing and he would be killed with ignominy before he could near the black warriors. If he tried to escape into the jungle these bushmen would easily catch one so unskilled as he and spear him on the run like a hunted animal.

There was nothing for it but to stand ready to meet death with a white man's dignity—and to think.

He thought of many things, but mainly he wondered if Flemalle had really been as kind as he had seemed.

Louis Flemalle, Secretary of the Interior to the Mandatory Government that had taken control of the vast Malaria Coast, protectorate after the war, had given Askern his chance by sending him as the first envoy to the Sharti. Only, now, in the bitter-clear moments between life and death, Askern could not help remembering that Flemalle had never given him a thought until Blanche had come to Paronga, the capital, to marry him.

An ugly idea . . . he fought it. But Blanche's corn-fair beauty undoubtedly did appeal to Flemalle's semi-Eastern darkness, and Flemalle had shown that it appealed.

Wasn't it because Flemalle liked Blanche that he had givern Askern this opportunity? Why else had he singled out an unconsidered subordinate for so tremendous a task?

Wasn't that it? A man of Flemalle's acuteness must have *known* that the task was too big for a mere untried young office "walla." Again, could a man with Flemalle's sources of information have been so astonishingly ignorant of the truculent hostility of the Sharti and the dangers and difficulties of the jungle trek to their distant territory? Only ignorance could explain his sending Askern out so ill-equipped, with so weak a force and with such inadequate instructions—only ignorance or something Askern's mind winced away from.

Beastly thoughts . . . Askern beat them back. Flemalle had been so generous and so frank. He had never overstepped the bounds of social propriety in his calls on Blanche during her long—too long—stay at Government House. He had never hidden the fact that he liked Blanche so well, as an uncle likes a nice niece, that he wanted her to start her married life auspiciously—in a Residency instead of in a small bungalow in Paronga's cheaper white quarter, with a Pro-consular status instead of at the social level of a senior clerk.

He had said this quite frankly to Blanche and Askern in the presence of both. For that reason he had given Askern this chance; and to make the most of this chance the wedding had been postponed.

But had there been something behind it? Askern lashed himself for being an ugly minded brute at the mere thought. His mood was only the result of frustration and failure—failure! He stared across at the dancing figures looking so like devils in the flickering wood flames, and his hands, reeking with tropic heat, clenched in an effort of self-control . . . How long now before he was hacked down and life and ambition—and Blanche ceased to be for him?

A whisper came from behind him.

Amazing! A whisper from his empty hut!

"Come inside!" it said in English.

Askern jerked nervously. Were his wits cracking? Was he hearing imaginary voices?

"Stir yourself my gallant General Gordon," said the voice. "They'll be ripe for murder in about three minutes."

Askern was inside the hut, gazing with shaky astonishment at the strangest looking scarecrow that had ever uttered words in English.

It was a man tall and incredibly tattered. He

"You foul-mouthed dog," roared Askern. "Come outside, I'll kill you for that."

SAVARAN *(Number Two)* by Douglas Newton

was a spider-spare fellow, all iron sinews and fierce resolution. There was an unmistakable if cheerful ferocity in his dark, aquiline face; a mocking ruthlessness that was also a charm. His filthy, wasp-waisted but tattered tunic bore three rows of medal ribbons, while a diamond of startling quality gleamed amid the greasy wreckage of a degenerate tie. Below his tunic, however, he had ceased to be European, for a native loin petticoat of blazing design, and grimy cloth wrappings about legs and feet completed his bewildering get-up.

Askern realized him as a sort of shock.

"Who the blazes are you?" he gasped.

"Damn," said the other, "are you the complete working model of a resigned and noble death? Don't you even carry a gun?"

"Not on me," stammered Askern. . . . "Don't want to parade force. . . . No use anyhow against a whole mob. . . . Best meet what's coming with dignity. . . ."

"Glorious!" said the stranger with a flash of splendid teeth. "But I'm not. I want a gun."

Askern lifted the lid of a carrier's box . . . dropped it again.

"It's no good," he said. "We'll only stir up bad blood for generations to come. . . . My orders are particular about avoiding that sort of thing. . . ."

"I thought your type died with Casabianca," the stranger said, and, smiling pleasantly, he dropped Askern with as wicked a left to the jaw as a man could give.

"No time to argue with great white souls," he said and grabbed pistols from the box, loaded each with a full magazine and crammed extra clips into his tattered pockets.

Askern with a "You swine, I'll stop your game," managed to lurch to his feet as the other made for the door. The stranger did not even check. His right foot took the boy in the stomach and he was over his sprawled body and outside the hut in a stride.

He had, as a matter of fact, no time for niceness; the Sharti spearmen were already advancing on the hut led by the gibbering and howling witch-doctor. They did not halt as the stranger appeared, just brandished their spears with blood-curdling yells. The big scarecrow stood and looked at them—and laughed.

He stood a tall, almost eerie figure, wrist on ragged hips, automatic pistols dangling behind—and he laughed. And the clear, cutting mockery of that laugh halted the line of buck warriors like a brake.

He gave them plenty of time to look at him, and then said cheerfully in the Sharti tongue.

"My brothers, my belly has not been so moved to joy since the day I shaved the beard of your chief, the Sharti-kor. Prance on. It amuses me!"

They did not prance. They sucked back. Hoarse murmurs came from them. . . . The man was dirty and a scarecrow, but they feared him like death. . . . And Askern on his hands and knees saw that the man enjoyed the effect of that fear.

"My shadow still makes you tremble, eh?" came the mocking voice. "Good! now you will take your ju-ju man and hang him on that baobab tree for daring to threaten a white lord."

The witch man loosed a frenzied torrent of words. The spear line showed confusion. A big negro sank from the hip to heave his spear. He died even as he moved, though the spitting pistol did not rise above the stranger's hip.

"So, you only half remember," he cried. "I will take one in three of you then to refresh your minds."

The automatics in both hands rapped and flamed. The braves hurled a harmless spear or two, and died even as the stranger had promised. A regular one in three went down before that extraordinary pistol play.

The scarecrow actually strutted as he saw the terror his shooting had created. He roared:

"You know me. You know I am lord over your lives. Throw down your spears. . . . Now the witch-man to the tree or do I take one in two?"

The fetish doctor leaped forward screaming, an axe whirling in his hand. The stranger fired once and dropped him with a bullet in his leg. Then with a flamboyant gesture he waved the blacks to their task.

They nearly fell over each other in their haste to obey.

As they carried the yelling ju-ju man to the tree Askern fainted.

It was days later that Askern came to himself. He knew this by the state of his surroundings.

He was in a clean-sheeted camp bed. The room was spic-and-span. He heard the laughing voices of house boys, and, more startling, the stamp and rattle of an Askari sentry halting at the end of his beat outside.

He thought he was dreaming. He was not. As he sat up a man put a pretty native girl from his knee and came cheerfully to his side.

It was the lean and dashing stranger, but he was no longer a scarecrow. He was in a silk-twill tropic uniform that made him almost extravagantly dapper . . . a beautiful suit. Askern glared stupefied at it. It was the one really good suit of his own that he had preserved through all adventures to grace the "king palaver" that was to be *the* great triumph of his Residency.

As he glared at it, at the row of medal ribbons the stranger had had the cheek to sew to the breast, the cheerful hawk face flashed in a smile.

"Made a first-rate job of it, eh?" he said calmly, "tailoring is one of my minor gifts. Made a first-rate job of you, too. . . . You've had a bad bout of fever. You'll be yourself in no time; medicine is also one of my accomplishments."

"Anything else?" Askern asked, feebly.

"Everything else," the big man grinned, and something in his smile made Askern feel he was right. The fellow had a curious force.

"What has happened?" he groaned.

"The Government has resumed control," said the man with his fierce cheeriness. "Law runs in Sharti. I brought your boys back from the bush, shot the sergeant of Askari for desertion in face of the enemy, and you now have men you can rely on—The Sharti-kor——"

"Has called his tribe to arms," croaked Askern, trying to rise."

"The Sharti-kor has called on me," grinned the stranger pushing him back into his bed.

"Nonsense!" snapped Askern. "He wouldn't let me even call on him . . . sent me the head of a Portuguese trader to show what happened to white men who tried to force themselves into his land."

"The Sharti-kor called," said the stranger enjoying every moment of his own wonder, "clad in penitential sackcloth with dirt on his head. He crawled from the edge of the clearing to this hut on his tummy, rising only to make the five grovellings his ritual of abasement demand——"

"The Sharti-kor!" gasped Askern. "Impossible!"

"You think so?" grinned the other. "Well, we'll

(*Continued on page* 64)

Continuing

The Wandering Gentile

make him do it all over again when you're up and about."

Askern stared. But he knew this curious man was speaking the truth. He, too, felt the something in him that must have cowed the fierce old chief. There was not only power in this bizarre man, but also an extravagant joy in exercising it.

"And what next?" he asked feebly.

"Oh, I started bringing the Sharti under the beneficences of white rule, reported same to the capital . . ."

"You've reported—blast your impudence. I'm Resident here."

"You've been on your back for three weeks and the white man's burden had to be shouldered. . . . Besides *we* needed supplies, support and so forth, and your little portable typewriter made correspondence a temptation. I like to talk largely to government mandarins. And I do this sort of thing so much better than you ever will." He brought a mass of carbon duplicates to Askern. "Look those over. You'll find they are models of what a District Officer's communiques should be. Paronga will be startled at your brilliance."

"My brilliance!" Askern feverishly to the final page, saw the carbon duplicates of a signature and gasped. "My name—my signature! But, by heaven, this is forgery!"

"One of my lesser gifts," smiled the other. "There were reasons why I could not take the credit I deserved. . . . But you'll get it, Bobby Askern When those reports are read in Paronga you'll be a made man."

And that was likely to be true Askern realized when he read those reports; they were masterly. Then, however, he could only rage at this stranger-out-of-nowhere's infernal impudence.

"Who are you?" he snapped.

"The Wandering Gentile," grinned the other as he produced Askern's cigarette case, full of Askern's cigarettes, selected one and lit up.

"I was told," said Askern slowly, "that there was no white man in this belt save a ruffian dodging the law."

"That's me, naturally," said the stranger.

"I see! And that's why you're ashamed of your name."

"This is where the ruffian winces and hangs his head," grinned the stranger. "Ashamed of it? Lord no. I'm proud of 'em—*all*. I've made history with most of them and must have at least twenty by now."

"Twenty aliases——?"

"*Noms de guerre*," said the other, puffing luxuriously. "Apart from their legal convenience, I have a taste for them. Which of them do you know . . . Le Geyt?—no! Jorgensen?—no! Voysey . . .?"

"Voysey!" cried Askern, his fists clenching, "or rather Savaran, who calls himself Voysey."

"Yes, I prefer Savaran to most of the others," the man mused. "I've done all my best things in that name, and it has a sound."

"You've a price on your head!" Askern raged.

"On most heads under most names," said Savaran indifferently. . . . "Oh, I see; a sense of duty gnaws at your vitals. You are ready to arrest me, barehanded but strong in the might of the law, eh?"

He stood up, leant across the bed and patted Askern's shoulder.

"You're a nice child, Bobby," he said. "But you've a lot to learn about Africa—and *me*! Being arrested single-handed is one of the few sensations denied to a nature like mine."

"That was a bad break," said Askern hoarsely. "See . . . I took this from your holster."

He held a wicked looking automatic pointed at Savaran's chest.

"I thought your type died with Casabianca" the stranger said, and he dropped Askern with as wicked a right to the jaw as a man could give.

"That's one of the guns I saved your life with," smiled Savaran, flicking the ash off his cigarette.

"God—! You make use of *that* to serve your own ends?" cried Askern.

"That or anything," Savaran's eyes crinkled up in amusement. The pistol in Askern's hand began to wobble as he tried to master the lean man's glance. Then he flung it down.

"I thought it would act," said Savaran in a sort of intoxicated glee as he picked the weapon up.

"It's the force in me, Bobby . . . I enjoy testing it. Oh, yes, I let you get hold of that gun purposely. . . . I've got that extra power . . . the super-man force that makes you and other men do my will."

He sat on the foot of the bed playing with the pistol, his queer aquiline good looks, his queer bright eyes strangely exalted.

"I'm different from other men, Bobby, above them!" he said. "I'm the conqueror type. I've broken nations. Kings have bowed before me. I've been the lord over souls by the million . . . Armies, courts, fair women have acknowledged my sway. Sultans have begged favours of me. My sword and my genius have freed tribes. Power—that is my essence! I am a man made for immensities!"

Bobby Askern stared at the ecstatic face before him, half inclined to laugh. But he did not laugh. What Savaran said was true.

He was recalling the stories he had heard about this man, almost fabulous legends. It was a fact that he wandered the length and breadth of Africa; a fiery, brilliant free-lance soldier, an adventurer who took service with kings, or made himself king, or won fortunes out of contraband as the fancy pleased him. Savaran boasted, always he boasted. But his boasts were true.

Savaran had certainly done wonders Askern saw when he could get out and about.

Where there had been merely the lonely Residency hut cowering under the threat of the jungle, a busy village had sprung up, with the once sullen Sharti active as traders, house-builders, road makers and couriers carrying trade and reports along the six weeks' jungle trail to Paronga.

All this was due entirely to the power and genius—his king instinct, he called it—of Savaran. Askern lost in admiration could only find one flaw. That was the presence of too many women and Savaran's too evident interest in them.

"Hang it all, haven't you any dignity, man," Askern rapped, as in response to a languishing glance from a superb pair of native eyes, Savaran chucked the lithe, red-brown owner under her chin.

"Dignity!" Savaran's eyes gleamed dangerously as his strange, overweening egoism was touched. Then he laughed. "That sort of condescension is the privilege of princes, as history will show you. You take the romance of sex, like everything else, too seriously, Bobby. It's that darned Sir Galahad kink in you. I bet even your engagement——"

Askern strode on white with fury. He knew Savaran had made no bones about prying out all there was to be known about his engagement while he was unconscious.

"Pretty girl—Blanche," mused Savaran, who really knew no more about her than her photo, signed with that single name, told.

"Damn you!" cried Askern swinging on him. "You go too far! I won't have you mention that lady's name."

"She waits in England for you?" asked Savaran unmoved.

"No!" snapped Askern. "In Paronga."

"Here . . . and you didn't marry her before coming to the Sharti?" Savaran's eyes showed surprise. Askern said nothing, just faced him ready to dash

(*Continued on page* 66)

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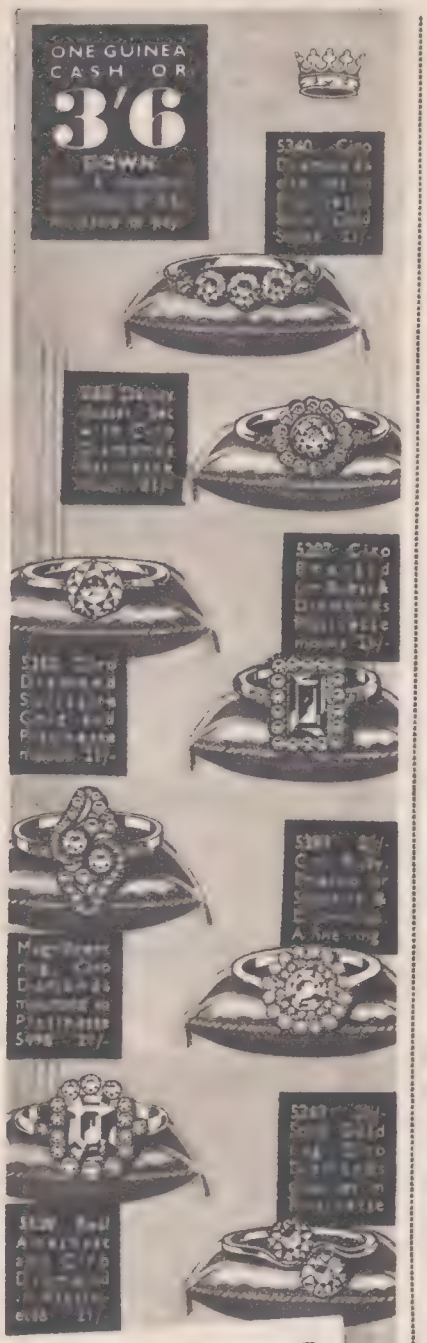

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Continuing The Wandering Gentile

a fist in his face. And Savaran went on with his disarming charm.

"I'm really interested, Bobby. You left this lady unmarried to come here? . . . Ambition?"

"Yes," admitted Askern gruffly. "You can see yourself it was a big chance . . : and what it means to us." Anger choked him. "But what's it got to do with you, anyway?"

He expected mockery, was ready to spring at the other's throat. Savaran, the eternally unexpected, ran his arm through his, said warmly :

"That was fine of you both. A brave gesture! That appeals to Savaran! . . . So, the sooner we make this a fitted home for that splendid girl the better, eh? . . . Come along and see the rich Sharti trade pouring into your go-downs."

Savaran certainly had a magic, not merely in winning Askern, but in winning the difficult Sharti. . . . They were already bringing their palm oil, kernels, ivory, gold-dust, hides and the like into the store-sheds, and in such quantities as to promise that this territory was going to be what Flamelle had said it would be, the richest under Malaria Coast rule.

And he was Resident. That is, he was, thanks to the astonishing way Savaran had mastered the Sharti, through the Sharti-kor, their redoubtable chief.

"He knew better than to set himself against Savaran," Savaran, said indifferently. "I taught him what such folly meant months ago."

"I seem to recall something about shaving off his beard," said Askern, not really believing anybody could have dared that supreme insult to a fighting Moslem.

"That was it," said Savaran.

"But — where were his warriors?" demanded the astounded Askern.

"Drawn up in a hollow square round him in his own palaver place in his own capital, of course," said Savaran, enjoying the boy's awe. "Don't you realise yet that when I make gestures I make 'em big?"

"But—why?" Askern gasped.

"He tried to raid an ivory caravan I was taking through his land to the Zeb Arabs."

"Ivory! But—that's illegal."

"I mostly am," grinned Savaran. Then his eyes narrowed. "This land is a paradise for the smuggler, anyhow. Take hashish running, for example. An immense field with an immense fortune in it."

He looked at Askern with such a curious light in his eyes, that the boy felt he was feeling him out in the hope that he would abuse his position and join him in the trade. Askern's face became as stone.

"Try any of that sort of vileness in my district, Savaran, and in spite of all I owe you, I'll hunt you down like a dog."

"I believe you mean that," said Savaran softly, watching closely.

"Mean it!" rapped Askern. "Don't you understand? That's an ultimatum."

Savaran laughed in his quick way and flung his arm about the boy's shoulder.

"I shouldn't have doubted the Galahad strain, eh?" he said. "There's not much to you, Bobby, but what there is is pretty good."

"I notice you don't express any opinion on this filthy dope traffic yourself," said the boy, stiffly.

"On hashish smuggling!" There was a sudden cruel rasp in Savaran's voice; his arm slid from Askern's shoulder, and for the moment he looked like a gypsy-skinned Lucifer. "My opinion on that, Bobby? You saw me when I first came to you! I was filth and tatters—me! Savaran! Hashish had done that to me, Bobby!"

"To you? Do *you* dope?"

Savaran jerked out of his trance of fury, glared, bellowed with laughter.

"Dope—me? Never! His own egoism is all the stimulant Savaran needs. No, a swine peddled the stuff to my bearers and gunmen."

His face became as harsh as death.

"And one day," he said slowly, "that swine will know what it means to cross Savaran." His quick mood changed. "It cost me seventy thousand dollars gold, Bobby; the profits of five months danger and sweat getting that ivory to the Zeb Arabs. Oh, I wouldn't have minded losing it in fair scrapping with one of you government 'wallas' or even to old Sharti-kor—those are the chances of the game. But to lose it by foulness——"

He paused, scowling.

"I was coming back from the Zeb with the cash. I was going to lay it out on more ivory—and treble it. I had a good lot of men; wild and dangerous, of course, they have to be for that game, but Savaran could handle 'em, or could until we got to a dirty little ford village, Tchik on the Tiboru."

"That's on our ground," said Askern. "I came through Tchik on my way up here."

"Yes," said Savaran grimly, "and, as a Malaria Coast official, you'll be overjoyed to learn that Tchik on the Tiboru was packed with hashish."

"I saw nothing," frowned Askern. "It *is* a fact that there's a traffic in the accursed stuff we don't seem able to stamp out. But I saw no trace at Tchik."

"It was there after you had gone through," said Savaran. "Yes, I heard of you there. Well, this stuff was sold to my boys and it made them killer-mad, of course. It was me they decided to kill—for my seventy thousand dollars in coin. They didn't kill me, but even Savaran couldn't fight one hundred and thirty doped blacks running amok. So, after I had shot a few, I had to run for it. Me, Savaran, had to bolt from a swarm of mangy blacks—pretty hey? And that explains me as you first saw me."

"Why follow me—into the wilds?" frowned Askern, and Savaran answered with a strange twist to his lips.

"Oh, to join forces with a bold pioneer was very much to my fancy."

Askern did not think that was the true explanation, and the queerness of Savaran's behaviour in the next few weeks strengthened his doubt. Savaran not only helped to build up the power of white rule with really uncanny administrative genius, but he also seemed to spend a great deal of time hunting for information of some sort. It was only after the first caravan got through from the capital with fresh forces and supplies that the reason for this came out.

He said abruptly, one day across the tiffin table :

"Who hates you at Government House, Bobby?"

"Hates me?" Askern felt a little sick. "Why?"

"Felt it yourself, too, I see," said Savaran.

"Never mind me, what do *you* mean?"

"I mean, I still can't see why you were sent up here alone—as ground bait."

"Ground bait—for what?"

"War!" said Savaran softly. "It's usually a too venturesome missionary who is allowed to wander to certain death at the hands of a tribe needing subduing, or maybe a trader whom nobody will miss. You're a puzzle. Government officials aren't usually wasted that way."

"You seem to me to be talking nonsense," said Askern, sweating and trying not to think of Flemalle.

"Is that innocence or entire trust in your superiors?" asked Savaran with a shrug. "I have not either virtue. To me the sending of an untried man into a new and dangerous territory, to palaver with a tribe notoriously hostile, points to one thing only—that is, that someone in office wants a nice war of conquest that will bring him honours, promotion, a larger command, and a good cash grant for his triumph. You, of course, were to be the *casus belli*; your murder was to stir the Government into sending a punitive expedition against the Sharti."

(*Continued on page* 68)

"Er, what shall I do, dear? The burglar has demanded to see my gun licence!"

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Askern made as though to protest.

"Man, it's plain," snapped Savaran. "There's your inexperience of jungle diplomacy; there's your caravan, as ill-equipped as any might be; there's your Askari, Urubi coastmen, no use in bush fighting and known for their habit of bolting at the first hint of danger—whoever sent you *meant you to die*!"

Askern choked and sweated, it was horrible this proving of his own suspicions against Flemalle. Savaran went on:—

"There's another item I haven't quite got the hang of yet, though I think it fits in somewhere. You left a little rat of a coast Kru at Tchik, on your way up. He went sick, I understand, but got well quickly enough to come up here in the next caravan. His name is Yaunde."

His hard eyes on Askern saw the boy wince.

"You remember Yaunde, Askern?"

"Yes, he *was* left behind at Tchik," the boy said hoarsely. What did it mean, he wondered? Yaunde was Flemalle's pet agent.

"You don't see how he fits in—or don't want to," said Savaran harshly. "But you *do* get the general idea. You were to die to bring war on the Sharti and glory for someone—that's the real puzzler. The glory would naturally go to the Governor General and, whatever his faults, Clem Newington is white. One simply can't think of him doing that sort of thing."

"No, you can't," said Askern hoarsely, "and he didn't. Sir Clement Newington isn't at Paronga. His health's cracked. He's been on leave for over a year."

"Then who sent you up here?" Savaran snapped.

"The Mandatory Secretary — Louis Flemalle!" said Askern.

"Flemalle!" Savaran was on his feet, his eyes blazing. "Did you say Flemalle?" Askern, startled by Savaran's manner, nodded. "A dark, slinking, cat-eyed Levantine."

"Cretan! He says he was born in Crete," Askern said.

"Oh, Cretan as well! Syrian and Armenian, too, and several other races thrown in. He's the crowning vice of all the mixed blood of the Little East." He glared as Askern. "Flemalle! A tall, smooth, pretty fellow, head like a moustached Apollo, heart like a Port Said rat's. Handsome, dark, magnetic, deadly and dirty of soul—is that your Flemalle?"

"As far as externals go, you seem to have got him well," said Askern, with a wintry smile.

"There aren't two Flemalle's, anyhow," cried Savaran. "But how in the name of all the gods of decency did he get into the company of honest men?"

"He was mixed up in the peace crowds at Versailles and Geneva," said Askern. "He's clever; he attracted attention. When a Mandatory Board was being formed to take over the running of the Malaria Coast it seemed natural to include him. His knowledge of Africa is immense."

"By Mahomet it is!" Savaran cried. "He's thieved and grafted and done dirty work over every foot of it." He sat back and laughed. "Why didn't I get into the peace game—Flemalle saw where easy loot was."

"You mean Flemalle isn't straight?" Askern gasped.

"Straight!" Savaran exploded. "Why, a corkscrew would look like a plumb line beside Flemalle." His eyes became ferocious. "Don't I know the pariah! He's the meanest, slimiest, vilest human creature Africa's ever known. He's robbed me, Savaran, twice already—and now he's done it again. And you—I see where you come in, now I know Flemalle's on the job."

"You mean Flemalle sent me here to—to die?" gasped Askern. "I can't believe it."

"Is Flemalle pleased at your triumph over the Sharti?" Savaran countered.

Askern frowned, became nervous.

"No—that is, he's queer about it. His comments are strangely ambiguous, and there are no congratulations."

"You robbed him of glory, a row of orders, promotion, and a money grant from the authorities," said Savaran. "I know Flemalle. He'd rather you poisoned him than that."

"There's something even queerer," said Askern. "There are hints in his letters I can't make head or tail of them, but it's as though I had done something wrong. As though, presently, I might have to face some grave charge. He says he's my friend and will stand by me."

He looked up, and was startled to see Savaran grinning. "What is it Savaran?"

"I know the working of that rat's mind like a book," said Savaran. "You had a letter from Blanche. Did she say disturbing things, too?"

"I think I'll leave my fiancee out of this," said Askern stiffly.

"By God, you won't!" Savaran's face glared across the table, the glare softened. "I mean she's in it, too, if I don't mistake my man. What she says has a bearing—what does she say?"

"It's a strange letter," Askern faltered. "She doesn't say much about the Sharti business—doesn't seem to have grasped how big it is—yet the Government House crowd must have made her realise——"

"Flemalle has only given out what suits him," said Savaran. "But go on."

"Well, she's worried, too, about this mysterious 'something wrong.' She's heard whispers about me—overheard talk about ugly charges. She can get nothing definite, wants me to make a clean breast of it to her——"

"And Flemalle is her only comfort in this hour of stress, eh?" Savaran asked.

"Savaran," snapped Askern, his hand flashing to his pocket, "you've read——!"

"I know Flemalle, that's all," said Savaran.

"Well, you're right," said Askern doggedly. "Flemalle is behaving splendidly. He's making a point of being seen a lot with her, to try and kill the whispers by the visible support of one in his position—and yet Blanche says that, under all his kindness, she can't help feeling he thinks me guilty."

Savaran sat back and laughed.

"He's an artist," he cried. "Plays the noble-hearted friend so that when the crash comes she'll recoil from you into his arms."

Askern was standing up, eyes blazing, pistol out.

"You foul-mouthed dog!" he roared. "Come outside! I'll kill you for that!"

"You couldn't kill Savaran," said the man evenly. "And, in any case, I wouldn't if I were you. You'll need me to save you from that charge—that grave charge, Bobby, meant to wreck you, your triumph over the Sharti, and your engagement to Blanche."

"What charge?" Askern cried hoarsely. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of in my life. There *can't* be a charge!" He saw a gleam of mockery—or was it pity?—in Savaran's eye. "You—you know what that charge is?"

Savaran—he never could forgo the dramatic—threw a little round tin box on to the table.

"There's the evidence!" he said.

Askern picked it up, frowned over the writing on the top. "Robert Askern, Personal Stores Only!" Said, "I don't know what this is; nothing I've ordered."

"Open it," said Savaran.

Askern tore off the paper wrapper, forced open the tin, stared down at the unmistakable contents.

"Hashish!" he cried in horror.

"Hashish!" said Savaran grimly. "The charge against you will be 'smuggling hashish to the natives.'"

"Sit down!" snapped Savaran, as Askern reeled. "Give me that gun? No, I'm not afraid of you shooting me, but shooting yourself. Now answer my questions without flaring up. I only want to know what Flemalle's up to. First, as he isn't the kind to marry a girl for beauty alone, has your Blanche money?"

"No—not now, that is. But when her father, Lord Balcomb dies——"

"Oh, Lord! She has a title, too—and influence?"

"She's Lady Blanche Buryon. I thought you knew—and, of course, that family has immense influence."

"The riddle's solved," said Savaran with one of his extravagant gestures and a flash of his fine teeth. "Flemalle's out to snatch *his* great chance. At a stroke he means to gather all the glory and rewards for subduing Sharti, and, while the world rings with his name, marry into the rich and influential family of Balcomb, when any heights in world politics or aristocracy will be his for the snatching."

"But—but haven't I spoilt that by remaining alive?" Askern faltered.

"You've taken the edge off it, but the main glory's still there. It's plain he hasn't let the world know how well you have done. It is also plain that he intends to belittle even what he was told by ascribing such success to your evil trick of winning the worst side of the Sharti with smuggled hashish. When you're broken for that, he'll come up and collect the glory."

"It's unbelievable," cried Askern. "No man——"

"No decent man," said Savaran. "But Flemalle isn't decent. He's smuggled drugs before; he put dry rot into half a tribe I was ruling with opium once. That's why I'd sworn to get Flemalle even before I knew he had a hand in the Tchik business. Oh, the hashish there was his all right. He's been making big profit in that line ever since he came to the Malaria Coast. *He's* the traffic you could not stamp out—of course, you couldn't with Flemalle both policeman and smuggler."

"How do you know all this?" asked Askern.

"Yaunde! You wouldn't tell me who Yaunde was; too loyal, eh? So I found out for myself. I've been nosing about a good deal—and I've had some interviews with Yaunde, and Savaran knows how to deal with such vermin.

"Yaunde, as you wouldn't tell, is Flemalle's particular agent, used by him for all matters of dirty work from spying to dope smuggling. He wouldn't tell me Flemalle's name; just called him the big boss in the Government. That's how I didn't know—but he told almost every-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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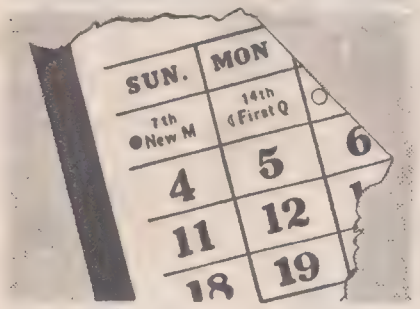

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Continuing The Wandering Gentile

thing else. He's been helping in the smuggling and disposal for years. It was he who planted the stuff at Tchik when you left him behind—the stuff that lost me seventy thousand dollars. But he did that for a purpose as well as for profit; that is to put the blame on *you*. Flemalle, no doubt, thought you might be turned back, and as he meant to out you anyhow he laid this second trap. He did it well too. That's why I came after you wanting your blood. The villagers at Tchik told me they'd got the stuff from the white boss who marched towards the Sharti. Yaunde's been spreading the evidence against you—he's been spreading it here. He's got a case full of tins like the one I gave you *all consigned to you* —and I bet Flemalle's got some sort of agent coming up here *now* ready to find the goods on the spot."

"My God!" cried Askern springing up. "We must do something."

"It's done," grinned Savaran. "Am I the sort to wait about? I've dealt with that consignment of dope—*and* Yaunde."

Askern hid his face in his hands.

"But what does even that matter—if Flemalle's framed a case against me what *can* I do?"

"Not a thing," said Savaran cheerfully. "You're just a baby in a matter like this. Fortunately you have me—and I'm Savaran! Just carry on until Blanche sends you good news."

"You're going to deal with Flemalle?"

"I'm going to *break* Flemalle, and in the way it hurts him most—through his greed, his ambition, and his black pride in intrigue," said Savaran, his face alight with exultance. "I'm going to teach Flemalle what it means to cross Savaran."

And yet Savaran had a strange method of keeping this promise. He was captured a few weeks later at the head of a smuggling caravan.

Flemalle made a point of going to the guardroom in Paronga where Savaran had been taken. He remembered Savaran well and his threats. Flemalle never missed a chance of gloating over an enemy.

He swaggered in, sleek, handsome, just beginning to be bloated with good living and overweening pride. He did not notice that the British major in charge showed decidedly less respect than usual to a Mandatory Secretary, but then he knew few of the British did like him, save perhaps Lady Blanche, who was beginning to come under his spell.

He swaggered up to Savaran, who stood indifferent amid the litter of his carrier bags, which had been searched, and jeered :—

"Well, Savaran, so they nabbed you at your old tricks, eh? What was it, gun or ivory running?"

Savaran merely muttered as though not wanting to be overheard.

"Shut up, you fool, get out of here quick!"

Flemalle's fine eyes opened wider, his thin hand reached for his neat moustache. Savaran was caught, a trapped lion, but the jackal always fears the might of the lion. What was Savaran's game? He became a little nervous, especially as he saw the major nod an Askari sergeant to the door.

"What bluff are you trying to up now, Savaran?" he jeered. He turned to the major. "Let me warn you, this man is as clever as a cat; he'll attempt any tricks, lies or bluff ——"

He stopped because the chill glance of the major froze him. Savaran said hoarsely in his ear :—

"You fool, Flemalle! It's you who've tried an impossible bluff—they *know*, man!"

"They know!" cried Flemalle, his nerve going. "What do they know?"

Savaran gave a little shrug of disgust at the other's foolishness. He said with a meaning look :—

"The charge against me, Flemalle, is smuggling—*hashish!*"

"Hashish!" gasped Flemalle, and his already shaken nerve so cracked that every evidence of guilt appeared on his face. And the major was staring at him as he mopped his brow, and the major was saying frigidly :—

"As you are here Mr. Flemalle, we'd better go straight ahead. The stuff is addressed to you—the prisoner tried to cover you, but it's no good. The evidence is too strong."

"Addressed to me! Preposterous!" shrilled Flemalle. "I am Mandatory Secretary. The mere idea——"

"Shut up!" snapped Savaran. "Wait until you hear all the evidence." Flemalle began to speak again. "Shut up, you fool. Yaunde bungled it! Understand, *Yaunde* let the cat out of the bag."

"Yaunde!" gasped Flemalle, and sat down heavily. "Yaunde, that double-crossing swine——"

The major's lip curled in disgust—the man had actually given himself away. He sat down at his desk.

"I'm sending a chit to the Law Officer, Flemalle," he said. "You'll be detained here until he decides on your case."

Flemalle sat panting, his fine eyes glazed as he looked at Savaran. He was a clever man, yes; but he was remembering that Savaran was Savaran.

Savaran was Savaran. When he did things, he did them with a big gesture. He had left Flemalle no chance. He had, apparently, been caught by a white lieutenant and a file of Askari heading into the Malaria Coast from the Arab border—incidentally, at a point two hundred miles from Bobby Askern and the Sharti lands. Savaran's caravan was full of hashish—all the tins that had been addressed to Bobby Askern—which, obviously he meant to deliver to someone near the Malaria Coast capital.

And there was no doubt who that "someone" was. There were many indications that the delivery was to be to Flemalle. But, above all, the authorities had captured on Savaran a long letter in Yaunde's unmistakable handwriting and that gave the game away.

Yaunde, it appeared, had been taken with his last illness at the place where he was to meet Savaran bringing the hashish to him. Yaunde, knowing he was about to die, gave Savaran full instructions for the delivery of the hashish to Flemalle in secrecy and safety. It was a complete exposure, for Yaunde, being Flemalle's confidential agent, knew all the details of Flemalle's actual traffic in the drug, and those details were easily provable once known.

How Savaran had forced that letter out of Yaunde, only Savaran ever knew; for Yaunde had in truth died, but whether of disease or otherwise again only Savaran could say.

But the facts were there and they were damning! Flemalle had not a chance. He was smashed. Honours, wealth, ambition—and Blanche were all swept away. He did make a feeble effort to incriminate Askern, but it worse than failed. It hardened public opinion against him. In a month he was proclaimed to the world as the criminal he was. He was condemned—with Savaran—to a long term of imprisonment, a longer term than Savaran both in sentence and fact.

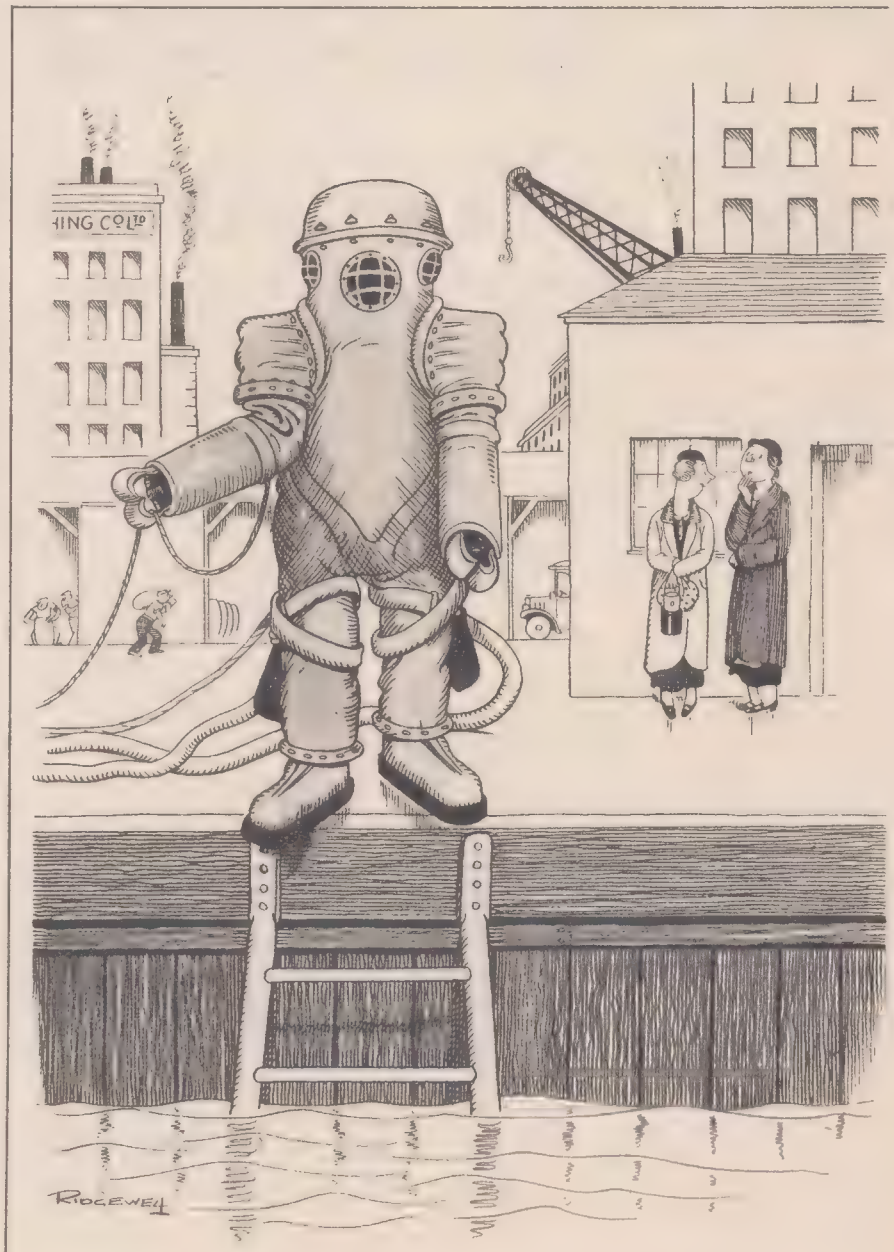
For though Flemalle was a clever man and went to jail, Savaran was Savaran and did not! On the night before both were to be marched away to a grim inland penal settlement, Savaran escaped from his prison.

He broke out with such ease that most people in the colony wondered why he had not done it on the very first day of his arrest.

But Bobby Askern did not wonder. He knew when the news of Savaran's capture came to him, that, not even for the sake of smashing Flemalle, would Savaran have allowed himself to be arrested if he had not been sure of escaping.

He, too, knew Savaran was Savaran!

Another Savaran story will appear in an early issue



"Of course, Mrs. Slattery, 'e didn't look like that when I married 'im."

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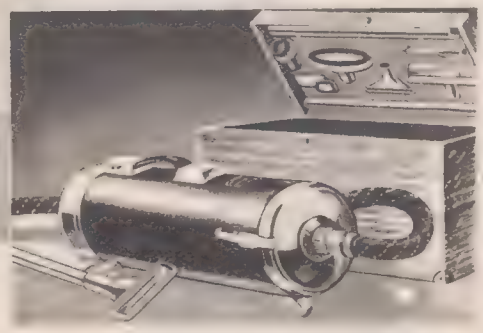

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BEST-TEMPERED GIRL..

"OFFER a woman a free cup of tea or glass of fruit extract, or anything else you want to sell," a demonstrator at the Ideal Home Exhibition told me, "and she will spend a couple of shillings happily and willingly. You see, she feels she has a bargain, and what woman can resist that?"

But I think she underrates her own powers. However keenly the female of the species may long to get something cheaply, if it is offered to her in the wrong way, she is immediately suspicious. The bargain hunter is as wary as the leopard and as timid as the doe of being deceived. But the demonstrator you see at the Ideal Home Exhibition knows exactly how to overcome timidity and suspicion. She usually makes a sale. She recognises immediately the non-buyers.

A most important employee. She is the only person who establishes direct contact with the public.

She sums up in a glance the woman who belongs to the well-fed band of sample-tasters. Whether she detects this by the stray crumbs of pastry which still cling lovingly to her coat, or whether she has some secret means of knowing the unmistakable signs of the inveterate free tea and coffee addict, I do not know.

It may be merely instinct that tells her at a glance that the customer will be only too happy to taste the free sample displayed so temptingly on her stand, but as for buying anything—well, she feels she would like to think it over at home. On the other hand, the demonstrator may have some kind of X-ray eye which pierces the stout covers of the three or four carrier-bags the woman clutches so firmly.

Despite the fact that apparently the contents are safe from prying glances, she seems fully aware that frequent visits to the provision stalls have ensured free breakfast porridge for the whole family for four days, and that they will have a choice selection of beverages—also free—with which to wash the cereal down.

This is the type of woman all demonstrators abhor. She attends the exhibition firm in her resolve to recover the price of her admittance with free samples. She usually stays all day and systematically visits every stall in the food section. This is not because she is not interested in furniture or houses, but unfortunately samples of these are not available.

Sometimes a sorely tried demonstrator is tempted to point out to an already engorged female that her diet is becoming a little unbalanced.

"Do you think a sardine is good for you after ice cream?" she longs to ask.

But the remark dies before it is uttered. From years of experience the girl behind the counter knows that all food has one great merit to the lady who is now tasting a few baked beans — it is free!

Then there is another type which the demonstrator views with equal loathing—the woman who refuses all samples but persists in haunting the stand for the sole purpose, apparently, of making derogatory comments on the article for sale.

At a recent exhibition, one of the demonstrators at a stall displaying a famous beef extract was harassed by a woman who persisted in waiting until a prospective customer was about to sample the product and then making the disconcerting remark :

"It's made from horses, you know."

The immaculate dispenser of the libelled drink might have been forgiven had she lost her temper, but this would have been against all the traditions of her training. Instead, at a moment when business had slackened off, she invited her tormentor on to the stall.

Patiently and clearly she explained to the women the entire process which produced the beef extract displayed in the little bottles lining the shelves. She showed her pictures of the cattle roaming the Argentine ranches, cropping the health-giving alfalfa grass. She explained the different processes carried out in the hygienic factories portrayed in the booklets in front of her, from the first cooking of the beef to the final bottling.

It says much for her tact and ability that her erstwhile detractor left the stand having spent five shillings on the very article she had so heartily despised not ten minutes previously.

The demonstrator is a most important employee of any large manufacturing concern. She is the only person who establishes direct contact with the public and sees its reactions to the products or articles produced by her firm. That is why she is a young lady as carefully groomed and as attractive as it is possible for art and nature to make her. No emissary from a foreign court receives more careful training or attention than does this ambassador from employer to public.

She is taught deportment and elocution. Her particular type is studied and her hairdressing and make-up altered to bring out her best points. Hands are beautified and manicured, and speech is softened and cultivated.

She is instructed in the art of dressing a stand so that it looks both attractive and yet businesslike enough to sell the

SERVICE

for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from The Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

Children love trying samples, but the demonstrator knows what is the inevitable result of childish gluttony!

Woman to Woman

by Isabel Aldridge

goods. She addresses pseudo customers and has disconcerting questions fired at her at unexpected moments. She acquires not only fluent and convincing speech, but the facility for listening.

An amusing incident occurred on one occasion when the last stage in the training of one of these girls had been reached. A stand had been set up for her in a large office and she had dressed it ready for exhibition. All she needed was her public. This was provided in the persons of some giggling factory girls—her late colleagues. As they entered the room and approached the stall, she smiled encouragingly at her first customer and said:

"Are you interested in our tea demonstration, madam? May I make you a cup of our best Ceylon? It is pure Indian, not a blend."

The girl thus addressed stared at the speaker blankly. Then she said:—

"That ain't Gladys. That's a lady!"

A really first-class demonstrator earns as much as £3 10s. a week, and commission on sales. If she is required to wear uniform or the firm's trade-mark costume, it is provided and laundered at regular intervals. Her hairdressing and manicuring are free. When she travels from place to place, all expenses are paid.

Girls who are more or less free lance, however, are not assured of steady employment throughout the year. The exhibition season is actually quite short, starting in September and continuing to the end of November, when it gives way to Christmas business. It commences again in February and finishes finally in April. Apart from the Ideal Home Exhibition, there are two other London exhibitions of this type and twenty important provincial ones.

The demonstrators attached to most firms, on the other hand, are kept busy throughout the whole year. When the exhibitions are at an end, they continue their work in the departmental stores and suburban shops. In the summer they tour the small villages and towns with special motor vans which can be converted into exhibition stalls in a few moments. It is an interesting life, full of change.

I enquired of an old hand what she considered was the most difficult part of a demonstrator's life.

"Preventing children who have been eating samples all day long from being sick on the stand," was the succinct reply.

A cry from the heart, indeed. A demonstrator suffers much in her contacts with the public. The woman who says: "It's been very interesting, my dear. And I've had *such* a nice rest," before she pockets her sample and walks away, causes her many a pang.

It is as nothing, however, in comparison with the anguish inflicted on her by the multitudinous children who over-run the exhibition. Not that demonstrators dislike the little pets. Outside of business hours they adore them. But their affection is put to a severe test when an exuberant boy of about five dashes on to the stand and knocks over a pyramid of packets—the patient work of an hour.

But once more stern training reaps its reward. The demonstrator smilingly assures the mother that of course it was quite an accident and no trouble at all to put it all back again.

Even when little Mabel comes back for the ninth time for just another taste of that lovely pie, the patient girl complies readily. She merely makes sure that Mabel does not remain on the stand long enough for nature to take its inevitable revenge while she is still in that vicinity.

If you should be in Birmingham or Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds and pay a visit to a home exhibition, you will see the same deft-fingered miss transforming homely carrots, cabbages and beetroots into most intriguing designs with a simple little machine and with the same amazing skill as she displayed at Olympia.

The effortless ease with which she wields the slicers and cutters will make you wonder afresh why it is that in the seclusion of your own kitchen you can manage nothing better than a few odd-shaped slicers and slivers. It will still appear to be as simple and easy as it did when you decided to buy one at Olympia.

You see once more the beautiful rich cream being pumped from the cream-making machine—why is it never just a little too runny? It usually is at home.

The girl with the vacuum cleaner still shows you what a simple operation it is to change from one brush to another so that you can dust, sweep and polish with the minimum of effort, and you wonder once more why Mary prefers grovelling on hands and knees with a dustpan and brush!

But I do not advise you to linger. As soon as the demonstrator sees you, she will recognise you as the type who cannot resist buying.

And who wants *two* vacuum cleaners?

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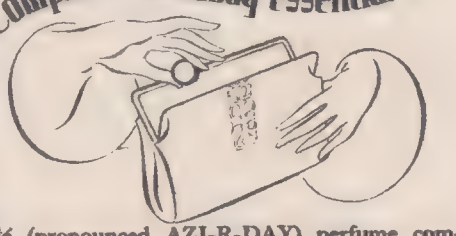

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CONFESSIONS *of a* Fashion King

by PAUL POIRET

ONE October morning I left Paris to make a lecture-tour in America. It was in the days when I was the height of fashion in Paris, and as a great many of my clients were Americans, I felt that what I saw of them in my salons was not enough to give me a true insight into what the American was like at home, and I had always wanted to make the acquaintance of this nation, which seemed to me so alive and energetic, and always pregnant with something "new." I was, in fact, the first Parisian couturier ever to embark for that country, and I set out to deliver my fashion creed across the Atlantic, full of enthusiasm and interest.

I would like to say at the outset of this article that I am a loyal friend of the Americans, and anything I say here is not intended to hurt, or meant with any malice, but only to show them, discreetly, oddities about which they can laugh with me; and anyway a dressmaker can but give pin-pricks. Now for it!

As I climbed into the train, a copy of the *New York Herald* was pushed into my hand, and I discovered that His Excellency Cardinal Farley had indirectly issued a kind of warning against my arrival, and had put his flock on guard against the "Demon of Fashion, which constitutes a social and moral danger through the liberty, licence, and the spirit of provocation of the creations of the *designers* of the day."

Decidedly a pin-prick for me, for I knew that then I was at least the most conspicuous representative of this "Demon Fashion!" But at the same time I knew that my creations had never offended against the laws of decency, though it was true, I reflected, that my latest models were then beginning to show slightly shorter skirts, and incidentally I had brought a cinematograph film with me showing a parade of mannequins in my garden, in dresses which stopped above the ankle!

When we arrived in New York, I was absolutely surrounded by an army of journalists and photographers, who assailed me like mosquitoes, and followed me into every corner of the boat. I had never before encountered such a wave of curiosity, and was amused to find I was sharing this honour with "Polaire," the well-known artiste, whose manager had secured her the necessary publicity in America by passing her as "the ugliest woman in the world!"

Retort Diplomatic

One interviewer more daring and persistent than the rest, tried to trap me into a criticism of Cardinal Farley's letter, and asked me outright if I agreed with his statement. Seeing the snare I at once became cautious, and diplomatically "dressed up" a tactful reply.

"His Excellency is quite right," I said, "and woman's toilettes can be beautiful without awakening concupiscence. Outrageous decolletes are made to-day, but they are disapproved by people of taste, for the first quality of an elegant woman is to have tact and a sense of proportion. French dressmaking rejoices to find the principles it has always professed, echoed in the distinguished words of a prelate so eminent as Cardinal Farley.

"Furthermore there is nothing to fear, for women have at bottom a solid Christian virtue, the resistant strength of which His Excellency must know; and if ever morality and coquetry were opposed, there would be heavy odds that coquetry would be defeated. Isn't that so? But I am sure that the Cardinal does not desire to oppose them."

● Poiret the imperturbable presents a new model. His showmanship has always produced a vivid effect for the many innovations he has caused in women's fashions.

The photographers then asked me if I would "re-stage" the affair of Madame Olsen's cloak to illustrate articles which were going to appear on the subject. I roared with laughter, highly amused to think that someone must have actually cabled them in advance this incident, about which I had thought no more!

On my way over, on board the *Ile de France*, a party of artists were going to Chicago, amongst them being Madame Grace Holst Olsen, the great Norwegian singer, who told me one night that she felt cold, and so I naturally offered to go and fetch her a cloak from her cabin. But she replied that unfortunately none of them was the kind of comfortable cloak she needed.

Then whipping out my scissors (I am never without a pair in my pocket), I took my own travelling rug, which was a pleasing Rodier plaid, and cutting it, improvised there and then the kind of cloak she wanted, much to the amusement and enthusiasm of the onlookers.

When we arrived at our hotel, the Plaza, we were again besieged by journalists and photographers, this time to discuss and photograph what they considered an audacious novelty.

For during the voyage, my wife had aroused curiosity on the boat by appearing one rainy morning in coloured russian leather boots. Why not? Boots are presumably as comfortable a footwear for women as for men, and for elegance why should they not be designed in yellow, red, or green, as the case may be?

But the fame of Madame Poiret's boots had flown in advance. I was considered the most daring dressmaker in Paris, but they had not expected *that*. Two hours later I found photographs in all the newspapers of these boots on my wife's feet. I became the man of the moment in New York, and was flooded with telephone calls and inquiries for this and that, one paper even telephoning in the middle of the night to know what colour pyjamas I wore!

However, in America the doubtful favour of being the man of the moment only lasts until the arrival of the next mail boat, so that one must make haste to say what one has to say in this first week, for after that it is useless to try and correct a false rumour or inaccurate statement, since you are no longer heeded; the array of top-liners being reserved for the next object of curiosity!

I next heard that my film had been held up at the customs, and forbidden by the censor as obscene—why, I have never been able to imagine. In fact every time I have subsequently shown it, I examine it carefully to see what in the history of fashion could have upset the censor?

For if it was the short skirt, then I must say that since then the Americans by far surpassed my hopes in the manner in which they adopted it!

Perhaps (if I may say so), they were following their usual queer custom of openly resisting at first every new suggestion of fashion, only to become its blind slaves, and fasten themselves on to it as furiously after a certain time, as if every new formula constituted a schism and an assault upon established order!

My next discovery caused me considerable consternation. Wandering alone in the streets of New York, one morning, where I could freely observe, unnoticed, the crowds from whom I wished to learn, I passed by chance into a shop, and picked up a woman's hat which seemed to me pretty.

Turning it over to see from where it came, I had the satisfaction of reading my own name. But to my horror I found that other hats surrounding it—some very ordinary, others absolutely frightful—all bore the name of Poiret, too! Turning to look at the dresses

(*Continued on page 77*)

PYE 4-CHANNEL RADIO IS TODAY WHAT ALL RADIO WILL BE IN TWO YEARS

"It fairly opened my eyes!"

"Of course I'd heard of people listening to America and even picking up Australia. But until now, I always had the idea that reception couldn't be much good from such a distance, and was an enthusiast's hobby anyway. I never seriously considered that I should come to count on American 'Star' names such as Grace Moore, Eddie Cantor or the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for my everyday entertainment or get my news 'red hot' by tuning in to Addis Ababa. That was before I heard Pye 4-Channel radio and then—well it fairly opened my eyes!"

Why four-channel?

Lots of people think that the reason they have never been able to pick up stations in every part of the world was because the distance was too great and sets weren't powerful enough. That isn't the reason at all. Various 'channels' are used for transmitting, and the ordinary type of set you have been accustomed to hear has only been designed to receive stations on two of these 'channels'—what you know as Medium and Long waves. The other two channels are used for long distance broadcasting by stations in America, Australia and every part of the World as well as the B.B.C. Empire Stations. But for technical reasons, up to now, conditions of reception have been slightly difficult on these channels. Now, however, we have produced a range of sets which is not confined to two channels only but gives equally good reception on all four.

American broadcasts contain 'star' features in every type of entertainment.

Will you have it now or in two years?

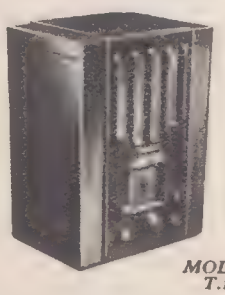
People who are in the know about the trend of modern radio have always said that 'world-wide' listening is the logical development, so we have spent many months in perfecting this new type of receiver which we call 4-Channel radio. World listening is bound to come some day, so you might as well have it now.

Addis Ababa broadcasts in English latest reports of the war.

It costs what it's worth.

Perhaps you may think that the greatly increased entertainment you get out of the Pye 4-Channel radio isn't worth 18 gns. We can assure you firstly that it is not possible to give you good reception at low prices and secondly, that it certainly is worth it, as you will hear if you like to ask your Pye Service Agent to lend you a set on demonstration. It's simply a case of whether you can afford it or not, and if you look at the Hire Purchase Price you will see that the difference really amounts to very little.

You won't do better by waiting.



MODEL T.10

We know that when anything new comes on to the market, some people have the idea that it will have 'teething troubles' to go through and that by waiting they will get improved models. In order to avoid disappointing anybody, we've had these sets tested for months past under all possible conditions of use and abuse in our own factory.

We have made arrangements with your local Pye Service Agent to let you have a Pye 4-Channel radio on demonstration, if you wish. In the meantime, there's a coupon handy which will bring you full details in an attractive booklet.

What you get on 4-Channel Radio

Channel 1 and Channel 2

(1,000 to 2,000 metres and 200 to 550 metres). What you know as the normal 'long' and medium wave-bands.

Channel 3

(30 to 80 metres). Short wave channel. Night-time long distance reception from ships, amateurs and broadcasting stations all over the world, including Columbia and National Broadcasting Chains from America. Distance unlimited.

Channel 4

(13 to 32 metres). Ultra short-wave channel. Similar reception to Channel 3. More suitable for daylight reception.

4-Channel Radio.

T10 TABLE MODEL 18 GNS.
H.P. Terms £2.0.0 down and 12 monthly payments of £1.11.0
"EMPIRE" 10 VALVE CONSOLE 33 GNS.
H.P. Terms £3.15.0 down and 12 monthly payments of £2.17.0

COUPON

To PYE RADIO LTD., AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me 4-CHANNEL LEAFLET.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

County _____

Nearest Large Town _____

P.S. 21/3/36

PYE 4 CHANNEL RADIO

Spring in the Air—

birds are nesting, the trees are breaking into leaf and all Nature is awaking from its winter sleep. It is time indeed to take out the camera and photograph all the charming scenes of Spring.

LOAD YOUR CAMERA WITH AN

Agfa

ISOCHROM FILM

and so be sure of getting brilliant pictures in fair or dull weather

Obtainable of all leading photographic dealers and chemists.

WATCH THE MILES SLIP BY

CYCLISTS! Think of the extra interest in knowing your exact mileage for a run, a tour or the whole season, whether that "short cut" is really any shorter, the mileage your tyres have covered . . . The famous Lucas "King of the Road" Cyclometer is precision made with watch-like accuracy, neat, light yet strong, records up to 10,000 miles and then repeats. Easily read white figures for miles, red figure for tenths. Models for 26-in. and 28-in. wheels. Handsome non-rusting chromium-plated finish.
FREE. *Attractive colour brochure of the complete range of Lucas "Cyclealities."*

On a LUCAS CYCLOMETER

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., DEPT. 16, BIRMINGHAM 19.

The proof of Berkeley comfort is the happiness it brings

10/- WITH ORDER

Fully Patented No. 414464

IT is home to which you turn for happiness . . . and it is in those homes where Berkeley comfort is found that peaceful contentment always reigns. The New Berkeley Superlax teaches you how to relax completely and makes the hours by the fireside appreciated to the utmost. Designed to suit everyone, tall or short, it meets your moods with the perfect position of ease—letting you change from upright to resting or lounging positions without any adjustment or leaving the chair. A masterpiece of quality and comfort, it is a triumph of sheer VALUE, too.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

IN B QUALITY COVERING
CASH PRICE 67/6
or 70/-—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.
SETTEE £5 : 12 : 6

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back, if not satisfied within 7 days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

THE *New Berkeley* SUPERLAX

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (Dept. P.S.)
70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1
West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WALFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM; 12, Poole Hill, BOURNEMOUTH.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Passing Show _____

Continuing Confessions of a Fashion King

hanging up on hangers I might have thought myself at home, if the models had not been so poor, for all were marked with my name!

I am still not comforted by this fraudulent custom of American buyers of packing mediocre merchandise under a distinguished label (everything has to have a label in America!), even though my attorney, whom I tried to persuade to take up my case, told me in substance, that this commercial proceeding was not forbidden by American law, and that in any case it could only increase the splendour of my name by spreading it through the distant States of Wisconsin, Connecticut, etc.!

But I greatly admired the perfect organisation of the big stores, especially Wanamakers which has a colossal turnover, and immense galleries full of merchandise. I once gave a lecture here, and afterwards a ceremonial parade of my dresses in Wanamaker's great theatre which boasts the largest organ in the world. For in America one automatically deals in superlatives.

The organist, for example, who made this titanic instrument roar, was himself the "oldest" in the world, and afterwards John Wanamaker—founder of this firm—introduced me to the great redskin Chiefs, whom he explained were the "oldest" representatives of old America, while I was the "youngest" representative of the new Europe. He then showed me a painting which was, as if by accident, the "largest" in the world.

Still, I greatly appreciated the honour done to me by old Mr. Wanamaker, the glory of the pioneers of his country, and he invited me to many lunches and private receptions and, smiling on my young reputation, had the "Marseillaise" played each time I took a step!

One dinner-party we spent on board a Canadian manufacturer's yacht on Lake Erie, which we crossed during the night as I had to be in Buffalo the next morning. It was in the days of prohibition, of course, and the dinner though good was drinkless. After we had finished our coffee, our host turning to the ladies said: "These ladies must certainly be very tired after their day's doings, and will doubtless be pleased to retire to their cabins," and the ladies did not need to be told twice.

But as soon as their backs were turned, all the panels groaned, cracked, and opened as in the romances of Alexander Dumas, and with guilty looks the stewards produced bottles of champagne and liqueurs—Calvadoses, Marcs, Mirabelles, Kirsches, Scheidams, and Ratafias, all years old!

Lost in Luxury

I was greatly impressed, too, by my train journeys in America. One in particular I remember, and in my mind can still see the station platform with the train de luxe stretching like a narrow street between black houses with sparkling windows.

I felt as if I had seen this scene before in "Round the World in Eighty Days"—the negroes in meticulously polished liveries standing on duty outside each carriage, a mother laden with furs, and with two tears stealing down her cheeks, saying goodbye to her daughter, and the inevitable little multi-millionairess tripping along in her grey astrakhan cloak with snow-boots to her knees, and a bouquet of red cherries pinned to her collar.

The train itself was inconceivable. There was a dining-room with negro servants clothed and gloved in white, and a club-car furnished in dark mahogany with two rows of deep armchairs. An official, tastefully gold-braided, asked me my name in case I should receive a telegram, and showed me a compartment where I could dictate one if I wished.

I was immediately seized with a desire to use this luxurious facility and decided to telegraph one of my friends. I also reflected I should very much like to receive one, but knew that I should not. A pity.

In fact, everywhere I found conveniences of which I could not actually make use. Spittoons. I do not spit. Writing desks. I can never write on trains. Secretaries to take down notes for you.

Without counting the barber who had his own shop, there were thirty-two employees on this train, including a valet who had his own compartment to press out our suits day or night, and a certificated nurse put at the service of the women and children, with her own compartment in which she could give baths, and also manicure treatment!

"No" to a Fortune

One day I was introduced to M——, the "Blouse king," who apparently flattered at knowing me, offered me a mound of gold if I would let him have a monthly letter informing him of the evolution of the blouse in Paris. I did so, while feeling inwardly amused at encountering this fresh, rather naive American characteristic of entering into contracts with famous men, in order to be able to appropriate their names; for the Blouse King's suggestion was followed up by many more magnificent offers made by various industrial magnates, in order to be able to give the name of Poiret to their merchandise.

One offer in particular is worth mentioning, because it was as humorous as it was princely. A magnate who had set up as a manufacturer of shoes, wanted me to authorise him to use my name in his advertising and to print it on his luxury goods, in return for which he would give me sixteen thousand dollars a year.

Naturally I could not accept this bargain without first seeing what kind of goods it referred to, so under the escort of my manager (who had introduced me to this powerful industrialist) I took a train for the factories, and was met at the station like a king with special envoys and Rolls-Royces. To my astonishment, on examining the footwear I found it to be sturdy work boots intended for a clientele of farmers and their families, and I could not think how the prestige of my name could have any elevance to this kind of product!

I returned to the manufacturer's office where, in a huge check suit with a cluster of fat cigars sticking out of his waistcoat pocket, and a smile of anticipation on his face, he was waiting for me in the midst of his heads of departments.

"You can give me one of your fine cigars," I began, "for I have just saved you sixteen thousand dollars."

"What do you say? How on earth . . ."

"By refusing you the permission you asked me, to put my name on your footwear. It would harm my reputation, and could not help you." You ought to have seen the faces of the heads of departments when they saw a man refuse, with a single gesture, sixteen thousand dollars a year!

Unfortunately my manager did not see things in this light, and refusing to be consoled for my free-hearted frankness, demanded the twenty-five per cent. I owed him on the contract which, he said, had not been signed through my fault. And as all the Americans whom I consulted supported his way of looking at it, I had to pay up!

But I did sign various other amusing contracts with manufacturers of stockings, ladies' hand-bags, and gloves, especially—and now you will laugh—thread gloves! I had been asked to restore this article to fashion, and after pondering a long time I found some designs which, if slightly modified, might revive interest in thread gloves.

● Miss Florida, typical of American beauty queens—"the most beautiful in the world, natural, well-balanced, and sportive as young goddesses."

● Beside being the friend of many modern French artists, Poiret is himself a capable painter. Normally, though, he would say that he "paints in cloth."

I received all the money for these contracts, but to my astonishment discovered that my designs had not been used, the manufacturers saying that they could not understand them, and did not know the meaning of certain strokes of the pen. It was just as if they had written to me and said, "we cannot read," only they had not written, for American business men never write letters!

The firm of ladies' handbags also complained that they could not understand my designs, for an American is like St. Thomas and has to see the article manufactured and solid in front of him, in order to copy it servilely.

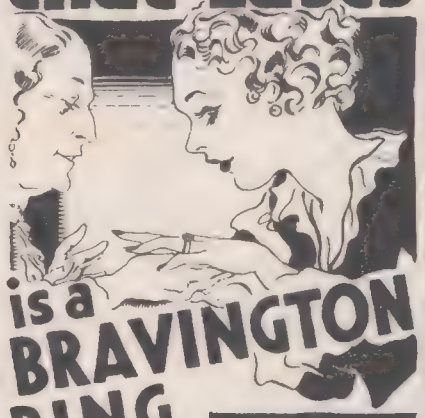
Fashion is a very difficult subject on which to lecture, but I had set out—and I think I did manage—to demonstrate certain truths before the eyes of a great many Americans, and I wanted them to know the fashions of France as they really are.

Most of my lectures were given in great halls before about seven or eight thousand women and girls—I don't think I ever saw one man there! I was usually welcomed with an ovation and then formally presented by the chairman.

Naturally, too, I was nearly always

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Gift that Lasts



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We purchase the diamonds direct from the cutters and mount them in our own workshops, which ensures the price being the lowest possible, whether Wholesale or Retail.

A ring of beauty. Diamond of finest quality in smart Platinum Mount.

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Wonderful Value.

White Diamonds 18 carat Gold & Platinum.

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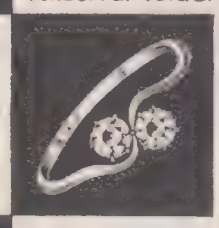

Very dainty. White Diamonds 18 carat Gold & Platinum.

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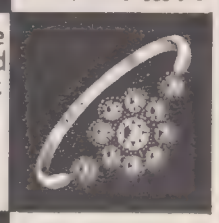
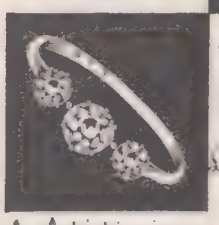
The Modern Solitaire Large White Diamond with Baguette cut Diamonds. Pure Platinum

£10·0·0





A delightful design. White Diamonds, 18 carat Gold & Platinum.

£6·6·0

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An Artistic ring. Fine Diamonds in 18 carat Gold & Platinum.

We give a **FREE INSURANCE** with every Ring of £5 & over, covering against theft, loss or damage

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CHIEF STORE **KINGS CROSS N.1.** OPEN UNTIL 8 P.M. ON SATURDAY

71, LUDGATE HILL • 6, GRAND BUILDINGS
JUST UNDER RAILWAY ARCH — FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE

22, ORCHARD ST. • 189, BROMPTON ROAD
100 YDS. FROM OXFORD ST. W.1 — LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK — CUT OUT AND POST FOR 1½ D

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To Bravingtons Ltd Kings Cross N.1
Please forward post free the following (CROSS OUT ITEMS NOT REQUIRED)

Name.....

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● More American beauty which Poiret admires but considers in danger of becoming stereotyped. Front, left to right, Miss Wisconsin, Miss Louisiana. Back, Miss Michigan, Miss Connecticut and Miss Missouri.

Continuing Fashion King

asked what I thought of American women. To this I could very sincerely answer that I considered American women to be the most beautiful in the world, natural, well-balanced, and sportive as young goddesses. They are, I think, the most perfect type of feminine architecture, and the closest, too, to the ideal conceived by the Greeks.

"But," I added, "you lack one thing: and that is personality. Your women are dressed like a flock of school-girls wearing an institutional uniform, and that shocks me, because in America you women are rich and independent."

"Look at yourselves now, for example," I exclaimed one day at San Diego, "you all have a bouquet of flowers pinned in the same place in your fur. As a special and personal detail this might have a certain charm, but as it is the flowers are no longer a pleasure to look at—on the contrary they grate on my nerves."

When the show was over, and the audience had all dispersed, the man who swept the hall came to me and presented in his apron thousands of flowers which he had swept up from under the seats. The ladies had thrown them away from the buttonholes of their furs!

It was then that I understood this marvellous spirit which makes the Americans so governable.

When I spoke to the film stars of Los Angeles, I pointed out to them that for a mere man to try and teach elegance to such a gathering of beautiful women was ridiculous indeed as I looked at them I felt it was I who was going to receive a lesson.

"But," I said, "why don't you treat your dress as you do your art? Enter your dress-shop as reverently as you do your studio, pay homage to your own grace and splendour. Indeed, your dress-shop should not be a shop, but a place where you lose your head when you see the mirrors, the lights, and soft colours. Consult your dress designer as you would your director, let him make you dresses that are a portrait of yourself—not a 'uniform' which everyone is wearing because it is 'the fashion.'

"Take care!" I added, "you are being deceived.

"You imagine you are being provided with Paris fashions, but come to Paris and see them for yourselves. The emissaries you send bring you back models which they catalogue according to your dimensions—42, 44, or 46—you are, in fact, a number.

"You are all women who have won your freedom. You are cinema stars, rich, liberated, and independent. Come to Paris! It is you who must command fashion, and the designers will obey you."

This, as a matter of fact, was quite true. American buyers like to train American women to a carefully pre-planned and organised opinion in their mode, and a buyer in Paris once openly remarked to me: "I am not interested in artistic researches. The best model for me is the one I sell best. I come here for my business and not for your art!"

Will any Lady oblige?

Soon after this I decided to illustrate my lectures by more practical demonstrations, and to improvise dresses on the platform during the lecture.

For example, I would speak, perhaps, on "elegance," and after trying to make my audience's mouth water by rousing in them a taste for the new and luxurious, I seized my scissors and un-rolling some beautiful multi-coloured velvets, asked if anyone in the audience would be so kind as to lend herself for my demonstration?

The first time I asked this the entire audience rose to its feet. So after this little experiment I took a professional mannequin who wore special undercloth-ing (knowing how susceptible an audience always is on this subject).

For a few minutes I pinned and draped and cut and tore away, and beneath my fingers an evening gown or a cloak was gradually born. I created entirely as my fancy dictated, and sometimes decided to make the sleeves in another colour, or set off the ensemble with an unforeseen facing, gauging the emotions of the audience by the spontaneous "ohs!" and "ahs!" which my work drew forth.

At Chickasha, in Oklahoma, I again spoke to three thousand girls on this subject of developing their own personality in dress.

I said, "Simply wear what becomes you, and look at yourselves in the mirror. Notice, for instance, the particular shades that will bring out your own best points of colouring, and those that tend to obscure them. Adopt those that most suit you, and don't wear green because green is the fashion—wear blue if it happens to be your colour."

After I had developed this theme for an hour, I asked if any of my audience would like to ask me a question. Little folded papers were passed up to me, on practically all of which was written the following question: "What will be the fashionable colour this winter?" and "What colour should one wear at a wedding?"

I gave it up!

Afterwards the directress gave permission to the pupils of the senior class to parade past me one at a time, in order to be told what colour each should adopt for herself. So that actually I had to stare at fifteen hundred young ladies, and from the colour of their eyes, and after only one glance, state: "Blue, green, garnet," and so on, whereupon they withdrew content!

As for me, I felt that the thousand dollars a lecture at which I was "fee'd" was, after all, not too much.

To say I was "fee'd" is the literal truth, for at the precise moment when our accounts had to be settled my manager disappeared, owing me a quarter of a million francs. He fled from the States, followed by my lawyer, took to the air, and was killed while trying to land on the roof of a building.

Since this first lecture-tour I have visited America several times, and it still attracts me irresistibly. I am always stimulated by its atmosphere of activity, its practical spirit, its clarity, its intelligence, and, above all, by its sense of work.

Every young person ought to go to America at least once, if possible, and the old ones even more so!

ALL TRACE of HIS COLD GONE

He took 'ASPRO' last night

There are hundreds of your fellow citizens to-day who could tell you that all trace of their colds has gone—disappeared last night because they took 'ASPRO' tablets. The reason is that 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot drink—say, hot lemon, or maybe you prefer hot whisky—will definitely banish a cold at its inception—in one night. You can prove it by taking 'ASPRO'—keep it handy for the first sign of a cold. 'ASPRO' is quick in action, safe, sure and efficient. It does not create a habit nor does it have any harmful after-effects. In other words, it does its healing work without any attendant discomfort or harm. So avoid dangerous drugs. Adopt 'ASPRO' as your protection against ills and chills and pain. Remember, if it's a cold or 'flu attack you have, and you wish to banish it quickly

2 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will do the trick

HERE IS PROOF OF 'ASPRO' CLAIMS

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH IMI-TATIONS

TERRIBLY SORE THROAT RELIEVED

5 Grosvenor Mansions,
Southall.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself.

I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will.

Believe me, this is quite true—every word.

Yours truly,
T. McVEY (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' AND HOT LEMON SMASHES COLD

14 Sutton Way, Heston,
Middlesex.

Gentlemen,

I feel it is my duty to write and tell you the benefit I have received from taking 'ASPRO.'

I am one of those people who are frequently catching cold, and sometimes being laid up for several days at a time, but now as soon as I feel one of these attacks coming on, I take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of hot lemon or milk. This breaks up the cold almost immediately, and within five minutes I am as right as rain again.

I shall never be without 'ASPRO.'

Yours gratefully,
WALLACE HENNING.

'ASPRO' AND HOT LEMON FOR 'FLU

16 Saint David Street,
Gwaun-Cae-Garwen,
Glam.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived from taking 'ASPRO' They do all that they are advertised to do; I have proved them in my own case.

I suffered from painful twinges of rheumatism—they relieved them for me. I also had a bad attack of 'flu. I took three tablets and a glass of hot lemonade; I was able to go to work next morning.

You can make what use you like of this letter, for, as I tell all my friends, "'ASPRO' is the goods."

Yours gratefully, DICK KINGDON.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited, Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

EXTRA TABLETS FREE !

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains two extra tablets.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are : (a) with a little milk, or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: Children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet: 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
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OR INSOMNIA
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COLDS
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IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
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The Suffocation of ASTHMA RELIEVED IN 5-10 SECONDS by JUST ONE TABLET of 'ANESTAN'

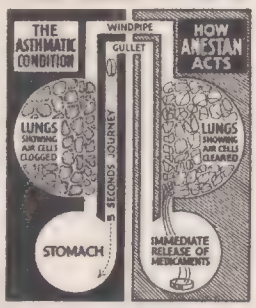
The FREE TRIAL SUPPLY will prove the truth of this astonishing claim to YOU!

THERE'S no doubt about the efficacy of 'ANESTAN.' Relief begins within 5 to 10 seconds because the "clearing" action of the curative medicaments commence immediately the tablet is swallowed. The highly dangerous and heart-straining coughing paroxysms cease and breathing becomes normal in a few moments. This gives rest to the tortured lungs, allows recuperation to start at once, builds up the strength and considerably lessens the likelihood of further attacks.

The intense joy and relief to body and mind experienced by those who have known the horror of fighting for breath is partly expressed in the unsolicited testimony printed below.

ALL the latest and most up-to-date resources of Medical Science have been compressed into 'ANESTAN'—a tablet certain of effect in

ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
WHEEZING
COUGHING
GASPING
FOR AIR
CHOKING
SENSATIONS
CHEST
TIGHTNESS
BREATHLESSNESS



'ANESTAN' WORKS WONDERS

"During the last two years I have had repeated attacks of Asthma as a result of continual colds. I have tried various remedies including injections of Adrenalin, but received very little benefit from them. Over Xmas I had a very bad attack and a friend of mine gave me two of your 'Anestan' Tablets. To say they are wonderful is not exaggerating, and I shall never be without them again. I am a fully trained State Registered Nurse."—*MRS. B. REES, CANTON, CARDIFF.*

NO DREAD OF THE WINTER THANKS TO 'ANESTAN'

"I shall certainly not forget to acquaint others of the relief I have derived by taking 'Anestan' Tablets, it's wonderful; one can scarcely realise the benefit in such a short time. I have no dread of the winter now, I feel I have a sure guard in 'Anestan.'"—*J. CHASE, LIVERPOOL.*

PUBLIC WARNING The medicaments in 'Anestan' Tablets are of the highest standard of purity, scientifically balanced to produce the most certain and definite therapeutic (curative) reactions on the system. Asthma sufferers are warned, in their own interests, rigidly to avoid all tablets offered as substitutes. Every genuine 'Anestan' Tablet is stamped with the word 'ANESTAN.'

USED AND PRESCRIBED BY DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS THE WORLD OVER. This means that 'Anestan' is genuine, reliable, and successful. 'Anestan' gives instant relief and DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR KIDNEYS.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

at 2s. 6d.; Double size 4s.; 4 times the size 7s. The effectiveness of 'Anestan' makes it well worth the prices asked. If any difficulty, order direct from the Anestan Co. (Dept. V), 180 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

ANESTAN BRAND TABLETS
ENDS ASTHMA IN 10 MINUTES

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send 3d. stamps for postage and packing of Free Sample and Descriptive Booklet. Write in Block Letters to avoid delay.

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ADDRESS .....

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ANESTAN CO. (Dept. V), 180 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Complete Story by Florence A. Kilpatrick

He longed for the ground to open and swallow him up. Instead the door opened....

Every Man should Marry

ON the face of the Rev. David Ingott was a look of distress. Pink, plump and placid as it usually was, it was now overshadowed with annoyance. He glanced moodily through his study windows which commanded such a pleasant view of the rectory garden.

"Is anything wrong, dear?" enquired Mrs. Ingott. All good wives are quick to note signs of displeasure on the husbandly brow. She laid down the sock she was darning. "Won't your sermon go right?"

"My sermons never bother me if I have nothing irritating on my mind," he retorted testily. "And I *am* irritated. I don't know what I am going to do about Lindsay."

Mrs. Ingott regarded him with astonishment. "Mr. Lindsay—the best curate you've ever had—an earnest and conscientious worker—a most charming personality——"

"That's just it, my dear. He is too charming. Far far too good-looking. The disturbance he is causing amongst the spinsters of the parish is most disorganising. I cannot close my eyes to the bitter quarrels that are constantly arising amongst the church workers. All the former harmony has vanished and jealousy reigns instead."

"You can't blame him for being handsome," objected Mrs. Ingott. "And he has such a sweet way with him." Over her face—as pink, plump and placid as that of her husband—swept a wistful expression. What was there about Mr. Lindsay's very presence that reminded you of days when you were young, gay and adventurous, when life was glowing with romantic dreams. Suppressing a sigh she thrust her hand in a sock and began to darn a hole in the heel. "I think he's got the sort of appeal that makes film stars so popular," she added.

HER husband looked scandalised. "My dear—that is hardly the sort of thing to say about the curate. Lindsay wouldn't like to hear that. But undoubtedly he is a—ah—disturbing factor. If only he would get married. I have sounded him on the subject but he appears to prefer celibacy. He wishes to devote his life solely to his work. Laudable—but—ah—unnatural. Every man should marry." The vicar's face wore the aggrieved expression with which the married man will often regard the care-free bachelor.

"I think he will marry, dear," said Mrs. Ingott soothingly. "The lucky girl will be Brenda Murray. Once she has got him you may be certain she will keep any other admirers of his at bay."

The vicar's brow became placid once more. "I'm glad you think so. They will make a handsome couple. She is a charming girl——"

"Fiddlesticks," interrupted Mrs. Ingott, stabbing sharply at the sock she was mending. "How can you men be so blind. Charming indeed! I've known Brenda ever since she was a child. She's a little monster—cruel and unscrupulous."

"My dear," interposed the vicar somewhat sternly. "Is that a Christian remark?"

"I don't know. Only it happens to be the truth. She means to marry Mr. Lindsay, and he has as much chance of escape as a kitten from a python. Such a pity when there are so many nice girls in the parish who are longing to look after him and make him happy."

James Lindsay would have been very surprised could he have overheard this conversation. Admittedly, he could not wholly blind himself to the disconcerting attraction he seemed to possess for women, and its embarrassing results. When he conducted the service from time to time the church was always packed; women from distant parishes came to hear him preach. And he was honest enough with himself to know that it was not his eloquence that drew them, for his sermons were not a whit better than the vicar's.

Since his arrival in the parish every marriageable woman in the district had become a church worker. The way they quarrelled amongst themselves was a scandal. Once indeed, over the harvest festival church decorations Brenda Murray and Margot Turner had disputed—yes, positively haggled on consecrated ground—as to who should decorate the font, and Mr. Lindsay had been called upon to arbitrate. Brenda had begun to cry and he, moved by the sight of her picturesque grief, had decided as tactfully as he could, in her favour.

Margot was not his enemy, while the incident had provided a little bond of sympathy between him and Brenda. But how petty and distressing was the spirit that was abroad. James Lindsay, who had a simple manly soul, longed for immunity from these unfortunate attentions. He pondered how he might escape them, not then being aware that Brenda Murray had decided on his rescue in her own way. She was aware if he was not just then—that he was coming under the spell of her undeniable physical attractions, thus the hopeless efforts of her rivals filled her with amusement.

THE love-sick condition of poor little Miss Merridew, for example, aroused her most malicious glee. Miss Merridew, who seemed born to be an old maid, gentle, retiring, plain, timid. Her adoration of James Lindsay was obvious to the most casual observer. At the mere sight of him she would turn pale, then flush deeply, and tremble if he addressed her.

"She makes herself look ridiculous," commented Brenda to her best friend, Mollie Trent. "It would do her good to give her a lesson." Suddenly she clapped her hands and began to laugh. "I've got an idea." She whispered into her friend's ear.

"Oh—n-no, you couldn't do that," protested Mollie. "A practical joke is all very well, but that might cause a lot of bother."

"Nonsense," protested Brenda, who had always revelled in the cruel type of practical joke. "Besides, she would never guess. Don't tell a soul. I'll do it!"

Unfortunately the joke did not involve

(*Continued on page* 82)

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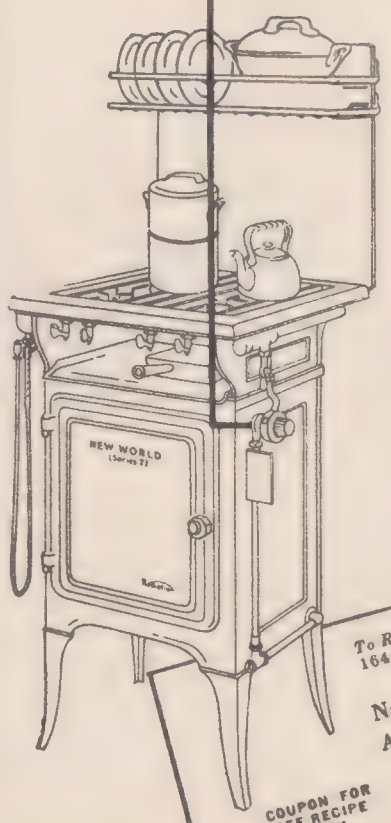

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CONTINUING

Every Man Should Marry

Miss Merridew alone. Exactly one week later James Lindsay descended to breakfast in cheerful mood, all unaware of the startling surprise that was awaiting him.

Beside his plate were several letters. One, in a small square envelope and addressed in neat handwriting he left until the last, perhaps because it looked the least interesting. It contained but a few lines and, oddly enough, did not address him directly. It simply began :

> Your letter has taken me so completely by surprise that I cannot find any fitting words to reply. That you should care for me—that all the time we have known each other you have loved me, and yet were afraid to let me know, it seems unbelievable. Did you not ever guess how deeply I have loved you too, so that my whole life is centred round you—oh, my dearest, I am so happy, but I cannot pretend to write all that is in my heart. Come to see me soon.—Briar Merridew.

He put down the letter with a hand that trembled. What could be the meaning of this extraordinary communication? Was it a hoax? Or simply the result of a practical joke?

After some reflection he felt compelled to accept the latter solution. Violent anger surged through him as he dwelt on the monstrous position in which he found himself. He must write to Miss Merridew—but no, he could not extricate himself by mere tactful phrases. He would have to see her, to convey as gently as possible that they were the victims of a cruel joke.

Striding up and down the room in agitation, he pictured the interview, and the more he considered the situation, the less he liked it. His frame of mind as he set out on his mission that same afternoon was that of a man about to face a firing squad.

Miss Merridew lived with her widowed mother in a square, old-fashioned comfortable house off the main road, when he presented himself the servant looked at him with a significance that he could not ignore. There was actually a hint of roguishness in her voice as she remarked : "Miss Merridew is expecting you, sir." And, relieving him of his hat and coat, she led the way into the drawing-room.

At any other time he might have noticed how cosy and cheerful it looked bright with flowers and books. But just then he was deep in the rehearsal of the forthcoming scene. As he stood before the fireplace, his hands thrust in his pockets, his moody gaze rested on the photograph of a girl in a large silver frame. She was very young, with wide smiling eyes, and a whimsical mouth—evidently some relation of Miss Merridew's he reflected abstractedly, since she dimly resembled her—only the girl was pretty and appealing, while Miss Merridew was not.

The door opened at that moment and the object of his anguished thoughts appeared on the threshold. He felt himself colouring violently. So great was his embarrassment that he could not find words to greet her, and heard himself stammering foolishly.

"I've just been admiring that photograph—a sweet expressive face. Is—she a relative of yours?"

Her face lit up. "A very near relation—myself, in fact, ten years ago—when—when I was seventeen."

He looked at her puzzled—he had always thought she was so much older than twenty-seven; and now as he studied her he was conscious of a change in her face—her whole bearing.

She was transformed, radiant. It was not difficult now to recognise in her the girl of the photograph. Her dress too, was different. Instead of the black or dingy brown which she usually affected, she was wearing a frock of blue material which matched her eyes. As she held out her hand to him, he saw that she was trembling.

"Please sit down," she said, conscious of his embarrassment and not, of course remotely sensing the actual cause of it. "We'll have tea . . . and then we can talk."

He was ashamed of the cowardice which made him snatch at this respite. Yet every minute's delay was making his task more difficult.

During tea their conversation was desultory and touched upon parish gossip and church work in which she was as interested as he. Almost he began to feel at ease again. Only when the tea tray had been removed did he realise that he could no longer put off the moment of explanation. Avoiding her eyes, he began in a low voice.

"That letter you received from me in which I . . . I . . ."

"In which you proposed," she supplemented softly, "I have it here . . . it has never left me for a moment since I received it."

He thrust his hand distractedly through his hair. God, this was going to be worse than he had even imagined. It might have been wiser after all if he had written an explanation. How was he to find words that would soften her humiliation? In silence he took the crumpled letter she held out to him.

It was a poor counterfeit of his handwriting, he thought grimly, and the stilted phrases lacked any pretence at literary style. Neither was he capable of the split infinitive on the second page. Dimly he felt that this was the work of a woman's hand. Yet who could have stooped to play this despicable trick upon them both? He resolved that he would employ every means in his power to discover the culprit.

"Are you . . . you vexed about anything?" asked Miss Merridew timidly, puzzled no doubt at the indignation flashing in his eye and tightly compressed lips.

"Not with you," he replied. "I was only thinking what a feeble letter this is, I wonder that it imposed on you."

"Imposed on me?"

"It is so badly expressed . . . so . . . so actually illiterate. Oh, can't you see——"

"Don't say that." Her timidity seemed swept away, she drew herself up proudly. "It is the most beautiful thing I have ever read . . . a golden dream that has come true. I loved you from the first moment I saw you, James. I have treasured every word you have said to me, your most fleeting expressions. You have never been out of my mind, sleeping or waking——"

"Don't . . . please don't," he interrupted brokenly. "I am so little worthy of this." Deeply embarrassed, he turned aside his head to avoid her glance.

She stretched out a cool hand and laid it on his.

"Worthy? How can you say that? I can never express in my poor words what I feel. I have worshipped you, never for a moment expecting any return. I was content to go on loving you all my life in secret, content just to see you, and now I know that all the time you were loving me too . . ." her voice quivered . . . "it seems more happiness than I have deserved."

Tears were in her wide blue eyes as she raised her face to his, her lips were parted, the faint flush of the wild rose was in her cheeks. Looking at her now he saw the girl of the photograph, shy, sweet, tender.

His embarrassment augmenting, rendered him speechless; he was in an agony of distress that she, so sensitive should thus reveal her innermost thoughts to him . . . God, when she knew the truth, would her modest pride ever recover from the blow? How would she receive the knowledge that she had offered her love where it was not wanted?

And how was he to reconcile his conscience, to undertaking the brutal task of telling her? What words could he choose that might soften her humiliation? There were none—none in the whole of his vocabulary. She was gazing at him now in an adoring way waiting for him to speak . . . perhaps to take her in his arms. Distractedly he ran his fingers through his hair, observing that his brow was moist. In all his life he had never had to face an ordeal like this.

He took a deep breath, sat bolt upright, averted his eyes, and began.

"That letter which you received—it—it——" he paused again, longing for the ground to open and swallow him up. The ground did not open, however, but the door did—to admit Miss Merridew's mother.

In direct contrast to her daughter she was a large, masterful, self-confident woman. She wrung his hand warmly.

"How are you, Mr. Lindsay—or I suppose I must call you James now," she began in a hearty voice.

This was terrible—it was getting worse every moment. No stag at bay could have looked more hunted than Mr. James Lindsay at that moment. To the surprise of both ladies he now murmured something about a vestry meeting that required his immediate presence, though all knew perfectly well that it was not the hour of vestry meetings. But it gave him a excuse to escape, and soon he was walking rapidly along the road in the direction of the vicarage.

He was resolved to ask the advice of the pink, plump and placid Mrs. Ingott who seemed born to solve the problems of so many of her husband's parishioners.

She listened in silence as he blurted out his tale of woe, though she had no trace of doubt concerning the author of that disturbing letter. At last she spoke.

"The mischief is done now. Whether you explain in words or write, Briar would never get over the shame and humiliation ——"

"But if I go away, she might forget. No one else but ourselves would know." He sprang up and began to pace the room.

"Go away! Fiddlesticks! That's a cowardly sort of escape. Do you dislike her?"

"Certainly not. I think she's . . . er . . . very nice."

"H'm. She's more than nice. She's got charm and sweetness, *and* a private income . . . Don't start back like that. I see you've understood my meaning. Listen, young man, I remember when Briar came home from College ten years ago she was the prettiest and liveliest girl in the district . . . but her mother dominates her. She's got that kind of overbearing personality. Now if Briar were married she would blossom anew."

"I won't hear any more of this," he broke in violently. "The idea is preposterous. I haven't thought of marriage."

"Then it's time you did. You're far too good-looking to remain a bachelor. You're a menace to the peace of any parish. Every man should marry," she added unconsciously quoting her husband.

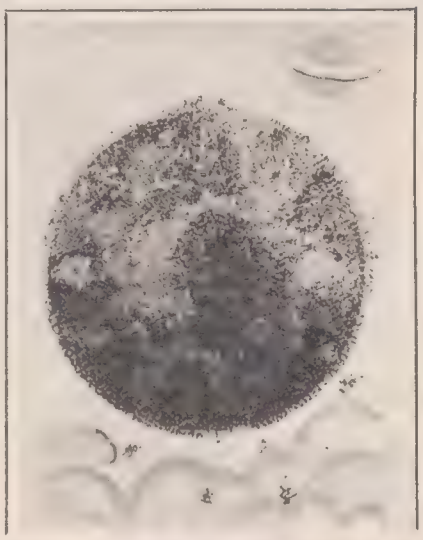
"You're lucky that Briar loves you. She'll make an ideal wife . . ."

There was a long, long pause during which Mrs. Ingott found her heart throbbing violently with anxiety. Then he spoke.

"Briar," he said thoughtfully. "An uncommon name . . . really quite charming . . . Thank you for your advice, though I don't see how it is possible for me to act upon it."

Strangely enough Mrs. Ingott was not so discouraged as she might have been by this remark. For when James Lindsay departed she observed that he paused at the gate, broke off a sprig of the flowering sweet briar that formed an archway, and after only a moment's hesitation, set off on the road that led to Miss Merridew's dwelling.

"Looks as though he is going to start his courting," she said aloud, with the rich, rumbling chuckle peculiar to the plump. "And Briar will never never know that she exercised her right and proposed in leap year!"



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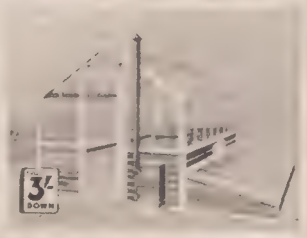

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YOU think this boot and shoe business is perfectly simple, don't you? You think it is only a matter of going into the nearest shop, spending 15/-, or 15/- plus a pound or two, according to the size of your allowance, and coming away with the perfect boot or shoe.

Maybe you are right, but only in so far as you yourself are concerned. Actually there is a lot more to it than that, although the rest concerns such diverse people as scientists, engineers, chemists, colour experts, cameramen, designers, artists, hosiers, furriers and cloth-makers, to say nothing of the factory workers who take their names from the many departments through which the leather, or suede, or linen passes before emerging finally as a boot or shoe.

All these people are jointly and vitally concerned in producing that shoe you take so much for granted, and often ill-treat by putting it to warm before the fire, or overworking when it needs a rest as much as you do. And you, you women, I mean this time, grossly lack "shoe-consciousness." You will, in the words of one of your own sex, "go out and buy the last minute hat with never a thought for the shoe on your foot." Unpardonable neglect!

I have been looking into this shoe business lately, and a fascinating probing it has been, too. Once upon a time a strip of papyrus held on the foot by reedy thongs sufficed; also once upon a time gaily coloured footwear boasted as many jewels as an emperor's crown (Sir Walter Raleigh's bejewelled shoes were worth £6,000 in the currency of his day), and now the brains of twenty different sorts of experts are brought to bear on this shoeing problem.

What! You were not aware a problem existed? That, again, comes of the habit of taking your footwear for granted. The Government have shown awareness, and have offered the trade's official research body a grant of £5,000, to swell their total to £12,000, all to meet the expenses of research.

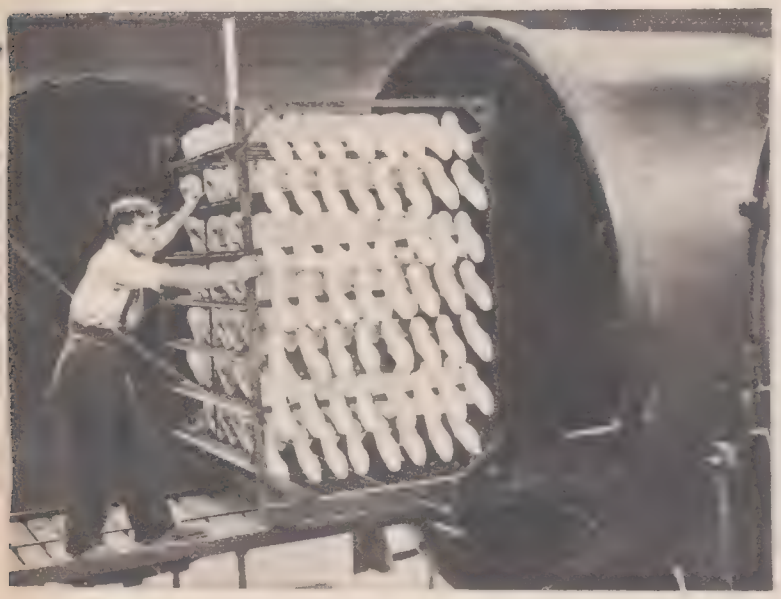
There is, in fact, a multitude of minor problems which may be said to resolve themselves into one big problem: whether to go all out for the perfect foot and so simplify the shodding of humanity, or whether to seek a system of adaptations sufficiently flexible to guarantee a million different feet the perfect covering.

And "perfection," let it be understood right away, is a term used in this work in its most comprehensive meaning. It is not confined to the cut or line of the shoe, its design or decorativeness. It includes with these such details as quality and durability of the material, its suitability to different occasions or in changing weather, its capacity for absorbing dyes, comfort in wear, a healthy as well as a becoming protector of the foot. But it does *not* include an ambition claimed as an achievement by the Cuban cobblers, who offer their customers "boots to create activity in dull feet." These clever boots do the trick by tickling the soles of the feet with spirals of fine wire.

I think it can be said with some truth about the "Gentle-Craft" that it is the only industry in the history of man whose progress, continuous through the centuries, leaves no room for fault-finding. You look at serried rows of modern villas, replete with every known labour-saving

EYES *on your* FEET

by FRANK D. LONG



shoes, as well as sandals, were used by the Greeks. The shoes were doubtless developed from sandals by the substitution of upper leathers for strap fastenings; and the extension of the upper leather beyond the ankle constituted boots. Greek women were in the habit of richly decorating their boots with ornaments fastened round the ankle; and according to Plato, the young Athenians were particular about the elegance and style of their footwear."

That was 2,500 years ago. The Plato of to-day, if quoted 2,500 years hence, would read, "English women were in the habit of going about with bare legs, much to the chagrin of the shoemakers, who blamed this inelegant habit for the general lack of shoe-consciousness and the consequent slovenliness in footwear. It was said in the third decade of the 20th century that women made the seaside resorts dowdy by 'slummaking' about in a sort of sandal wear."

Note, it is because the serious-minded shoemakers of to-day have taken this state of affairs to heart that they are trying so hard to restore the prestige of footwear in the estimate of values in human apparel; it is one of the reasons for the search for the "perfect" shoe.

Looking back once again down the corridors of time we see, according to the "Historical Account of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers," that "So important was the shoemakers' art in Rome—and so extravagant the taste of the citizens in the ornamentation of their shoes—that the fashionable shoemakers became wealthy enough to give public entertainments to their fellow citizens. Roman ladies generally wore white shoes and as many as 22 different shapes were fashionable. Ordinary citizens wore black, Senators red. An ivory crescent was the most favourite ornament, being supposed to denote either patrician descent, or to represent the numeral, "C," alluding to the 100 Senators first chosen by Romulus, as part of the Governing body."

At this time Britons were wearing shoes of cowhide, with the hair turned inward. This was little better than a bag roughly shaped to the foot. A move towards real boots and shoes began with the Anglo Saxons, and slipping a century or two, we find that Henry I enacted a law that "preests should not haunt ale houses, and further that they should wear apparell of one manner of colour and shooes after a comelie fashion."

Henry III celebrated all the great festivals of the Church by giving shoes to the poor, costing 5d. a pair, and to the Friars, which cost 10½d. a pair. A hundred years later a great advance had been made in design; an advance in more ways than one since the point (and a sharp one at that) was carried two feet in front of the toes. Whether my lords, knights and esquires used the points for making sitting uncomfortable for lowlier folk, or an unspurred wave of disgust caught the popular feeling is not known, but at all events the people petitioned Parliament in Edward IV's reign to scotch this monstrosity.

Edward's reply was an enactment which strongly savours of class prejudice since all those people with money enough to buy cracowes, as they were called, were excused the discipline. Here it is: "No knight under the estate of a lord, esquire or gentleman, nor any other person, shall use nor wear shoes or boots having pikes or points exceeding the length of two inches, upon pain of forfeiting to the King for every default 40d., and if any shoemaker shall make any pikes for shoes or boots for any of the said persons contrary to the said ordinance he shall forfeit to the King for each default 40d."

But a sore populace weren't standing for this, and soon afterwards their agitation brought another enactment, which read: "No cordwainer within three miles of the City after Easter, 1465, shall make any shoes, galoches, or husseaus with any pike or poleyn exceeding two inches, or shall sell any shoes, etc. on Sundays (the wardens of Cordwainers to judge) on pain of 20s., whereof 6/8 to King, 6/8 to Cordwainers Company, 6/8 to informer." (That 6/8 has a familiar legal ring!)

That killed "the pike or poleyn" but the shoemakers were gifted either with a sense of humour or the spirit of cussed contrariness, for they said, in effect, "All right, if we can't stick out at the front, we'll spread out at the sides. There's

device, and start murmuring at once, "But they don't build so solidly as they used to." Almost everything you observe about you to-day seems to drag some fault out of the cupboard as if the overlord, time, would check an overweening self-satisfaction. But not so with boots and shoes.

The fact of the matter is that shoemakers have, from time immemorial, taken their craft very seriously. The old cobblers' shop was no place for idle flippancy; that sort of thing wouldn't fit in with the atmosphere of a place where responsible work was being done. In Yeat's *History of Commerce* it is recorded that, "Pericles and Socrates often went to the shop of a shoemaker called Simon for the purpose of discussing political and philosophical questions. Socrates, whose disregard for heat and cold was remarkable, did not, however, wear the boots made by his disputant, for, like many others, he usually walked barefooted."

Then comes the comment, "Boots and

(*Continued on page* 86)

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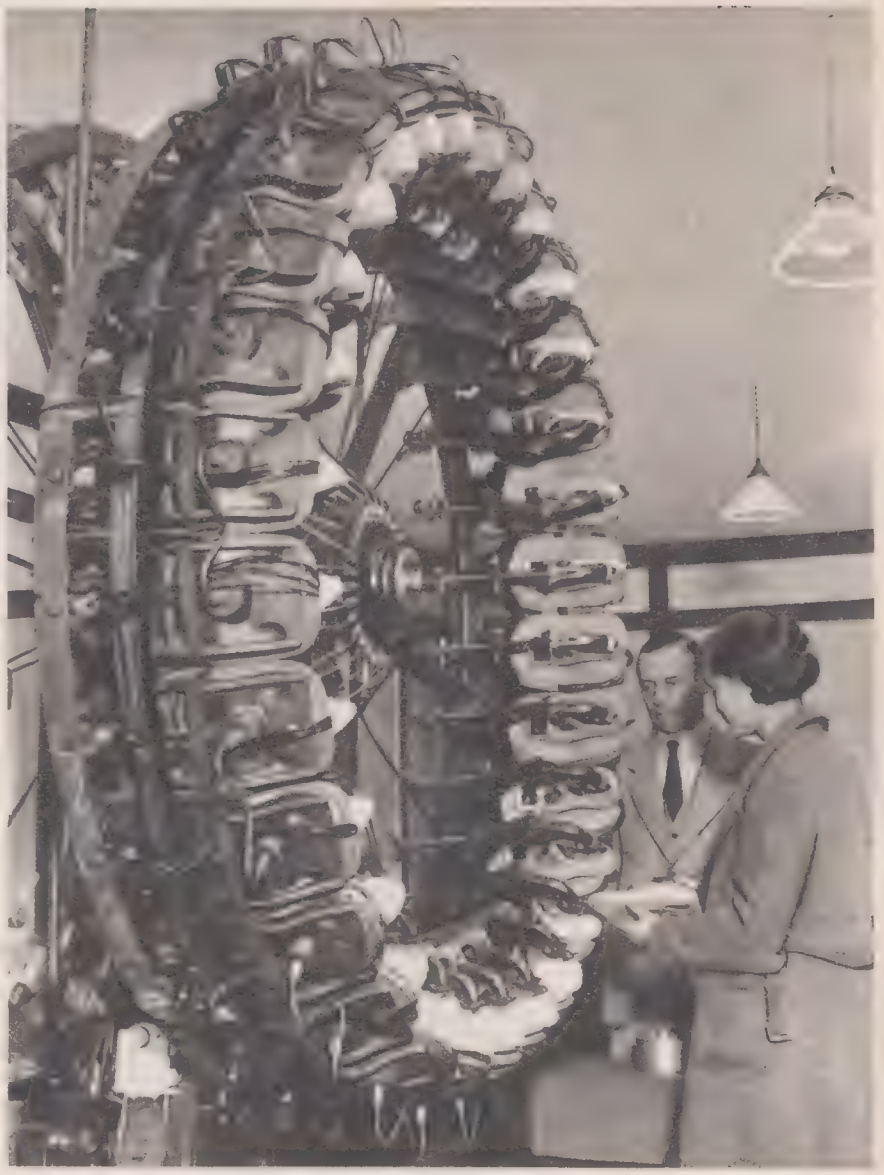

Another process of modern footwear manufacture. This huge revolving wheel welds thirty shoes at a time.

CONTINUING

Their Eyes *on your* Feet

no law agin that." But there soon was, and this restricted the width of boots and shoes to "twelve inches across the toes." Restricted, mind you. And here lurks an unsuspected peril; these enactments remain the law to-day!

About the same time that Raleigh gave us the boon of tobacco the cordwainers introduced their own contribution to human comfort, to wit, pumps. Curiously enough they were created especially for footmen, who came to be known as "Pumps." It used to upset his regal dignity—and still does, so go easy with your "Pumps" if you number footmen among your acquaintances.

From this time forward, so history records, there has been no very "radical alteration in the fashion of boots or shoes. The boots of the Commonwealth period increased in breadth at the top, and during the reign of Charles II were lined with a profusion of costly lace. Jack Boots, clumsy and stiff, came in with William III, and his Dutchand were thus named from being made, like the drinking vessels called 'Black Jacks,' from 'jacked' leather. In the early half of the 18th century fashion compelled monstrous flaps on the instep, diamond and paste buckles and red heels. In 1770 ladies shoes changed from high heels and pointed toes to low quarters and very flat low heels, finished with plaited ribbon and a small tie, which developed into the horrors of the early 19th century, heelless slippers, with elastic across the instep, over white stockings and the accompanying atrocity of elastic sided boots."

There have of course, been numerous changes in the processes of manufacture, most of them since that eventful year, 1853, when Thomas Crick, of Leicester, startled the shoemakers' world by taking out a patent for "Inside Rivets." His father had been a "translator" now less poetically called "boot repairer," and both Crick senior and Crick junior were keen experimenters until young Thomas hit on the method of screwing an iron plate on to the wooden last and then riveting new soles to the old shoe. Thomas's patent allowed for the shoes to be turned after being riveted, thus keeping the heads of the rivets inside the shoe. He hid them by pasting a parchment slip over them, bearing the words, "Crick's Patent."

Apart from a strange device, facetiously called "a haporth of machine," all work was hand-done until Isaac Brunel invented a real machine for making boots for the Army and Navy, in 1810. There followed numerous other machines and in time, almost inevitably, the riots, strikes and lock-outs, which marked the advent of machinery in several industries in the middle 19th century. But this is no place to discuss that part of the story.

An increasing population made a steadily increasing demand upon the trade, and superbly equipped factories developed in Leicester, Norwich, Bristol, Leeds, Stafford, Wellingborough and Kettering, finding employment for many thousands of operatives. The annual footwear bill of the nation is over £40,000,000, and last year more than 130,000,000 pairs of boots, shoes and slippers were made in England.

But the special movement from within to maintain that record of unbroken progress is by no means new. It may be said to have begun with the inauguration sixteen years ago of the British Boot, Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association. For thirteen years Mr. H. Bradley, D.I.C., has been director of research, and to-day there are fourteen people working in the London laboratories of the Association.

It is here they are tackling that intricate problem, how to achieve perfection in shoemaking, and in between whiles answering an infinite variety of technical questions submitted by members of the Association. Five thousand inquiries were submitted last year whilst scientific research was carried on relating to problems of production, materials, management, shoe design, feet and lasts, distribution and staff liaison.

I rather fancy Mr. Bradley despairs of solving the problem of how to achieve the perfect foot. "You see," he confided to me, "the trouble is so many parents forget that baby's foot has no bones. It is as soft as jelly and because baby doesn't cry when it is squeezed, either affectionately or in socks a size too small, mother doesn't suspect that any harm has been done. In this way millions of tiny feet are ignorantly pressed into taking the wrong shape. Nearly all big toes, by the time the real bone-forming has begun, are bent inwards. Other toes are bending under, or enlarging at the joints.

"The result is not that shocking thing we have in mind when we speak of a deformed foot, but all the same these are deformities. One or more, in varying degrees, occur in the vast majority of feet and in consequence footwear needs must vary considerably if the wearer is to be comfortable. I see little hope of creating, or perhaps one should say developing, feet without blemish, since we should need the co-operation of every parent, the medical profession and, possibly even Parliament.

"But we can discover more about the foot than is known to-day with a view to creating the perfect footwear. We have done something towards that end with our foot measuring instrument and the shadowgraph. But it is not really sufficient to have only measurements of the foot when stationary, at rest and freed from the weight of the body. These must be supplemented by a knowledge, either qualitative or quantitative, of the requirements of the foot in motion.

"As yet very little is known in this direction and experimental investigations of a most fascinating kind are still awaiting to be done. For this purpose we are using a slow-motion camera in an effort to learn more about the change in conformation of the foot during walking. At the same time we are studying closely how shoes of various designs and constructions behave when distorted during the wearer's normal walking step.

"In the case of normally healthy feet whose arches have not broken down there are three main points of pressure, namely under the heel, the inside joint or ball, and the outside joint. We want to know a great deal more than is now known of how the body weight is distributed among these several points of support and how this distribution changes during walking. This is particularly important knowledge in connection with the design of shoes to prevent foot ills or to alleviate existing foot troubles.

"So far we have had to take our slow-motion pictures in a film studio, but our plan is to do this work here in our own laboratories. The proposal is to erect a moving platform on which a person can walk in a normal manner without moving away from a particular spot and to take motion pictures of the feet with and without shoes. In this way the successive conformations of the feet, as well as the deformation of the shoes, will be observed and studied.

"With pressure bladders and thermo-couples built into the insoles the varying dispositions of the body weight during the course of each step will be recorded and the gradual rise of temperature of the foot covering will be observed as the individual continues to walk for long periods. The effects of different kinds of materials, the consequences of various designs of shoes, the influence of different heel heights, studies of gait with the possibility of its specification and identification; in the direction of all these items may we expect this 'research on walking' to yield valuable information. We have already discovered much from the films taken at the studio, but I cannot reveal this to the public before presenting it to my Council."

Independent of the Research Association, but co-operating with it where interests unite, is the British Colour Council. This is an organisation for the collection of all the information regarding colours as they are to be used in industry and the subsequent distribution of the information to the different industries concerned.

Thus, the boot and shoe trade needs to know which colours will be fashionable twelve months or even eighteen months ahead. The tanners in particular need to know to afford them some guide in their dyeing. It would be an expensive waste to dye thousands of rolls of leather or suede blue if the demand is going to be for green.

Footwear must tone into m'lady's general ensemble, mere man, of course, does not enter into this. Wool manufacturers agree among themselves as to the colours their product will appear in not less than a year ahead, and their decisions are communicated to the Colour Council.

This information is passed on to the furriers and silk hosiers, who thereupon decide upon shades to blend their product with that of the wool manufacturers, having been assisted by the experts at the Colour Council. The tanners and the shoe makers are then informed of the varying colour schemes which will be fashionable in m'lady's general ensemble in a year's time, and a "colour card" is prepared.

This "colour card" sets down the colours which will be fashionable in boots and shoes a year hence, since, to be in the fashion, certain colours must be worn to harmonise with the fabrics, furs and hose. With such definite information in their possession the tanners dye accordingly, and the shoemakers concentrate upon designs adapted to the chosen colours.

Thus is the "Gentle-Craft" of the cobbler of old merged into a federation of services, the ultimate aim of which is to clothe our bodies with an artistry that takes no toll of our health. And the scientists, engineers and chemists, successors of Simon, who talked so wisely to Pericles and Socrates, are bringing all the accumulated knowledge of the centuries to bear upon the problem, how to get the perfect shoe to fit in with that perfect ensemble.

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Vital points such as the high carbon content of the steel used both for the lugs and tubes, and the method of welding and brazing, are other features that have defied competition, whilst the finish, both of enamelling and plating, is a much superior and a more costly process than that in use in any other cycle factory.

The frames, too, are built upon jigs set to correct angles, and here a point may be emphasised. Unless a frame is scientifically constructed in this way, perfect alignment is impossible. On perfect alignment depends easy running and steering. The design of the Raleigh is the result of long years of study and practical experiment, and the angles are set with a dual purpose, first to distribute the weight of the rider in such a way that it will fall properly on the wheels, secondly, to secure balance so that the effort of steering is reduced to a minimum.

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Wind —Which Terrified Me...

Destructive as were some of this winter's gales in Britain, they were gentle breezes compared with the sub-tropical hurricanes which sweep Florida, blowing trains off the track and littering the sea-coast with wreckage like that above.

by J. D. Gardiner

I CROUCHED with all the fear of the unknown biting at me—I could *see* that wind hurtling towards me at fearful speed, could see the trail of havoc and destruction it left in its wake. Have you ever felt that sensation? Have you ever seen a narrow column of wind and dust curling heavenwards yet speeding towards you with seeming awful finality?

You too would crouch, you too would suddenly flatten to the ground, clawing at the nearest handhold which would be an anchor in what would seem an eternity of terror.

It was in Sabine . . . it is in my memory for ever. Two, perhaps three minutes, I fought to keep my body to the ground, yet felt as if all the powers of the air were gripping me in one colossal uplifting urge. My nails were mired with my own blood and the dirt at which I had clawed, and even now my heart pumps when I think back on the fierce endeavour I made to keep my body to the ground.

That was my one and only experience of a whirlwind, in some parts of the world known as a tornado. A wind by any name, however, is just as nerve-shaking, just as destructive, when it takes upon itself the velocity of an express train.

We have already experienced severe gales this year and we know what it is to bend to the whip of what Beaufort would have termed a number twelve wind. Did you know that the winds were numbered? Did you know that from balmy breezes to hurricanes had been graduated by Admiral Beaufort for the benefit of meteorological records?

The Top Number

That gale which swept the southern half of England during the middle of last September had a wind velocity of over 67 miles an hour . . . now you know what a hurricane feels like, what it is to be battered by a number twelve wind. Tiles were swept off, trees felled like brittle sticks, hoardings thrown over like cigarette cards . . . Beaufort made that his high number. The hurricane force.

Go to the West Indies or the Southern Pacific and you will hear that the hurricane is a revolving storm . . . I met with one soon after leaving British Honduras once. Rain fell like sheets for awhile, suddenly to be turned into wind-hurled bullets of water, smacking viciously, stinging the flesh almost unbearably. Then the hurricane itself, a might of roaring terror, stood the rigging taut as a bow string, sweeping loose gear away into the depths of night.

I for one am glad that our country is not in the tropics.

The hurricane is known as a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and if you travel to the North-West Pacific or the China Sea you will hear it spoken of as a typhoon. Still, whichever part of the world you happen to meet this type of revolving storm, you will find it just as powerful, just as nerve-racking and destructive.

Only a Gale!

When I first travelled to a distant country the weather for the initial stages of the sea voyage appeared to me to be terrible, and I commented upon it to the old seamen. What a laugh! That which I fondly imagined, and feared, as being a great storm was but a half gale—number seven on Admiral Beaufort's scale. I could hardly imagine that wind and sea would ever be able to combine terrors greater than that. I *know* better now, know what it is like to experience every stage of wind on the Beaufort scale, and over it, too.

Calm is 0 on the scale, as it should be; light air, light breeze, gentle breeze and moderate breeze are numbers one, two, three and four respectively. Five and six are just fresh breeze and strong breeze, the latter having a velocity of about 25 miles per hour. Then comes that velocity of 28 to 33 miles an hour, the half gale, number seven, which once I considered to be Nature's worst.

Within a year of experiencing number seven I had learnt what the wind really can do when it gets into its stride—discovered, too, that a vivid imagination does not help when the moan of moving air works up from fresh gale force (40 miles an hour) to strong, heavy and thence on to storm force, with a velocity of anything up to 65 miles an hour.

Luckily all winds do not work upwards to the top numbers of Beaufort's scale every time.

I never remember hearing winds given a name in these islands of ours. We appear to have such a variety of breezes that it has been impracticable definitely to label a type of wind, or perhaps it is because we are fortunate enough not to be pestered with a regular visitor in that form.

Round the Clock

Often have I heard other nationals remarking upon such and such, which eventually I learn is the local wind. Take for instance Wellington in New Zealand. "Southerly Busters" is part and parcel of the vocabulary there, and I have many times heard the old gag that you can always tell a Wellington man, in any part of the world, for he always holds his hat when turning any corner. In the Gulf of Mexico we used to experience a nasty drop of wind known locally as Northers. The distinctiveness of these winds was the speed at which they materialised, and many times I have seen ships cut their moorings to get into deep water and away from any damaging anchorages.

The Chinock really does sound like an American-Indian term and it is the name of a wind which is peculiar to the locality of the Rocky Mountains, but its European counterpart—in fact there is a great similarity between the two—is known as the Föhn, and has its area in the Alps. Obviously the physical make-up of a country has much to do with the type of wind which is most frequently experienced.

Once when in Port Said I heard mention of the Levant, but have never been able to trace any official confirmation of such a wind. But, we used to note that during the twenty-four hours the wind would veer completely round "the clock," gradually changing direction until the whole 360 degrees of the compass had been traversed. Particular notice was taken of this, for at the time we were loading coal and inevitably the dust travelled with the wind and we knew no peace or cleanliness.

The Sirocco blows from the South-East—a Northern African "local"—is hot and dry, and if ever you cruise in the Mediterranean you are almost certain to learn of this wind's warming powers. Farther along that mighty continent of Africa—in Egypt to be exact—you will meet the Khamsin, which one acquaintance of mine described as being not so much a wind as a mobile sand strafe.

Sand Storm

In practically every country winds have been given names, but few really give any indication of what that particular wind is noted for or the season in which it blows. The Bora is an Italian wind, cold nor'easter, whilst the Mistral is known to many of us who have had the opportunity to travel or take holidays in the South of France. That happens to be a nor'westerly visitation.

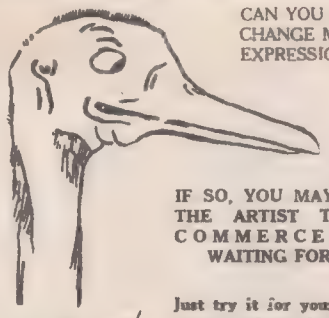
Down in the Argentine we used to be rather annoyed by the Pampero, a mighty wind which would rise from the vast plains and blow like all the furies of the nether region for hours and hours. Going up the Rio de la Plata for the inland ports meant being smothered with insects and flies blown from the long grasses, whilst out to sea meant a swell which caused incessant rolling.

Nobody seems to know exactly where storms or violent winds originate, for in certain parts of the world they appear to form in mid-ocean miles and miles away from land, and yet others appear to be born in mid-desert, rising to greater fury as they travel from their place of origin.

Just Wind

A wind by any name, however, is just a wind. . .a storm is but a wind which has exceeded the speed limit of 56 miles an hour; a hurricane is a revolving storm, but the wind is there just the same, only instead of being a straightforward movement of air it takes on the rotating motion which creates unheard-of havoc. Cyclone, typhoon, tornado, pampero, southerly buster, or any name you care to think of, we in this country are satisfied to just call them winds. There are occasions when we go so far as to say a wind of hurricane force created chaos, but our conservatism refuses to allow any cognomens to be handed out.

Even the numbering of winds, as by Admiral Beaufort's scale, is only done by meteorological experts, seafarers and airmen. Most of us just say, breeze, gust, puff, or, now that winter is hard upon us, WIND with a slight emphasis to show that we know the wind we refer to was just a little over normal.



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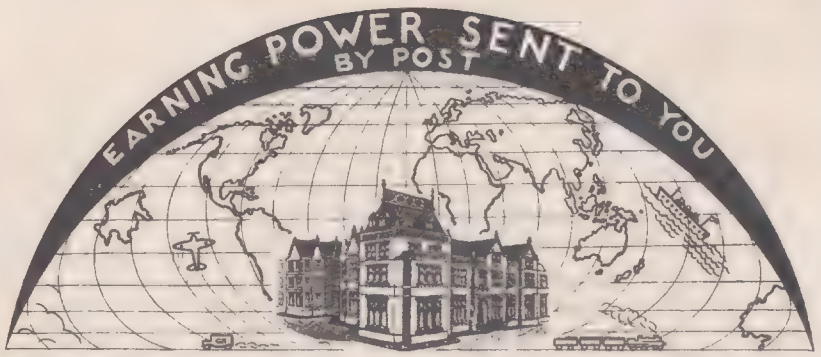

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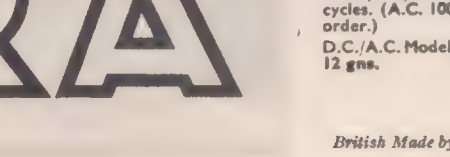

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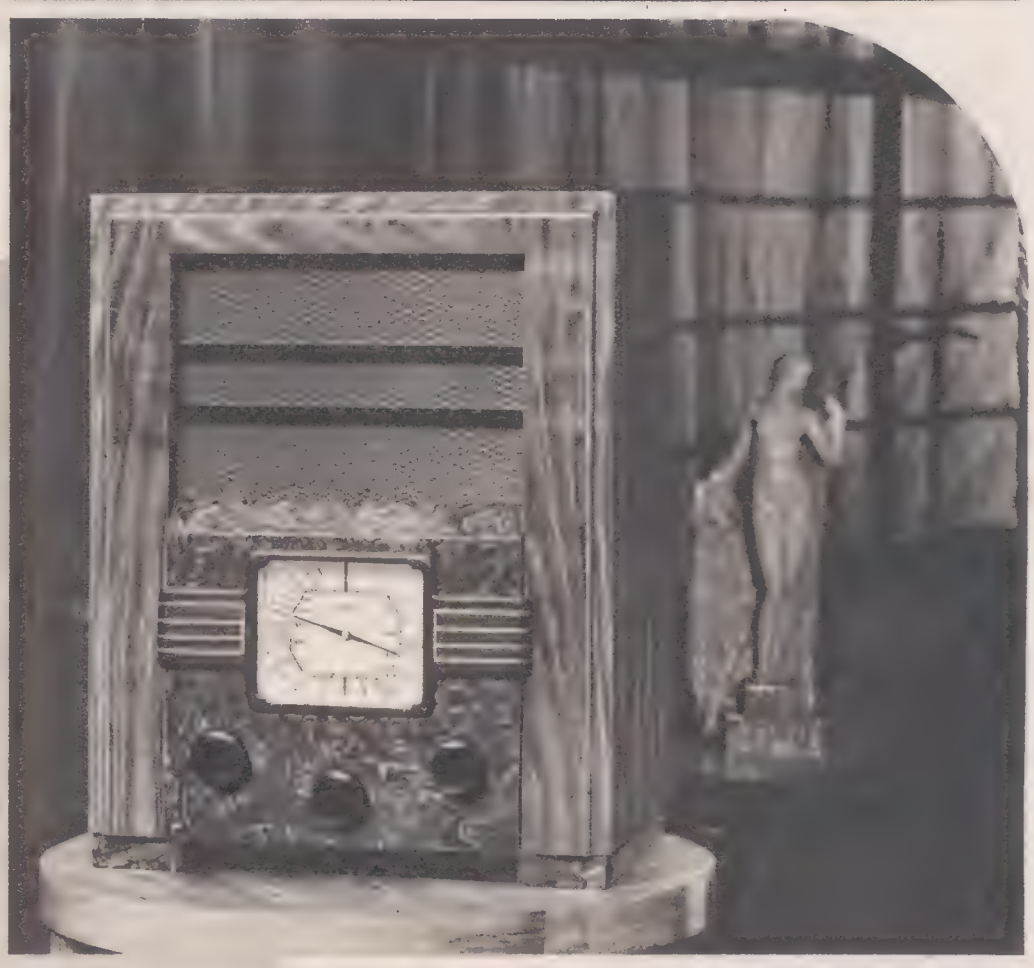

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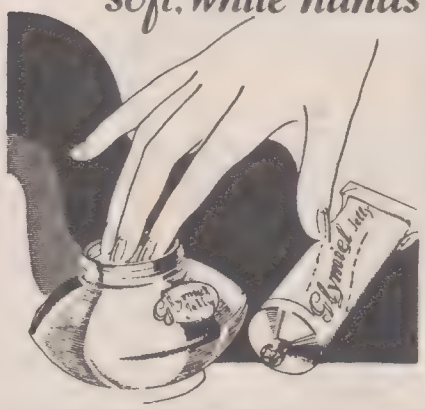

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Short Story by
Mary Heaton Vorse

"Don't you remember how he swore at you and told you to make your dog leave his things alone?"

Perfect Husband

WHENEVER Elizabeth Palmer went to see her cousin Jim's widow, she had a guilty knowledge that her visit was caused as much by morbid curiosity as by sympathy.

She couldn't keep away from Leonore; she had to see what new addition to the Legend of the Perfect Husband Leonore had made, what new way of cheri shing Jim's memory Leonore had invented. Since Jim's death, Leonore had gone through life a person set apart by sorrow.

"If I'd only looked upon his dear face once more!" she would exclaim, out of a clear sky.

But poor Jim had been crushed beyond recognition in a railway accident, and only by his watch, which had been luckily left undamaged, and his wallet, had he been identified.

A strange thing was happening to Jim Evans; not only had he been so defaced that he could not be recognised, but now he was being obliterated. Bit by bit, Leonore was changing him.

The old lovable, irritable Jim was being changed over into the Perfect Husband, the Romantic Lover that Leonore had wanted but had never had. It was like watching a slow and subtle murder of a personality to see Leonore at her work.

Leonore had changed as much as she had changed Jim. Her resigned look had turned to something exalted; her air of a misunderstood wife doomed to live with a man indifferent to the higher things of life, that had gone, too. The lavender she wore ("Dear Jim hated mourning") became her.

How had the Legend of the Perfect Husband come about, Elizabeth often wondered; on what had it been nourished? How had Leonore wiped out of her mind episodes like the time when Jim had thrown out of the window all that menagerie of quaint china animals Leonore kept on the dresser, saying that he'd be damned if he'd knock over another china elephant when he was looking for a stud.

Poor Jim! How he had suffered over Christopher Robin. Elizabeth could still see him gritting his teeth behind the newspaper as Leonore carolled at the piano: "Christopher Robin goes hoppity, hoppity, hoppity, hoppity, hop!"

The white scar at the corner of his mouth which hardly showed at other times would flush bright red. He had got it in the war together with the wound in the leg that made him a little lame.

It didn't seem possible that one could come in now and find Leonore sadly humming Christopher Robin ditties at the piano—because "dear Jim loved them so!"

But Jim's old hatred of Christopher Robin had dropped into the same oblivion as had the memory of Jim's obstinate silences when he wouldn't speak for fear of the angry words he might say.

"You mind my word, Elizabeth," he'd mutter. "One of these times when she starts reading aloud bits from the paper, when I'm reading, too, something's going to happen."

"She's so good, Jim," Elizabeth would remind him.

"Oh, don't I know it?" Jim had groaned. "Seriously, Elizabeth, I'd clear out except that I've made my bed, and I've got to lie in it. Good! I'll tell the world she's good! Good as gold, true as steel, and talking baby-talk! And when I think that Leonore was as good as engaged to David Strong, and I took her away from him for no better reason than that he won the chess tournament from me."

As Elizabeth ran up the steps one day, she speculated, "I wonder what new line Leonore is going to take to-day. Well, I'll soon know."

And sure enough Leonore said with a wan smile: "It seems so strange that Puff is here when Jim is gone!"

Puff pranced up and down. Jim had hated all toy dogs, especially toy poodles.

"That's one of the strange things about death!" said Leonore. "A man's dogs go on living and his personal effects go on living, and his old clothes."

"Aren't you ready?" Elizabeth interrupted. "We'll be late for the matinee. It takes over half an hour to get to Shaftesbury Avenue."

"I've only got to change my shoes and put a little powder on my nose."

Elizabeth looked around the room. It had become a sanctuary commemorating Jim. There was Jim's picture on the table in the silver frame; three little snapshots of Jim when he was a baby. By them was a vase of lilies, and on the piano the music of what Leonore called "Jim's favourite songs."

On the top shelf of the bookcase was a collection of quaint animals, the very ones Jim had thrown out of the window. "They amused Jim so." In front of the fireplace was Puff's basket, "He always was Jim's dog."

When Leonore finally returned, her eyes were bright.

"Elizabeth mustn't scold Leonore," she said coyly. "Leonore's got a secret for 'Lisbeth."

Something was up, thought Elizabeth. Leonore hadn't talked so much baby talk for a long time.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Give you three guesses," said Leonore, mysteriously.

"I can't guess, Leonore," said her friend.

"It's David Strong!" Leonore brought out. "Isn't it marvellous! Nine years, and out in China as he was; do you know, he hadn't heard about poor Jim, and he's never married!"

Now, thought Elizabeth, wouldn't that

(*Continued on page* 92)

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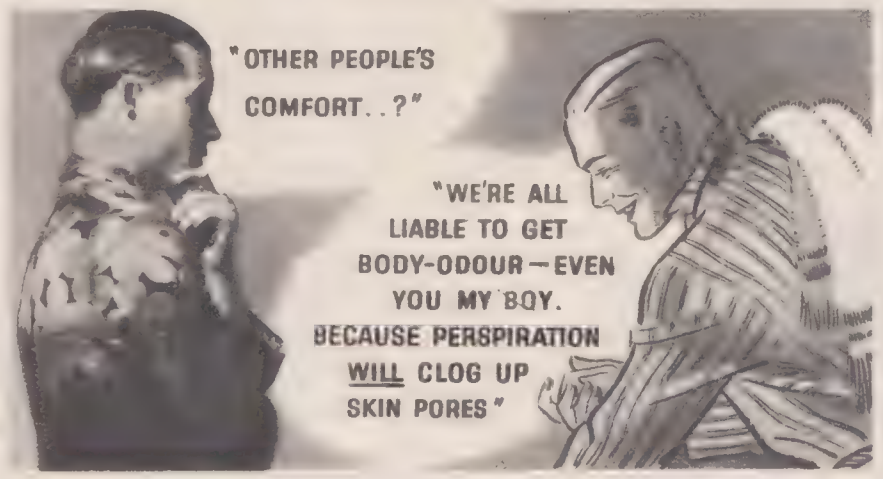

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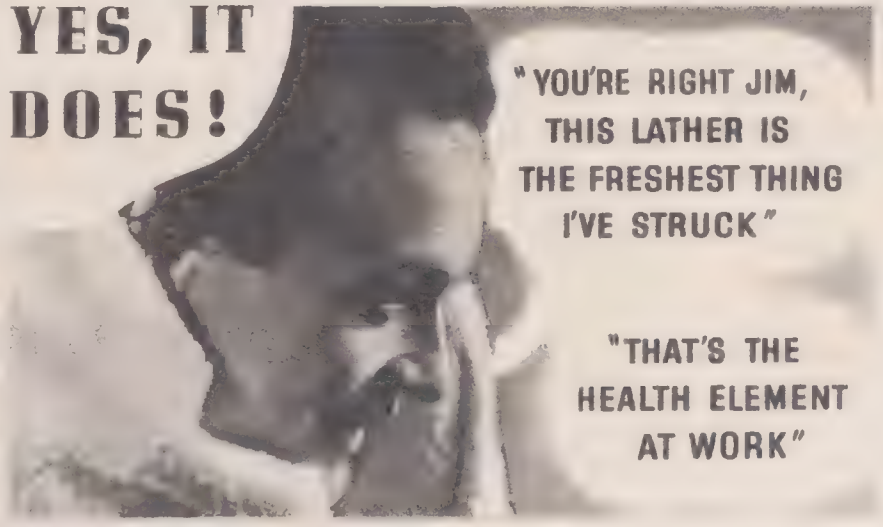

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CONTINUING

Perfect Husband

be wonderful! Wouldn't it be just a miracle if David would marry her and take her back to China. But, she reflected, things like that couldn't possibly happen. Here was Leonore nine years more faded, and still doing all the arch little tricks of her girlhood.

But it looked as though it might happen. Whenever Elizabeth came to the house, there would be David Strong, large and serene.

Or Leonore would telephone not to come this afternoon because she was going out with David.

One afternoon Leonore 'phoned Elizabeth:

"I wish you'd come over and go to a film in town. I've got to do something, I'm so lonely!"

"There," thought Elizabeth. "I knew it. David's gone away without asking her. She probably called him Ducky once too often."

Leonore was sitting in a room that smelt like a conservatory, so full it was of flowers. She waved a pale hand.

"David's goodbye flowers."

"Oh, Leonore, has he gone?"

"He hasn't gone, but we've said goodbye."

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"It wasn't fair to him," said Leonore, "since, of course, I couldn't marry him."

"Since, of course, *what*?" screamed Elizabeth. "You mean you wouldn't marry David Strong, a man who's loved you all these years, with a splendid position, good-looking—and lonely as you've been! Have you gone crazy, Leonore?"

"Oh, Elizabeth," said Leonore, "I thought you'd understand! When a person's had a perfect love like mine and Jim's, one can't—one simply can't—take a substitute! I love dear David, I appreciate him! But, oh, Elizabeth, he's not my Jim!"

Elizabeth wanted to scream: "I should say he wasn't your Jim! Perfect love! For heaven's sake, Leonore, don't you remember the days Jim wouldn't speak to you, and his scar would stay red all day? Don't you remember how he'd tell you to make your damned dog leave his things alone? Don't you remember the time he swore at you because you went back to get things three times, and you cried?"

Try as she might, Elizabeth was unable to break through the edifice that had been built up around Leonore.

All the way to town she kept telling herself that Leonore must marry David. She must. Leonore was gentle but obstinate.

As they were walking through the Underground at Piccadilly Circus, Elizbeth began again:

"But when you're so fond of David. When you know what loneliness is like——"

"I'll never feel I'm anyone else's wife but Jim's."

"But think of living alone with nothing but Puff and Jim's pictures and David gone—David, whose love for you is as perfect as anything in this world. How *can* you send him back to China alone?"

"I don't know," said Leonore, "I don't know!"

The worst of it was you could see she was suffering. It was a gesture like suttee.

They walked on in silence through the station, contemplating the blank space David would leave—and there walking toward them was Jim Evans!

Not his ghost, and not someone who looked like him, but Jim Evans himself, coming directly towards them!

You would have known him without the slight limp and the hairline of a scar which ever so slightly pulled down the right-hand corner of his mouth.

He carried a suitcase and walked slowly along toward them. He seemed not to have seen them. He didn't even turn his eyes fleetingly towards them.

But as he passed within six feet of them, Elizabeth could see the little scar turn bright red as it did when he was excited or angry.

It seemed to her that it had taken a very long time for him to cross the distance of the station. It seemed as if when he came towards them she could see the edifice of Perfect Love crumble about them.

She didn't dare look towards Leonore. She continued as in a bad dream to walk towards Jim Evans, who was limping towards them slowly with the thin scar pulling down his mouth.

Elizabeth knew what had happened. If she had seen him do it, she couldn't have known better. "*If I ever had a chance to beat it.*" "*Sometimes I feel I can't stand it.*" "*Some day, I'm going to have amnesia.*"

There'd been a wreck, and he'd been in it, and there was a pyjama-clad man crushed out of recognition, on whom Jim Evans had left his wrist watch and his papers, and he'd been free.

Now, here he was come back from the dead, walking across Piccadilly Underground towards them.

"Oh, poor Leonore," thought Elizabeth. "Oh, how awful, how perfectly awful to know your husband hated you so much that he'd give up his life to get rid of you! How will she survive? How will she hold up her head?"

With an effort like lifting the pyramid single-handed, Elizabeth went on with the conversation of a minute ago before the earthquake, before the end of the world.

"You've no right," she went on, "to let David go out there alone. You owe more to the living than the dead!"

"I suppose I do," Leonore murmured.

"Of course you've let your absorption in your grief make you selfish," Elizabeth brought out, wondering at herself.

"I owe David something after all these years of perfect devotion, don't I?" Leonore murmured tonelessly.

Elizabeth wanted to put her arms around Leonore and say, "Don't be so brave. Don't try to be." But she couldn't, not in the face of Leonore's grey, quiet face. She said with false heartiness:

"Of course, you owe him something! I'm glad you see it at last."

"If you like to lend me your foil after this, I'll show you the Scottish Sword dance."

Passing Shots

"Ducklings make excellent rissoles with a little bacon," a chef tells us. Isn't it astounding what our feathered friends can be taught to do?

◆ ◆ ◆

"Although I race both greyhounds and pigeons, I am always out of pocket," declares an M.P. And out of breath, too, we should imagine.

◆ ◆ ◆

A boxer's wife complains that too much fighting is making her husband very absent-minded. There is, of course, nothing more nerve-racking than living with a man who counts ten every time he knocks out his pipe.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Intelligence," asserts a novelist, "handicaps women." Yes, but not many.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Now and again when in London," writes a correspondent, "one comes across able-bodied men who seem to do little else but attend house-warmings." That is so. They generally wear navy-blue suits and large brass helmets.

◆ ◆ ◆

Experiments are now being made in America with tinned onions. Can that sob-stuff.

◆ ◆ ◆

We read that there is a plan on foot to popularise soda-water as a refreshing drink. But it will probably be Scotched.

◆ ◆ ◆

During an angling contest on the South Coast, one of the competitors hooked only an old shoe which he took home with him. We should have liked to have heard his description that evening of the pair of Wellington boots that got away.

—and Slips

Another Impending Apology.—"Women's Institute—A crowded meeting was held last week when nominations took place. One *huge* member was enrolled."—*The Advertiser & Gazette.*

For Doctoring the Accounts?—"He had failed a few weeks previously in the accountant's *inter-medical* examination."—*News Chronicle.*

It Must Be Strong.—"Their old strong ale in bottle or draught is in great demand. *If you decide to try you will regret it.*"—*Sussex Daily News.*

A Verbal Battle?—"Then the pair closed in again and were at it hammer and *tongues* when the gong went."—*Belfast News Letter.*

Money Talks.—"A crowd of £4,000 greeted the result with the ringing of handbells and loud cheering."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

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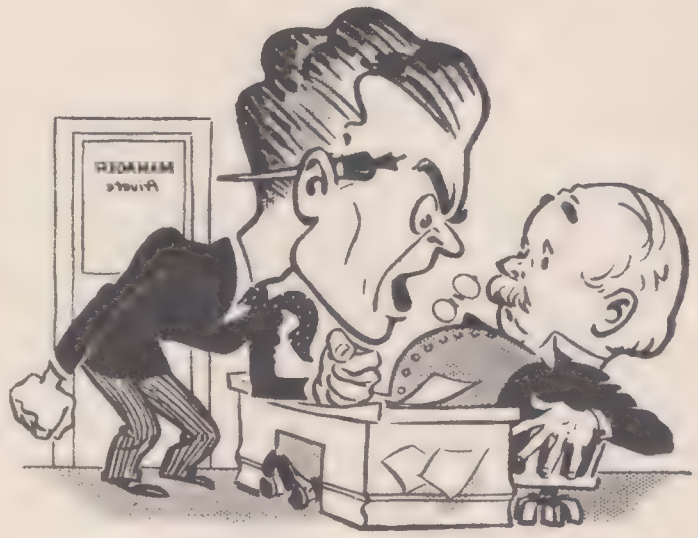

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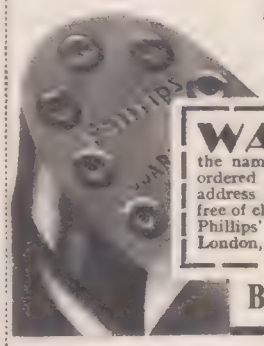

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BY

SHELL

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THIS story takes me half round the world and the end of it, as far as I was concerned, must have left a charming American lady sadly bewildered and more than a little doubtful of my sanity. I do not blame her. I should have thought the same in her position. But she could not have suspected the queer sickly feeling that still comes over me at times—particularly at that time in Territet when I turned on my heel and almost ran for it, leaving her standing wide-eyed in surprise.

In 1927 I had not long come down from Cambridge and was pleasantly occupied making a leisurely tour of the world at my father's request. I had been in Tahiti and crossed the North American Continent from Los Angeles to Chicago. Films and stories of gangsters always fascinated me, but I must say Chicago disappointed me. In spite of the fact that I looked for it, I never saw anything at all resembling riotous disorder and shooting.

I left Chicago, the Windy City, for Detroit, in the neighbouring state of Michigan, to look over the famous motor-car factories, in that crystal clear autumn weather for which America is renowned. One evening I had occasion to visit a well-known city dentist whose office was located on Dearborn Avenue in one of the few old (and therefore conspicuous) buildings left in that modern street of towering skyscrapers. I was strolling along this street in the direction of my hotel when a rather short, stocky man accosted me and asked if I could spare a dollar. I dived into my wallet and handed him a crisp new bill which he immediately pocketed with a brief "Thank you!"

He then inquired where a certain hotel was located on the Avenue, and, as I knew it to be only a block or so farther down town, I told him if he cared to walk with me I would be pleased to show him. We walked down the street for several blocks and although my new companion spoke little, I had the opportunity to take closer stock of him. I put him down as an American of Southern European extraction, and as a matter of fact I was just on the point of asking him where he came from when he made some unintelligible remark and moved towards a jeweller's store window. Out of curiosity I had followed him to see what had drawn his interest when I felt a crushing blow which sent me half sprawling into a dark alley running by the side of the store.

The man whipped out a wicked-looking automatic and calmly asked me to hand over the contents of my wallet.

Having performed this office to his apparent satisfaction and incidentally increased his material wealth by some fifty dollars, he then proceeded to stuff my pockets with all kinds of jewellery, rings,

I was pretty desperate now and decided to take a chance.

pearl necklaces, diamonds, while he explained rather incoherently that the police were hot on his trail as he had been concerned in a robbery. All he needed was the money I had been forced to give him to make a "get-away" and if they caught him he didn't want to be found with the jewels on his person. He then bade me a somewhat hasty farewell, his last words being "Don't say a word to anyone about me or how you got the stuff, and don't go to the police if you want to live to be an old man! So long, Buddy!"

It all happened so swiftly that I was at a loss. My pockets were bulging. What was I to do with the jewellery? If it was genuine, and I saw no reason to doubt this, it must have been worth many thousands of dollars. I stood in the darkness of the alley for a while, thinking. The alternatives were: (1) to take it to the police, (2) to keep it indefinitely, (3) to throw it away, (4) to advertise in a newspaper with a view to returning it to the owners.

I rejected (1) because it would have necessitated giving evidence against my "hold-up" friend. (2) I rejected this idea because it meant keeping property of value which was not rightfully mine, and also because so long as it was in my possession the gang would probably attempt to recover it. (3) I decided against throwing it away down a drain or into a garbage can because it seemed improper to dispose of valuable property which belonged to other people in this manner. (4) This idea was quickly turned down because it would have certainly brought me into contact with the underworld who would then have discovered my name and address if they hadn't done so already.

Suddenly, I decided to transfer my burden to the shoulders of another. Maybe it was a coward's way out, but I admit to being badly rattled. I was in a strange country, and, say what you will, an automatic is an ugly thing to face. Lots of people are shot in America.

In the old building where my dentist was located there was an extremely stupid looking negro who worked an old-fashioned rope elevator, and I decided to make him, willingly or unwillingly, the recipient of the spoils. I found my way there without any difficulty and fortunately discovered the same man working the lift. I told him to take me up to the 11th floor and as soon as we got under way I grabbed him by the collar, and began to take handfuls of the stolen jewellery out of my pockets, cramming it into the breast of his open tunic.

I was feverishly anxious to rid myself of this dreadful stuff, and the last item on my person was a diamond-and-ruby

Magnificent Birthday Offer

TO celebrate its 21st Birthday, THE PASSING SHOW this week offers to its readers a Presentation without precedent in weekly journalism. It will thrill all who love their homes.

This amazing Presentation is a 47-piece Cabinet of Cutlery! It includes even a carving knife, fork and steel. All the contents are of superb make and finish. The cabinet itself is a work of art in Jacobean oak.

Think of it! Do more—make it yours. Turn to pages 5, 6 and 7 and take the first simple steps to-day.

The TAIL I *Bent*

pheasant with the initials "J. A. T." It was at the bottom of my side pocket and as I tugged to withdraw it the tail bent.

The negro was speechless with amazement and fright, and his large black eyes looked as if they would drop out of his head. The whole affair could only have lasted a few seconds.

I pulled on the rope again and, reaching street level, stopped the lift and stepped out once more into the crowded street feeling a great sense of relief at being rid of the "evidence."

However, my peace of mind was almost immediately shattered by a man of enormous proportions who placed a fleshy hand on my shoulder and abruptly informed me that I was under arrest.

He said briefly, "You dirty crook. I saw you take the jewels from that little wop, and now you are coming along with me to headquarters."

A police badge was on the inside of his coat, and altogether he looked a very formidable person. I told him how I had disposed of the stolen jewellery, but he laughed contemptuously and refused to believe my story. So together we set off on foot for the nearest station-house.

After a block or two this man turned down a side street with his hand still on my shoulder, and in a flash he knocked me down, whipped out a gun and asked me to hand over all my cash. I had no money left now with the exception of a few pieces of silver and my traveller's cheque-book. Also, I was pretty desperate by now, and decided to take a chance. Quickly I kicked the gun out of his hand, and drove a vicious punch into the lower region of his ample vest. These tactics were successful in giving me time to rush to the corner of the avenue and jump into the first taxi which appeared on the scene.

The driver asked: "Where to, mister?"

"Anywhere you like," I told him, "only go like hell!"

By this time I was in a state of panic, but I remembered a judge whom I had met on the boat from Honolulu to San Francisco. He had been very friendly, and I still had his card in my wallet. Handing it to the driver, I said, "Take me to this address."

It was about 30 miles out of the city, but we were there within an hour. On arrival the butler informed me that my friend had been away on vacation, but was expected back later that evening.

Briefly explaining what had happened, I asked the butler to pay the taxi in exchange for one of my traveller's cheques and then I was shown into a sumptuous library and a decanter of mellow bourbon whisky and a large bottle of ginger ale were placed at my elbow. I helped myself rather liberally to the whisky, and awaited the arrival of the judge. He arrived about eleven, and seemed very surprised to find me there. I told him everything that had happened on that eventful evening, and asked his advice.

He said, "Well, young fellow, what can you expect if you talk with strangers on the street?"

After I had finished my story I felt sure that he knew a lot more about the activities of my two assailants than he cared to tell me. However, he told me on no account to return to the city and sent his chauffeur to settle the bill at my hotel and collect my baggage. After the car had returned with my trunks he then gave the chauffeur instructions to drive me to a railroad station some sixty miles distant, where I caught the first train for New York.

Of course, it was a huge relief to be on the train, travelling east, but it was nevertheless some time before I felt thoroughly safe again. I have never returned since to Detroit, and I thought that I had safely put the memory of that evening behind me.

Last year I was at Territet, Switzerland, on my way home from the Tyrol, when I decided to present a letter of introduction to some people who lived up on the mountain side beyond the end of the funicular railway. I arrived for tea and was cordially welcomed. In particular did I enjoy the company of a young widow—an American, whose husband had been a well-known stockbroker in New York. My host and hostess pressed me to stay the night, and I returned to my hotel to fetch my clothes.

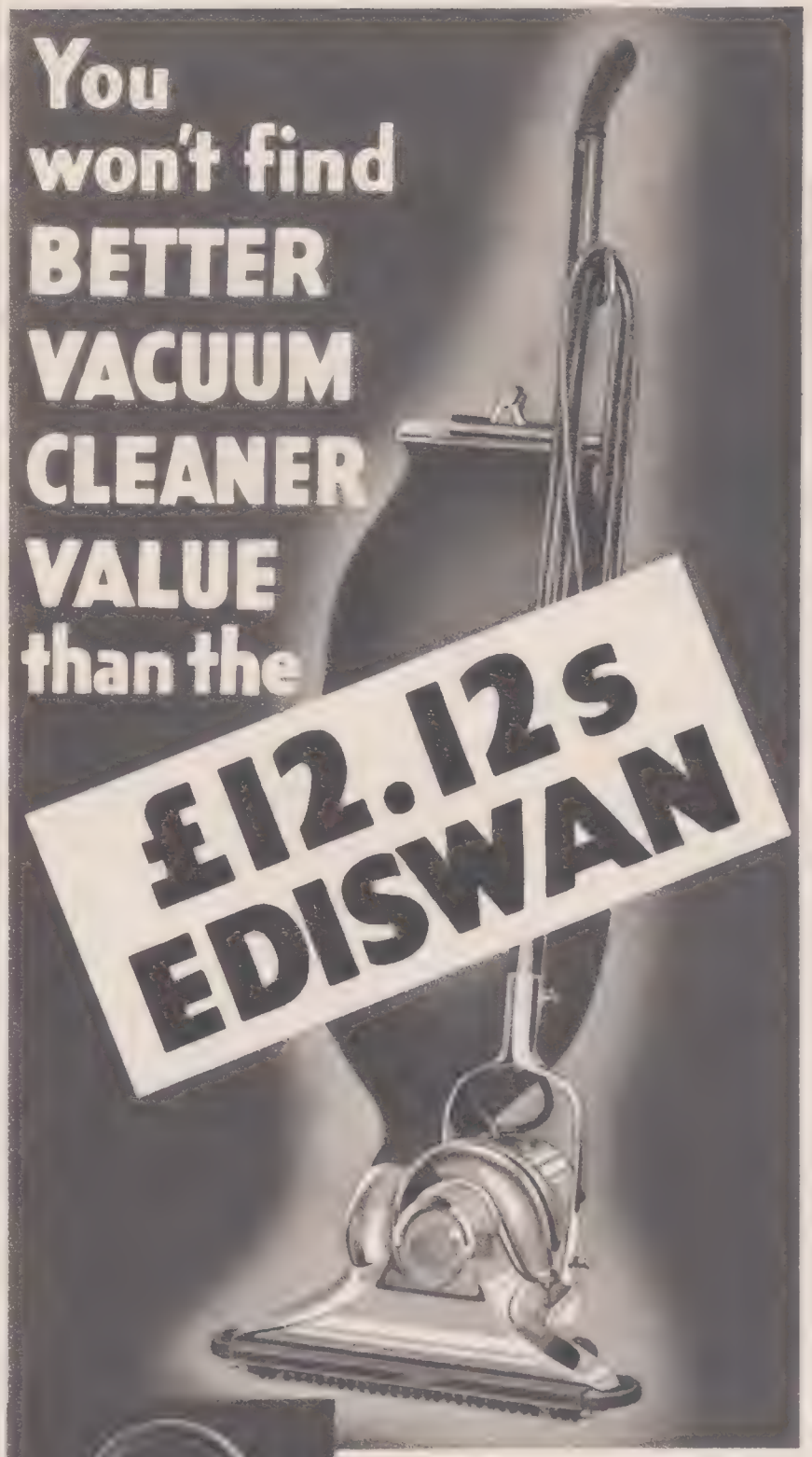
I changed for dinner that evening in my bedroom that overlooked Lac Leman, and was looking forward to an enjoyable evening. Mrs. —— was in the morning room when I got downstairs, sipping a cocktail, and I joined her, waiting for our host and hostess. Suddenly I saw *the* golden pheasant brooch on the shoulder strap of her gown, and my face must have looked queer, for she moved stiffly away from me.

The initials "J.A.T." were there in a disc under the bird's feet, but as if to prevent any mistake the tail was still slightly bent where I had tugged it from my pocket.

I tried to smile, and pass the business off. But the memory of that gunman, and the big fellow who played the part of a detective, that negro's bulging eyes in the lift, and my race for the taxi-cab—all this came back to me so strongly at the sight of that pheasant that I found myself on the run again. I cannot explain my panic, even to-day. I only know that I could not stop myself.

I ran straight out of the house and arriving at the station took the next funicular back down to the lakeside. I left for Paris next morning, having debated the advisability of writing a note trying to explain. I decided not to write. I left my things at that house and I have not seen them again. I do not expect the people had any address to send them on to, anyway.

I have often wondered what the American lady thought of me. Sometimes I think that the end of the business was the strangest. I would give a good deal to know by what devious paths that pheasant brooch got into her possession.



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PAY IT *with* FLOWERS!

LAST YEAR we said it with flowers to the tune of something like twelve million pounds. Rather unexpected, that; the figure for the whole of the United States was little more than half as much again. But statistics show that you and I are becoming flower-conscious in a big way. There is definitely a boom in blooms—especially British ones. So much so, indeed, that a vast new market was recently put up at Spitalfields to help cope with it.

Spitalfields is actually the largest vegetable market in the world. Flowers used to be all mixed up with the spuds and cabbages; tulips and daffodils and what-not separated by perhaps half a mile of shops. And mighty irritating buyers found it !

To-day they are grouped together in one scientifically planned building. No windows, you observe; only a couple of long skylights facing north. Strong sunshine is Public Enemy No. 1 here—flowers so easily lose that schoolgirl complexion.

Just about now the spring flower season reaches its peak. Every night great loads of blossom are put aboard lorries and high-speed "perishable" expresses which race through the dark hours to catch the market. Narcissi, daffodils, anemones, tulips, roses, violets, mimosa from Scilly and the Channel Islands, the Home Counties, Penzance, Spalding and the Continent. All picked while still in bud and expertly packed in wooden boxes. Often they travel hundreds of miles by land and sea. But any of them could be on your dinner-table well within twenty-four hours of picking.

Upwards of 10,000 tons of flowers come to market during the spring season alone. Think of it. Over two million boxes containing altogether the staggering total of 600 *million* blooms.

"Find out some more," they told me, "and bring back a buttonhole for the Editor." Obviously that meant Covent Garden. And there I talked "shop" for more than an hour with the chief of the biggest of the flower-broking concerns.

"Few people have any idea of the enormous quantities of flowers being grown," he said. "More and more every year, as a matter of fact. Take carnations, for instance. Most of them come from half-a-dozen nurseries within 25 miles of London. At each there will be not less than a quarter of a million plants."

I heard, too, about the gigantic Uxbridge nursery (a world-beater for size) which has 1,000 employees. It regularly turns out an annual quota of well over a million dozen carnations—80,000 dozen a week sometimes—and a million or so chrysanthemums. Not to mention a quite incredible number of bulbs that they force as well.

Carnations, incidentally, boast nearly the oldest history of any of our garden or greenhouse plants. The Greeks had a word for them. So had the Romans. And it was William the Conqueror who first introduced them into this country. Not then the lovely, exotic-looking things we know to-day, of course, but carnations nevertheless. They were prime favourites of the Tudor garden, too. Shakespeare mentions them several times, though usually by their old-fashioned charming name of gillyflower.

Endless experimenting by generations of gardeners has evolved the modern perpetual-flowering variety which will bloom the year round almost indefinitely. A big glasshouse sheltering maybe 15,000 plants is an amazing sight. Rank upon rank of glowing colour massed against the grey-green foliage.

Each plant is carefully trained in a cage of wire and string that keeps it upright and prevents straggling. Mighty necessary this—some of them reach the astonishing height of 6 feet or more and may yield as many as 100 flowers.

Scientific methods employed by British growers are producing finer carnations and a wider range of varieties than anywhere else. In autumn, indeed, when the big Carnation Show is on, buyers come to it from all over the globe.

A few weeks more—and the bulb fields of Lincolnshire will be as gay as those of Holland.

Carnations now grow six feet high.

by L. G. Branson

Oh, yes, and there is now even a "carnation service" for the smart man-about-town, if you please. Payment of a subscription ensures daily delivery of a fresh neatly boxed carnation. Red or white to choice—but red is more chic.

Properly treated, carnations will last in water for days. Here are a few tips straight from the expert's mouth :—

Clean out your vases with hot water.
Put the flowers into a deep vase so that water gets well up the stem.
Keep them out of a draught.
Don't keep them in a hot and stuffy room.
Change the water often.

And that goes for other kinds of flowers as well.

Prodigious numbers of roses, also, are brought along under glass. Mainly in the Cheshunt area, which produces the bulk of the supplies for the whole country. Birmingham, Manchester, in fact all the chief provincial centres, are fed from it. Here, again, a crack grower markets anything up to a million blooms a year.

"Roses actually have the largest turnover of any flowers," this broker remarked. "Though carnations run them pretty close, with chrysanthemums a good third. During the height of the season in June we handle about five thousand boxes a day, holding roughly three dozen roses apiece. A tidy-sized bouquet, that."

People buy most flowers during Christmas week (in two days this firm has taken as much as £5,000 for one grower alone). Next best is the week ending with Good Friday; followed by the one before Whitsun. You won't guess the *worst* two weeks last year, though, I'll wager—the Jubilee fortnight ! Business was terrible then. And extra flowers had been grown in anticipation of a record demand.

"By the way," he shot at me as I left, "it may surprise you to know that nowadays 90 per cent. of the flowers sold in this country are British grown, too. What's more, in spite of falling prices, their quality is rapidly improving. So you're getting better blooms for less money."

Ever been in Covent Garden at the retail rush period—round about six-thirty in the morning? Since the small hours railway delivery vans—the Flying Squad, they call them—have streamed in with probably 100 tons of fragrant freight. In next to no time it is on the move again; to every part of London. Fast cars dash off loaded with boxes. Taxis, too. But you can still see many an old donkey and barrow.

By Jove, here is a consignment from that remarkable Cornish farm run by Canon Andrews. Four years ago this bachelor clergyman knew nothing whatever about farming. Nor did his ex-batman housekeeper, Fred Morley.

Now they supply some of the best hotels in the West Country (and three London ones) with flowers, vegetables, poultry, eggs and fruit. That's in addition to sending any amount of stuff to Covent Garden, mark you. And the farm that began in a rectory garden has grown sufficiently to take on thirty-five unemployed men.

Some growers handle the selling side of the business as well. Particularly in the case of pot-flowers which, by the way, are tremendously popular just at present. The majority, though, prefer to leave it to brokers who deal direct with the retail shopkeepers, the flower "girls," and the hawkers.

I learnt quite a bit about hawkers. The best of them are as sound judges of flowers as anyone. They buy the right stuff and let you have it for the right money. But there are others that pick up late at rock-bottom prices whatever happens to be left over—and sell for as much as they

(*Continued on page* 98)

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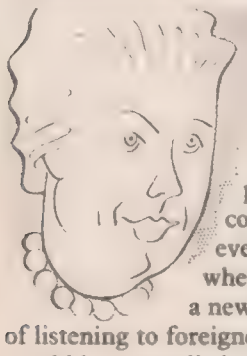

Mrs. Miles

is probably the B.B.C.'s most ardent admirer. Her passion for Commander King-Hall is, of course, common knowledge, and she wouldn't miss her evening tryst with Ambrose for the world. So that when her husband offered her the world, in the form of a new Ferranti All-Wave Receiver, and dilated on the fun of listening to foreigners, she was a little alarmed. She imagined that she would be compelled to listen to dance music played by exotic instruments and talks uttered in outlandish tongues, but she soon found that the new set brought her all her pet performers with greater ease and certainty and with more faithful reproduction than ever before.

Mr. Miles, horrer. is one of these gypsy listeners. There is nothing he likes better than to roam around the world for his entertainment, and no set could indulge this preference better than his Ferranti All-Wave. It is plus the 19–51 short-wave band, which means that he can listen to world-opinion *in English* from important Continental centres Italy, the Vatican, Germany, Russia, the League of Nations—Stations *not receivable at all* on ordinary sets. On Sunday, too, he is offered a wide range of listening, day and night, although Mrs. Miles doesn't think it is quite right that he should be able to overhear the amateurs who operate on the 19–51 waveband, and which *he* finds highly interesting and amusing.

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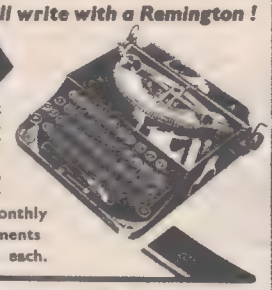

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Continuing

PAY IT *with* FLOWERS

Bargaining in the new Spitalfields Flower Market.

can get. Watch out for these smart guys. Otherwise you may pay through the nose for your flowers.

Curiously enough, lavender time brings in an entirely different sort of hawker; a semi-gipsy type that the market never sees at any other period of the year.

A month or so ago I paid a flying visit to Spalding, capital of Tulipland. They took me in the early morning through some of the immense glasshouses and packing sheds where scores of jolly, rosy-cheeked girls were sorting, tying, boxing, masses of gaily coloured blooms. It is always summer here.

This Lincolnshire bulb flower trade gives one a pretty good idea of our amazingly increased demand for the home-grown article. Business has recently doubled and doubled again. There are to-day some 600 flower and bulb farms scattered across 5,000 acres of the marshes. That means employment for thousands of people.

And it all began only forty-five years ago—more by way of a joke than anything else ! A few enthusiastic amateurs had a particularly fine show of snowdrops and double daffodils. Friends urged them to send a load to Covent Garden. Laughingly, they did. Buyers snapped them up and asked for more. So, casually, a new industry was born.

Growing bulbs for flowers is one thing. But growing them to produce more bulbs is an entirely different proposition calling for a great deal of specialised knowledge. Prior to 1930 nine out of every ten bulbs planted in our gardens came from Holland. Then Science took a hand, in the shape of a little band of men at the Kirton Experimental Station.

They exploded once and for all the myth that only Dutchmen could grow bulbs. Proved, too, that the rich, silty soil of Lincolnshire—much of it, of course, reclaimed from the sea—is peculiarly suitable for the purpose. Many growers took the hint and acreage under this type of cultivation has increased threefold in the past year or two. At the moment, indeed, our output of daffodil bulbs is higher than that of any other country.

These research wizards discovered an odd thing about Crown Imperial Lilies. They like to be treated rough. In fact, unless the tough outer skin is broken the mother bulbs will not propagate at all successfully. Which is why you can often see the curious spectacle of men wearing colossal clogs trampling on a lot of bulbs laid out in shallow trenches.

Every imaginable aspect of bulb culture is studied here. Happy-go-lucky methods of trial and error are gone for good in this efficiently planned and organised modern industry. Thanks to the white-coated Kirton scientists who first showed how British bulbs might become second to none.

And if the proof of the bulb be in the flower thereof, just pop down to Spalding during the open-air season rather later on. Take a long look at those vast waving fields of colour. Grand, aren't they? Straight, soldierly lines of blooms; red, mauve, white, shell-pink—each one as near perfection as makes no difference. Or, failing that, there are the magnificent displays of daffodils and tulips in London parks and public gardens.

It costs £1,800 an acre to force flowers under glass on a big scale. Outdoors the bill may be less than £50. But beating Nature to it pays handsome dividends.

Tulips, like carnations, are old established favourites. As fashionable in the seventeenth century as they are now. It was a European ambassador who brought some back with him from Turkey and started an astonishing craze. At the height of it single bulbs of a famous variety fetched 5,500 florins—about fifty times the contemporary value of an ox !

They are natives of Asia Minor and Persia, but don't ask the exact home of the species from which garden tulips sprang. That's something botanists are still trying to find out. Anyhow, when originally noticed by visitors to Turkey, tulips were already recognised garden flowers. So highly prized, as a matter of fact, that the Grand Vizier had his official Tulip Grower. Ancient manuscripts show that the perfect flower then was expected to possess very much the same points demanded of it to-day.

What's more, a treatise on the healing properties of plants recommends a concoction of tulip bulbs as an unfailing cure for "a paine in the necke." Personally, that's precisely what gardening *gives* me.

Floral decoration has achieved the status of a fine art. A science, one might almost say. Specialists in it maintain picked staffs trained to use flowers in new and beautiful ways. You come across the work of these experts in smart hotels, in the showrooms of "ace" motor-firms; at fashionable weddings or dances. And many well-known hostesses contract to have their homes decorated regularly once or twice a week throughout the season.

The flower bill for some of the big Society "do's" is distinctly tall. At a Charity matinee, for instance, the superb blooms banked around the Royal Box may have cost £50.

Mrs. Constance Spry knows perhaps as much as anyone about this kind of thing. A real craftsman in the unusual; she brings an artist's eye to the job. Would you, now, spot the decorative possibilities of flowering rhubarb or sea-kale? Probably not. Neither should I. Mrs. Spry did, though, and I wish you could see how right she was.

"Flowers have definitely won a place in the sun," she said, "and people who do much entertaining want them just so. That's where we come in. Our business is to plan decorations that will go perfectly with any particular colour scheme."

They always have a whole lot of little-known flowers here. Many, certainly, entirely new ones on me. I was specially struck by some handsome red lily-like affairs that looked positively unreal—called anthuriums if it conveys anything to you—and a fascinating pale-green variety of guelder rose.

Let's reverse the natural order of things and turn from flowers to seeds. Seed sales, too, are booming in Britain. Or so I gathered from a firm that has been selling them for close on a hundred years.

"You couldn't have chosen a worse time to come," they complained. "Absolutely up to our eyes in it. This is a seasonal trade, you know, and we're trying to cram twelve months' volume of work into about three."

However, an official did let me in on the life-story of a packet of seeds. It begins with a battery of cleaning machines; thorough to the *n*th degree. Swiftly, accurately, they sort and sift, often into five different grades at once. There is an almighty din but, surprisingly, next to no dust—shafts carry it away to tanks of water outside.

I watched another ingenious machine separating good peas from bad ones. Extraordinarily simple, really, like many major brain-waves. Just a large rotating metal drum containing any number of cunningly placed needles which spear and throw out all holed or otherwise imperfect seeds. But near-human though it is, this painstaking monster cannot distinguish the merely discoloured specimen. So on a floor above sits a squad of eagle-eyed girls staring intently at moving belts covered with peas. Gosh, you can hardly follow the flicker of their fingers !

We went into the laboratory where some more earnest young women were analysing, making germination tests, and doing no end of other highly-skilled jobs. Around the walls I saw innumerable glass jars filled with samples of every conceivable sort of seed, from Streptocarpus—the smallest one there is—up to a coconut.

"Begonia seeds are pretty small, too," remarked my guide. "They go about two million to the ounce."

"Must be a whale of a job counting them," I grinned.

"Not at all," he replied, calmly. "You see, we can weigh down to the sixty-fourth part of an ounce. That's again sub-divided by a set of minute measures. You simply count the number of seeds in these measures and then the total can be calculated easily enough."

Have you ever seen flower seeds under the microscope? Some of them are very beautiful. Nemesia seeds, for example, look for all the world like sea-anemones.

Another department was busy with the transition from bulk to packet. Still more girls (you can't get away from 'em in this place !) scooped up seeds and shot them deftly into packets they fill at the rate of 2,000 an hour. That includes sealing, too—machines don't seal close enough to suit the seed industry. Believe me, it's more a conjuring trick than an ordinary job of work.

I mentioned new flowers. And learned that many come from abroad. Not all, though. Some evolve from our own wild species. Besides, the scientific wallahs are always selecting and hybridising in the hope of producing a novelty. But it needs endless patience. Anything up to ten years from the time of crossing, say, sweet peas may elapse before the new variety is put on the market.

Rather more in a packet of seeds or a bunch of flowers than meets the eye, isn't there?

"I was varnishin' the floor ma'am, and got trapped in a corner."

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TRADE MARK
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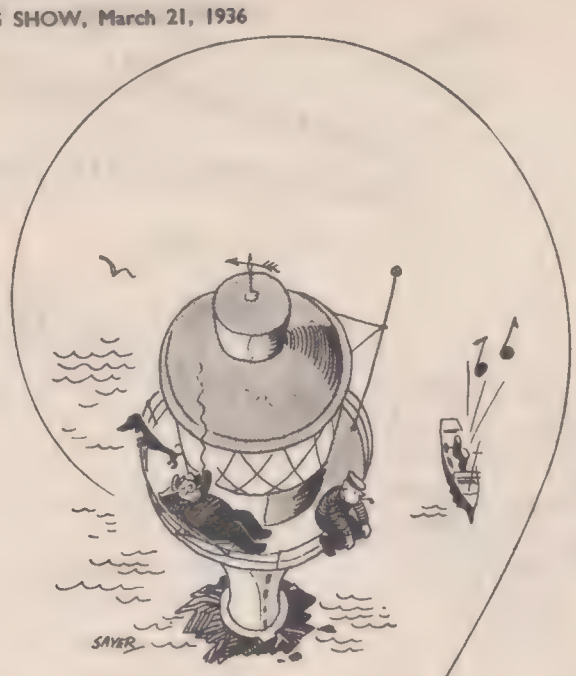

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SECCOTINE REG'D
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

Two Women of War

FROM Tehran to Tabriz the road is comparatively good. The Armenian lorry, laden with bales of cotton, among which I sat, with half a dozen other passengers, several opium pipes and an animal not unlike a raccoon, rattled along at a good pace.

At Kazvin, it being then Muharram, six hundred fanatics in white robes, preceded by dummy corpses, staggered through the streets. Each man carried a sword and at the cry of "Oh martyred one! Oh blessed! Ya, Ya, Husayn!" the linked arms flew up, steel bit into bare brows, and blood spurted on to robes no longer white.

At Miani, famous for the size and appetite of its bugs, the telegraphist, roused from sleep by an excited crowd, offered me "a very clean room, entirely fit for my occupation." We climbed up to it and found a man sprawled upon the bed, snoring. Unceremoniously, he was dragged from "the very clean room" copiously furnished with spittoons, and his bedding tossed out of the window after him.

But every hour or so, he returned, with the meekest apologies, to look for his least discreet and as such, quite indescribable possessions. So I wasn't sorry when, before dawn, the driver shouted, "Oh, lady, important and of great strength, it is so late that we shall grow old on the way to Tabriz," which meant that he wanted to start.

That day, I remember, the lorry stuck in a stream and the passengers spent two hours digging it out. Subsequently, we broke a spring and tied it up with rope. Then we ran into a dust storm. Within sixty seconds, the air was black and filled with strange substances. Soon, all that should have been under our wheels, was plastered upon our faces.

Blinded, choking, we crawled through an atmosphere that had become tangible and articulate. The wind flung itself at us, shrieking and using all sorts of horrible missiles. Through rents in the fog we saw animals and human beings whirled about and heaped incontinently with other rubbish.

In fact, Tabriz did its worst to us and we saw nothing that first evening except a desert of flat roofs, surrounded by frilled red mountains. At that time, the Kulak revolt was in full swing. Daily, refugees from Armenia or the Caucasus attempted to cross the River Aras on rafts made of inflated goatskins. The guns of the Red Army took toll of them, but some contrived to reach the Persian bank, with the result that the gardens of Tabriz became a camp.

In tents made of anything that could be begged or borrowed, or hovels contrived from driftwood and empty petrol tins, lived a collection of people as diverse as the animals of the Ark. And they must have had much the same point of view. For, to them, Bolshevism represented the flood and Tabriz a temporary Mt. Ararat.

Seated on a packing case between a couple of quilts hung from a tree and a mattress walled about with scraps of iron, the interstices stuffed with grass, I listened to the tales of the refugees. There were priests, farmers, students and middlemen, lawyers, merchants and outlaws, a scrap-heap of humanity discarded by a mechanical system. And there was also a girl, whom we will call Anna, although doubtless, she has other names.

I saw her first, seated on a barrel, her long legs outstretched. She was lean and sunburned to that lovely clear brown one sees on the beaches of a Latin country. I can't remember her hair except that it was cut short and didn't interfere with the shape of her head, but her eyes, under the straightest possible brows, were blue. Such a blue. I used to wonder if sea and sky and jewels combined could produce that blazing, crude clarity.

Those eyes in the brown and shapely face were as the domes of Isfahan after days in the desert. But they were hard with youth and the inflexibility of the new Russia. They did not mock, but

Typical Armenians, in one of whose charateristic struggles for liberty Rosita Forbes came under fire. Below : Armenian girl dancers of Erivan in the national dress.

by Rosita Forbes

Tabriz—where "through rents in the fog we saw animals and human beings whirled by the wind and heaped incontinently with other rubbish."

they found a great deal to criticise.

"I've come from Samarkand," she said, and I had a vision of the domes and minarets, the blue and yellow tiles, the arches of El Rejistan. In my mind, I saw the while, flat-roofed houses and the perishing mosaics of Shakh Zinde, fortress of the dead. I saw the Usbek women smothered in their curious cloaks which fasten across the mouth, the old men in their turbans and the boys in their fox fur hats. I watched the laden camels with their eyes half-closed, the groups eating plov in the bazaar, the melon seller huddled under his cart, the tea-drinkers among the tombs and the court of justice in a mosque, where the nomads, who live in felt huts, stare at posters representing a revolution of factories and machines.

"What were you doing there?" I asked.

"Teaching," replied Anna, and out came her story. She was twenty-six and possessed of a boundless enthusiasm. She'd studied everything within reach and raged because she couldn't pass on her knowledge quick enough. Her father had been a miller, her mother a seamstress.

Anna had cut adrift. In fact she'd made a habit of doing so. She'd been a shockworker in a jam factory, and organised night classes as an outlet for her energy. She'd taught in a primary school at a time when salaries were 55 roubles a month, and left it for the Central Asian republics where Marx and Moab are at war and the dust of Tamerlane is buried under the regulations of the Soviet.

There, she'd imagined a crusade, with a portrait of Lenin instead of the crucifix. She'd envisaged herself tearing the veil from faces of enraptured women. Instead of which, she'd been set to teach exceedingly stupid workers what they didn't want to learn.

"They were tired," said Anna, with the scorn of one who'd never recognised the rights of her body. "They earned little. Everything was difficult, they wanted to go back and live like pigs in their cities. They grumbled at having to work an extra four hours three days a week in order to learn to read."

So the crusade had lost its zest. And most surprising of all, the women preferred to remain veiled. The only one who, succumbing to Anna's powers of persuasion had removed not only her headgear but he parandja, fell victim to her husband's knife!

Anna spoke with passion and common sense about conditions among the primitive peoples of Central Asia. But she saw all those small republics as infested by British agents. She suspected every priest and Holy man. She would turn mosques into schools and force women into the seats of Judges. And as for the vermin in the pay of capitalist countries, extermination was too good for them!

At some length, she explained to me how little a life or a million lives counted against the evolution of a genuine civilisation. For a moment, she made me feel the struggle between the nomads who had lived by raiding, who took what they chose and held on to it as long as their strength sufficed, and the ordered mechanical forces intent on eliminating the individual in favour of the mass.

With eloquence she described the petty warfare of the hearth. Beside it the father read the Koran, his fingers in his ears, while the son sat rapt at the foot of a loudspeaker to which his mother had tied blue bands to avert the evil eye. She used large, imposing words, but they did not spoil the picture. "And death, after all, is not important," she said. She spoke as if it were a broom with which one swept up the rubbish, but I knew she would treat her own life as casually as that of an enemy spy.

"Why are you here?" I asked. Anna told a tale of disputes with officials and the enmity of the G.P.U., of a fearful escape by the secret road, known only to the Moslems who, in those days, organised the fugitive traffic across the Aras, but it was only a tale.

When at last I ventured to ask her if she had plans, she would say nothing at all. For some days the remained in camp, growing, I thought, thinner and isolated always from the rest. When I last saw her, she had hollows under her cheek-bones. Her eyes burned.

"D'you ever sleep?" I asked her.

"Not much."

I thought she mocked me with the unuttered question, "Would you?"

Next day, Anna disappeared. My imagination ran to the dramatic, but the Patriarch explained that it needed the support of a body. Without a "corpus delicti," nothing could be done. The Armenians, he assured me, were a peaceful people. They were killed, but, according to him, they did not kill. I retorted that I had far too much respect for his persecuted people to credit them with the attitude of sheep. He was a very fine old man and he permitted himself a smile.

Within forty-eight hours, Soviet troops arrived at Zinzezur. Six hundred cavalry crossed the river on pontoon bridges, penetrating some fifteen miles in Persian territory. Disarming the garrisons of various black-houses, they surrounded the village of Vineh, cut the telegraph wires, searched the cellars of a suspected farm and capturing the refugees they sought, retired, without casualties. Rumour had it that, when they recrossed the Aras, they took with them 97 hostages, including a local mayor.

I needed no further explanation of Anna's presence among the refugees and I became somewhat cynical as to her fate. She'd said death didn't matter and it looked as if she would be responsible for a considerable amount of death. So I went Westwards to Mt. Ararat and gradually I forgot the tragic garden at Tabriz and everything about the girl who'd been so ill-placed in it, except the cold, clear blue of her eyes.

Last year, in a Spanish newspaper, I saw a portrait that seemed to me familiar. According to the caption, it was that of a "tall, young girl, with blue eyes," who had done remarkable things in Central Asia. The name meant nothing to me. The nationality attributed to the explorer was Balkan and somewhat vague. For her exploits on the roof of the world, a coveted medal had been awarded. It was not at all the history of Anna, as she related it to me, but it was her face.

From Azerbaijan and the Marxian interlude, in which Anna played heroine, or traitor, according to the point of view, I made an unauthorised expedition into Turkish Kurdistan. I suspect that the Persian General commanding in Tabriz

(*Continued on page* 102)

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Continuing

TWO WOMEN *of* WAR

Kars, the famous Armenian fortress town, scene of many sieges.

knew all about it. But London and Angora did not.

At that time, there was a steady income to be made gun-running across the frontier. The smugglers hid their contraband in one of the Nestorial villages at the foot of the mountains. Then they started a rumour of raiding, satisfactorily South. The Persian guards went off on a wild goose chase and on a dark night a handful of mules, or country-bred ponies, slipped over the nearest pass. With them were fighting men, drawn from a race that has made its living as mercenaries, or by raiding the caravans which bore the wealth of the Ottoman Empire eastwards to India.

I found little difficulty in persuading such a party to take me with them. They were out to make money. They cared nothing for passports and less than Anna for human life. So I spent an uncomfortable period in a Nestorian house. At night, the whole family slept in a row on the none too clean floor. They wriggled out of their clothes under a blanket of sheepskins and pressed against each other, naked and strong smelling, for greater warmth.

At dawn, they struggled back into their garments bfore leaving the "bed" which sheltered also the hens and a number of young animals. Needless to say, I refused the place of honour in the middle and lying warily at the end of the line, discarded only my riding boots.

One night, while I wondered if it would be better to cut off my hair as there was no means of washing it, the warning came "In an hour we start . . ." And in little more, we were actually mounted and away, the rifles hidden in bales of thatching, the ammunition dumped into potato sacks.

During the whole of that night, we climbed. I could never see the path, only the thicker darkness of a mule's quarters in front of me. We neither paused nor spoke, except when somebody ran forward, to see the loads were not slipping. When the stars paled, the shapes of burdened animals swung up and down against the skyline. A sharper silhouette resolved itself into a man with an untidy turban and a rifle across his back.

By the time the sun rose, we'd crossed the frontier and shortly afterwards, we stopped to drink tea and to eat sheets of bread in which we'd wrapped a provision of raisins and cane sugar. The need for secrecy had passed. We were in Turkey and not far away to the North West, the heroic Ehsam Noury Bey was resisting the picked forces of the Government with a handful of Kurdish patriots based on Mt. Ararat.

When we arrived at that legendary mountain, we found that the forces of the Turkish Commander, Soobhy Pasha, had been ambushed in the pass between the greater and the lesser Mount. Pending reinforcements from Angora, they'd been driven back into the plains by Lake Van, where they occupied themselves by burning and plundering. According to the village tales, they lashed together the wounded and the old women, and flung these human bundles into the lake. But I saw no such atrocities.

We arrived at Ararat one evening. The guns which had provided monotonous accompaniment to our journey, were quiet. An occasional rifle shot came from the villages, whose stone-built houses faced with mud, are plastered upon invisible ledges, or squeezed into fissures that look like shadows. But the Kurds weren't wasting ammunition.

It seemed to me the air stank. Before we began to climb towards the first of the houses, we passed an endless succession of dead bodies and some that were not yet dead. The Turks had lost heavily before they retired. Huge, black crows fed greedily upon the corpses. When disturbed, they flapped away, with blood dripping from their beaks.

Some of the village women came out to meet us. Stained with earth and smoke, they rejoiced. "We are not afraid of our enemies! We will exterminate the accursed race," they shouted and, "When we see them coming, we laugh, for how can an army reach us here?"

Looking up at the rocks and the hamlets inconspicuous as fungus, I thought that unless the whole mountain were blown up, it would be impossible to dislodge its defenders, but the Turks are fine soldiers and they outnumbered the Kurds ten to one.

After a deal of explanation concerning my presence, during which everybody talked a different language and the only one of which I understood no word was the English of a self-appointed interpreter, I found shelter in a house with a hummock to itself. It consisted, so far as I could see, of two rooms, with earth-lined walls, and it looked down upon flat roofs terraced below it. There was little light, so I fell over cooking-pots, children and a painted chest or two, before settling on a mattress, where an old woman smoked one cigarette after another. A girl with a gash across her arm, offered me a glass of colourless liquid. Before I drank, I asked about her wound. A stray bullet, she said. Not a great thing.

She'd been fighting with her brothers and had enjoyed it. Blood-stained, she smiled at me. I took a huge gulp of what I supposed to be water, because I couldn't bear to listen to her while she talked, as a child of Jack the Giant Killer, about Ibrahim Agha Huske Tella, that wild and gallant freebooter, leader of the most daring raids, a ubiquitous and altogether amazing person, capable, apparently, of fighting in three places at the same time.

For I knew that she and this hero of the mountain and all the villagers, who fought a modern army backed by aeroplanes and heavy artillery, were doomed to the fate of Riffs and Druses.

Subsequently, the evening became blurred, for the water turned out to be a particularly potent araki. While I still clutched my throat and spluttered, my face on fire and my eyes streaming, figures crowded into the room. I saw them as shapes, swollen by the immensity of sash and turban.

When my brain cleared, I found myself lying in a corner beside a Kurd, who snored, with his head on a cartridge belt. Everybody else was equally recumbent. The women had disappeared under bright quilts.

But beside the cauldron sat a woman as motionless as if she'd been carved in wood. I couldn't think of her as stone, for she had too much expression. Her features were long and fine, her eyes heavy-lidded. In her blue-black hair, which hung to the level of her chin, coins and a strip of silk had been wound. From the hollow filled with embers, came a glimmer of red. In it, the woman lost her pallor. Life touched her cheek-bones and her lips softened.

For a long time, I watched her but she didn't move. A robe of rich brocaded silk covered her from the base of her throat to her wrists and ankles. Over it, she wore a coat of many colours and a chain hung with amulet cases.

That night, I was devoured by every form of bug and roused by an earthquake which resolved itself into a huge Kurd shaking my shoulder and shouting, "The war is at hand." As I scrambled to my feet, I heard rifle fire, but it didn't sound very near. Just inside the door, a group of men, mightily turbaned, with trousers like balloons and voluminous sleeves rolled up to the elbows, sat upon the floor eating bread, chopped onions and "dogh" which is sour goat's milk.

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Danger in your Home

DANGER? you ask; what danger is there in *my* home?

It is amazing how we all feel so secure and free from harm when we are within the four walls of our homes, yet thousands of accidents occur in the home every year.

How do these accidents happen? There are scores of ways. Here is an instance:

One of our readers was busily preparing dinner. Like every housewife so occupied she kept going to and from the kitchen to the dining-room. Suddenly she slipped on her beautifully polished floor and fell, fracturing her thigh.

A fractured thigh; enforced idleness; anxiety; doctor's bills. Fortunately our reader was saved worrying over the financial aspect of her accident, for as a registered reader she promptly received a generous cheque as Benefit under the Home Accident Section of our Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

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Not only home accidents, but accidents while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, while in the street, during recreation, and children's accidents — these are just a few of the 37 benefits provided.

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen) and all Accident Benefits are paid in addition to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

If you have not already registered, do so *to-day*. Turn to the simple forms on page 107 and fill them in immediately. There is no time like the present for doing something that may mean a lot to you and your dependents some day in the future.

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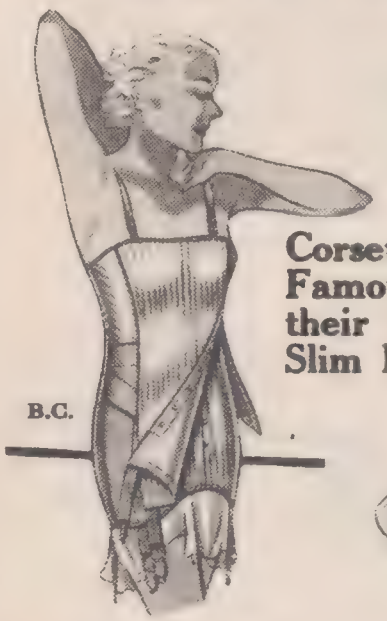

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A lovely Corset this; modelled and made for perfect comfort in wear, and velvet soft figure support without constraint of any kind. It is fashioned to lines of grace in satin-faced fabric, tinted delicate Tea Rose, and has 8 in. bust and back lacing. Bust is fully supported and there are four suspenders. Stylish to a degree, it is the perfect wear for those who seek comfort combined with fashionable appearance. See it. Just 1/- deposit then instalments if preferred.

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D.R. 121

K. 442

★

Miss Adele Dixon

(The Famous Stage and Screen Star) writes:

"The Ambron Corsets you have made for me are perfect. They are wonderfully becoming in their figure fit, and it is delightful to wear a garment so natural in the grace and comfort it bestows."

BARGAIN FOR THE NOT-SO-SLIM

D.R. 121. 100 per cent. Art Silk spotted design, with single wide rever and loose jabot collar from shoulder, edged broad band with hemstitched insertion. Bone and chromium brooch at front. Note novel sleeves, cut bell shape, brought back to wrist. Skirt has shaped front yoke finished with belt tying at back to give good fitting.

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LENGTHS: 44,46,48,50 ins. (52 ins., 2/6 extra.)
COLOURS: (White spots on dark grounds) Black, Navy, Royal, Brown, Gloucester Green.

As each garment is **specially made** for each customer there will be a short delay in delivery.

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A.S. 196. A Buckle Bar Shoe in **Glacé Kid**, with fancy stitched **Suede** Inset on quarters; Cuban heel; Belly insole; good wearing English bend soles.

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In flat tins 3d. and 6d.

2½d. per ounce loose.

Continuing

Two Women of War

Behind them, crouched the woman who had haunted my dreams. Her shoulders drooped. With her chin upon her hands, she stared across the threshold. The stony slopes dropped towards the ravine. Haze covered the distant plain.

"Who is she?" I asked the girl who best understood my mixture of languages. "The wife of a headman, but he is killed and her three sons are also killed."

"Why does she wear those clothes?" I whispered, while I searched for bugs—three, no four in the seams of my coat and innumerable transparent stringy creatures—scarlet after their meal.

"It is a dress of ceremony such as brides wear. She has put it on for her men who died in the battle."

For three days I remained on the mountain. I found the Kurds generous and hospitable, with a courage that can only be described as sublime. A few thousand peasants, ignored by civilisation, isolated from their fellows, deprived of munitions and food, fought desperately and hopelessly for a freedom, which was theirs long before they raided Xenophon and his retreating ten thousand, and which they had maintained as a right ever since. For the rest, they were grossly ignorant and stupid, a sullen, swaggering race who believe that "grass grows quickly over blood shed in fair fight."

The legendary Ibrahim Agha held council with his warriors. They talked of "stiffening the resistance" of the rebel between Erzeroum and the frontier of Azerbaijan. Weak tea bubbled in the samovar. Pathetically small portions of sheep's cheese and "mast" (a junket made from curdled buffalo milk) with sheets of bread, tasting of sand, were offered on a tray. But the warriors would not eat. They touched the dish and their lips. Their hungry eyes sought the ground, or the faces of their fellows.

A few hours later, I rode South with a band of Kurdish terrorists who proposed to raise the spirits of their friends east of Van, by murdering any enemies in the shape of unwary Turkish farmers who chanced across their path. I wanted to slip back across the Persian frontier in the neighbourhood of the Rayat pass, highway to Iraq, but I didn't much care what happened on the way.

Whatever its purpose, it was an exhilarating ride, or so I thought for the first few hours. Then the Kurdish saddle, high pommelled back and front, became a vice in which I turned and twisted to relieve a dozen different aches. The coal-shovel stirrups cut my ankles and the rifle which they made me carry bumped against my hip. But in front of me, unconcerned, with her robes ballooning in the wind, rode the widow of the headman. She belonged, it seemed, to a Southern village and would return to it, bereft of her men. But I don't think, really, she'd any intention of returning.

She rode like a madwoman. Her horse squealed as she drove him at a chute of clattering stones, with a hairpin corner at the bottom. Where we drew rein and dismounted to pick our way, cautiously on foot, she dug her heels into her unwilling animal and plunged downwards in a cloud of dust. Yet at the end of the first day she was alive.

We slept on the floor of a cave with sentinels lying behind boulders, because of a blaze far below us. We mounted again in the dark and rode hard. And at the end of the second day the woman lived, although I had not seen her eat or drink.

We were still on the high ground, which is sparsely inhabited. Soobhy Pasha's troops pillaged in the plain. Sometimes, we could see traces of their passage, a village in flames, a crop razed. The fugitives who fled from one terror to another, received scant mercy from the men of Ararat. At one moment, a head decorated the leader's bayonet and he cursed when his horse stumbled and the trophy rolled down the track.

That day one of the Kurds gave me a cloak, brown as the earth, and I wore it over my whipcord. Like the tribesmen, who had chosen dim-coloured horses, indefinite as the light and shade which splattered the hillside, I could move unnoticed, but the widow of the headman

An Armenian mosque, of which one minaret (below) has a covered balcony, and the other (right) only an ancient iron umbrella to protect the muezzin at his call to prayer.

blazed the trail, and her robe was a banner of white and gold.

"She is mad!" said the men of Ararat, "So will she bring us fortune, for the mad are blessed of Allah."

I thought she was much more likely to make a target of us, for the spasmodic firing, which had accompanied our progress gathered volume. It was still below us, but as the track descended, I expected, at any moment, to see a Turkish outpost. The Kurds did more; they hoped for one.

About this time, I became conscious of another sound. Rushing water—that was it! Somewhere a stream, swollen by the last rains, made a great fuss as it tumbled from rock to rock. And that torrent saved our lives, for it deadened the sound of horses' hoofs.

Led by the woman, at a perilous pace, we flung round a cliff and fell upon an unpleasantly large number of Turks who were taking their ease. We were on to them and through them, with scarce a dozen shots fired, before they realised what had happened. But the widow's robe showed scarlet and the stain spread from her breast. If it hadn't been for her, I think we should have gone on, for the Turks had a maxim gun, to which they were already scrambling.

But the woman turned her horse. With empty eyes and a face of stone, she went back. I don't think the Turks fired. There was a moment in which every one of us stood still. Then I realised what must happen. With the last of her strength, the woman clung to the saddle and the pace of the horse kept her upright. Blind, she rode through the enemy. But as she neared the cliff, a soldier thrust at her in terror. His bayonet ripped the country-bred's shoulder. The animal staggered and plunged towards a precipice, but it was the rider who forced him over the edge. A scream tore through his nostrils; the woman made no sound.

Her blood-stained robe was the flag for which the Kurds went into battle. And they won, because the maxim jammed!

The Turks retired. The war cry of Ararat startled the crows more than the shots to which they'd become accustomed. "I told you she would bring us fortune," said the Kurdish leader, mopping a wound in his head with a very dirty turban. His followers were doing their worst to the bodies of the "accursed" dead.

Such was my glimpse of Moab.

Our Birthday Presentation

THE PASSING SHOW this week celebrates its 21st Birthday on a scale befitting the occasion.

It offers to every one of its readers, as a Birthday Celebration Presentation, nothing less than a magnificent and modern 47-piece canteen of cutlery, the very latest and most graceful thing of its kind available.

Pleased as readers may be by the offer, they will be astonished when they see the beauty of this perfect addition to the home.

The cabinet of Jacobean oak style is of handsome design, a work of art and of superb craftsmanship.

And what's inside? You'll be delighted. There are six each of table knives, dessert knives, table forks, dessert forks, dessert spoons and tea spoons, two table spoons, two mustard spoons, two salt spoons and a jam spoon.

Next come sugar tongs, and a three-piece carving set, knife, fork and steel. The knives have the world-renowned Firth stainless steel blades, de luxe polished and with oval Ivorine handles.

The spoons and forks have a guaranteed pure silver deposit, which, with careful attention paid to cleaning and choice of cleaning materials, represents a really serviceable plating.

Here is a lovely canteen of cutlery that will give a lifetime of service, and remain good to look at, ideal for the house or the flat, for the home that prides itself on its appearance and efficiency.

Make it yours! Celebrate with THE PASSING SHOW! This is your only opportunity! Never again will such a chance come your way.

Turn to pages 5 and 6 at once and complete the reservation forms to-day.

Toiling with INCREASING BALDNESS *To-day*

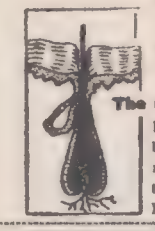
CLOSE GROWTH *of hair*

(writes Mr. Daltry— read letter below)

Dandruff is the danger-signal. Falling hair, and hair on the comb the S.O.S. ***The hair roots are being starved***—and if they go on being starved baldness will result. This sufferer saw complete baldness rapidly approaching. Tried everything. Nothing did any marked good—because nothing provided the roots of his hair with the food they were craving. Then he heard of Silvikrin. Tried it. Immediately, his head felt healthier. Dandruff disappeared. Soon, new hair began to grow, until now he has a close, thick head of hair.

Why Silvikrin grows hair

There is no secret about Silvikrin—what it is, or how it works. It consists of fourteen separate compounds, each one found in human hair, and each one absolutely vital to hair growth. It is the natural food that a vigorous young head of hair gets from the blood. If it *can't* get it from the blood—then it must get it from Silvikrin.



The roots need feeding

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds. If the roots are still alive, Silvikrin will nourish them and make hair grow.

Doctors enthusiastic

As Silvikrin is a purely scientific preparation, Dr. Weidner, its inventor, submitted it to doctors and hospitals for their comments. The reception got was amazing. Doctors were delighted in the first place, to see at last someone tackle the problem of hair-growth in a scientific way, and were doubly delighted to see the experiment succeed.

Read Mr. Daltry's letter

'Dear Sirs,—For five years now, I have been toiling with increasing baldness, and in so doing, have tried, patiently and perseveringly, every remedy that I could procure. All to no benefit, however. On the contrary, more than one of the preparations that I tried irritated the scalp and caused other skin troubles.

'And now comes the much sought-for transformation. To-day, I have a definite close and compact growth of hair covering my erstwhile baldness.

'All this is the result of using Silvikrin Lotion. And it has taken about five weeks to do it.

'Certainly, I shall be ever grateful to you. —Yours truly, J. H. Daltry, 93, Rippenden Road, Oldham, Lancs. 18th May, 1935.'

WHAT DO I NEED?

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural vitality—

Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

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For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the *concentrated* natural organic hair food.

Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN

From all leading chemists (including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites), hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin does grow hair

31—F

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Rest-a-Ped

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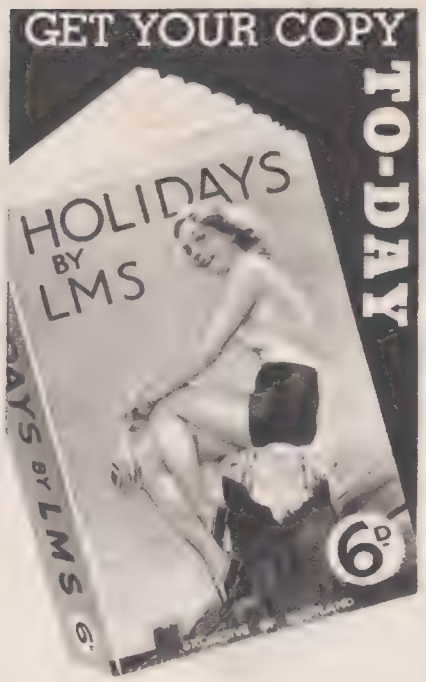

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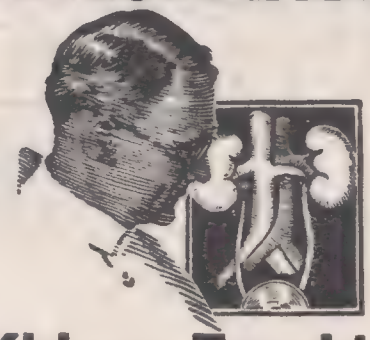

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Stiff and swollen joints, or the gnawing, ever-present agony of Rheumatism is Nature's warning of some faulty working of your bodily organs. Your kidneys are not working properly. Weakness, chill, after-effects of influenza, or perhaps over-indulgence have caused them to flag in their work of filtering poisons from the blood.

What you must do is prompt the kidneys to healthy action, and there is no better, no quicker, no surer means of doing this than by starting with De Witts Pills to-day. Take them regularly for a few days, you will feel better and *be* better, because the kidneys are again doing their work of filtering poisons from the blood—the poisons which cause your rheumatism and joint pains.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are made for the special purpose of ending rheumatism, backache, bladder trouble and the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. De Witts Pills will not only rid you of your pain, but their splendid tonic action will bring back renewed vigour and vitality. Be sure you get the genuine

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Continuing

The Altar *of the* Moon

plain beyond. The harsh mountain grass, dry from rainless weeks, common at this time of year, yielded nothing to our eyes.

"As we returned, however, just a few yards within the timber, something lying beneath the low-growing branches of a balsam a few feet off the trail caught my eye. What showed was so nearly the colour of the dead needles I probably would have passed it in ordinary times; but at the moment, with eyes so alert, I sensed something there.

Dropping to my knees and pulling the low branch aside I looked upon a queer bag about two feet long made of plaited cedar bark, which fact had nearly caused me to pass it up, so like was it in colour to the needles. It bulged with a content of uneven forms. I grabbed it by the end, dragged it to the trail, noting as I did so two broad bands of some kind of hide which formed carrying loops from it like a packsack. It was very heavy; I cut the cord closing the end, and out upon the trail poured a glittering stream of quartz gold specimens very much the same in richness as Hodge had found.

"Leaving the sack for the time being there, we went back to search around the sites of the cabins. Close beside the one in which Hodge and the pilot had dwelt, we stopped abruptly. Upon the needles, just within the fringe of the trees, lay the naked, headless body of Hodge, the limbs hideously contorted. A few feet distant we found the head under a bough where evidently it had been thrown. Yet for a little time we did not touch them; but went searching frantically all around. No trace of Janis did we find.

"The sun was dropping behind the mountains when we gave up the search. We came back. Half sick and shuddering, we carried out into the open the head and body of Hodge. And it was only then, as we laid them together, that our horror was doubly increased and, added to it, amazed wondering far beyond anything by which we had so far been gripped. For Hodge's head had not been cut off—it had been *pulled off*—pulled exactly as might a strong man tear off that of a chicken. That was why his limbs were so hideously contorted by the final spasms of muscular action resulting from such a death.

"Lacking tools to dig that hard soil, we wrapped Hodge in a piece of canvas taken from the plane; with the body we placed a few stones, and lowered it away into the fathomless depths of the icy lake.

"Every minute here for us now was horrible. Yet we could not tear ourselves away till we had searched further for my daughter. Fearful of this Unknown which had carried off our cabins, and beheaded a man in so barbaric a manner, we returned to the plane, paddled it out into the middle of the lake. Here, cramped, sleeping uneasily by turns, the plane motionless upon the placid water, we waited for daylight.

"Next day from dawn until dusk, we went over every inch of the ground in the vicinity of the cabins. Not a sign of Janis. The possibility thus raised, faint though it was, that she was alive and had been carried off captive by whatever it was had come to the camp, raised our spirits a little.

"Pitifully small was that chance, and appalling the odds against us finding her, we still could hope and try. Williams suggested that by bringing in two more planes we could the more quickly survey a big piece of country for any moving objects. What time we would lose in getting them would be more than made up by the extra efficiency thus afforded. Two of his friends were engaged in a commercial airport in Vancouver. So we went aboard the plane, started our flight for the telegraph station at Harrison.

"For the time being we had agreed to say nothing at the settlement about the dreadful happening. We realised the actual facts would sound so preposterous no one would believe us, perhaps cause interference and greatly delay us at a time when haste was a pressing necessity.

"In the gathering dark we flew. What happened as we neared Harrison, I don't know. Even Williams was afterwards in doubt. . . . We crashed. Yet, flying low as we were, Williams' magnificent coolness, in sufficiently controlling the last dreadful seconds of the plunge, brought us down upon the tops of a thick stand of young trees. This breaking the fall saved our lives."

The speaker paused. His eyes suddenly filled with a bitter light as they met those of Jerry gazing fascinated.

"Yes. My life was saved!—to leave me with a permanently injured spine, with no strength to walk unaided! For two weeks I lay unconscious at the little sanatorium of Harrison, which fortunately stands at the site of the hot springs. Only for the fact that I fell near where skilled medical attendance was quickly to hand, I would not even be as good as I am. Williams, though hurt severely internally, and with a broken arm, managed to crawl to the village and summon aid for me.

"But, what with my being unconscious for two weeks, and for many days after this in no condition to plan, and with Williams utterly incapacitated, the short season ended without us being able to do anything; for, as you can readily understand, this was something that could best be carried on only by men who had already been over the ground.

"There is little more to tell you. Ah, I nearly forgot. You will remember I spoke of finding a peculiar bag filled with quartz specimens. This I emptied and brought back with us, and, luckily, the people who salvaged the wreckage brought it in.

"After I got better, I submitted this bag for identification to authorities of native handiwork not only at the great Museum of Indian Relics at Victoria, but also the Memorial Museum at Ottawa, naturally the most likely places to be able to identify it. Afterwards, I sent it to the chief authorities on such matters in the United States. And none of them could identify it. While it bears certain general resemblances to the work of aboriginal people, it still is different.

"And further, note this particularly, in the region to which we had penetrated there are no Indians living. There have never been known any to inhabit that isolated range. The nearest reservation upon which Indians dwell is seventy-five miles distant from that queerly shaped peak; and those Indians for many years have been as civilised as the white people around them, living by farming, fruit growing, hop picking and working in the fish and fruit canneries. They seldom go far from their reserve.

"In spite of everything," the crippled man continued with revived vigour in his tone, "I still hoped. A wild, senseless, unreasoning something determined me to continue the search, impossibly late though it seemed even to myself.

"So last year I returned to Harrison at the end of June. While I was not well enough to take much active part, I was close to the scene. Williams met me. He had brought a partner, a man with whom he had been through the war.

"Early in July they flew in. They found our tents on the shore of the second lake untouched. Snow had broken them down, but otherwise everything was all right. They moved these back and pitched one of them on our original camp site where the cabins had stood.

"It was the end of the second week in July they returned to make their first report to me. They had flown widely without seeing a sign of habitation, or any smoke or camp fires; seen nothing moving except the occasional bear, little flocks of goat and mountain sheep. After making their report they flew back to their camp that evening, I giving them the strictest instructions to report from this time on at least every six days.

"It was two evenings after their return to camp, the sixteenth of the month, to be exact, that, after dining, I went up and took a seat on the balcony just off my bedroom.

"At the lower level of Harrison it was warm. Sitting on the long balcony I could look to the south and east where began the lowest of the range and farther to where the peaks rose tremendous and perpetually covered with snow, a vague immensity of unexplored peak and valley.

"In the nearer foreground reared up from the two shoulders of a mountain the short columnar peak so like a rounded arrowhead. By day it was clear to the view of anyone at Harrison. Even this night as I sat in the half darkness of the region, I was conscious of its bulk, and its form cast a black spell upon my heart.

"As I sat smoking at one end of the balcony, I was somewhat removed from the two little groups of half a dozen of the other guests. It was only natural

(*Continued overleaf*)

What it means to you — *By Francis Williams*

Stakhanov's Idea

SOVIET Russia—home of the unusual—has recently presented to the world an extraordinary development which it is no exaggeration to say has attracted the attention of industrialists in every important country.

And the man responsible for it is working to-day as an ordinary miner in the Soviet Dombas coalfield.

That man, Alexei Stakhanov by name, jumped into history on the night of August 30, 1935. With the rest of his team he descended into the Dombas pit; and after six hours' work, the normal shift, they had hewed 102 tons of coal—an amazing amount by comparison with the 12-15 tons produced by the team in one ordinary night's work.

The next day Stakhanovism was born; and Alexei Stakhanov himself, an illiterate miner, was hailed as a "hero of labour."

Stakhanov made possible this phenomenal increase in production by organising the work of his team. In the ordinary way each man hewed and propped and carried for himself; but that was changed. Stakhanov, a skilled pneumatic driller, alone concentrated on hewing the coal, leaving the rest of his team free to prop the seam and move the coal from the face. In addition he introduced a rather different method of cutting the coal which saved his own time and eased the work.

Better organisation of work, attention to equipment and tools, and concentration on preliminaries in order to avoid breakdowns were quickly taken up in other branches of Soviet industry. Soon textile workers, engineers, blacksmiths, and many others followed the example of the Dombas miners; and thus Stakhanovism—successor to the "shock brigades"—was born.

At first sight all this was regarded as another Soviet challenge to the industries of "ordinary capitalist countries"; and so, ultimately, it may be.

But the fact is that while Soviet Russia is equipped technically with much of the modern machinery, many of the workpeople tending that machinery are far from equalling the efficiency of their fellows in other countries.

Nor is this remarkable, for not so long ago large numbers of those Soviet workers were peasants who had never seen a machine in their lives.

In Russia itself it has been admitted that one United States building trade worker does as much in a given time as four workers in the Soviet building trade; and in other industries the difference is even greater.

It is clear, then, that the Soviet workpeople have a great deal of leeway to make up, but even so it is not certain that the Stakhanov movement is welcomed by all of them; for though increased output means increased wages, since they are paid on piece-work methods, Stakhanovism is in some places regarded as a "capitalist speed-up" scheme.

But the movement cannot be disregarded. Stakhanovism will increase in importance if—as seems likely—it becomes generally adopted throughout the Soviet Union. Then, with Soviet production as a whole greatly increased, there will certainly be a new challenge to the industrialists of the old world.

For advice on current economic problems write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

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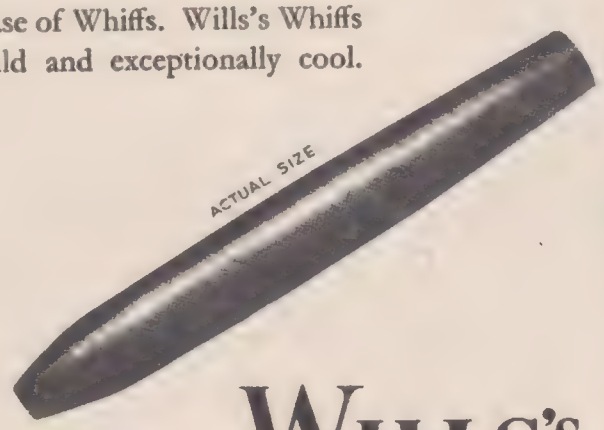

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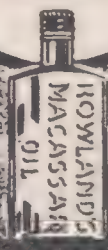

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Continuing

The Altar *of the* Moon

my mind should turn to those terrible hours of the former season, for as I sat there I realised that it was within a few days of one year since that last evening Williams and I had been at the lake.

"Lost in sad thoughts, I must have sat with closed eyes for some time when I was aroused by a sudden animation among the other two little groups on the balcony. Their exclamations of surprise and wonder drew my attention. Off there in the distance against the shadowy bulk of the arrowhead peak a red glow was rising into a thin columnar flame.

"At the same time I saw the moon was coming up. Compared to the previous year, I was viewing the scene, so to speak, from the opposite side of the base of a triangle. And, so you see, the rising moon and fire, what of the distances involved, presented a very similar point of view.

"Quickly the moon engulfed the peak. For a few minutes its rounding point swam black in the silvery disc, while always the moon hurried upwards. And during all this brief while, from out of the very face of the peak, it seemed, burned a thin column of fire, rising in the quiet summer air a strange form very like the peak itself in outline.

"Then, just as the moon cleared the peak, the thin column of flame sank abruptly, then darkness .... It was exactly as Williams and I had looked upon the sight at the time of the full moon one year before.

"Tremendously affected, I sat there very still until again attracted by exclamations and various voices hurling questions. I recognised the manager's figure appearing on the balcony.

"In answer to the volley, I heard him presently say: 'I don't know. I can't explain. I've been here for twelve years and every year about the same time at the full of the moon the queer fire shows on the mountain side for a few minutes just like you've seen it. I once thought of going into the mountains and seeing it close. But I don't any more.'

"After the guests had waited a minute, as it seemed he wasn't going to say anything further, they all chorused further demands for an explanation.

"Apparently reluctantly, he finally added: 'Well, four years after I took charge here, that is, eight years ago, two guests of the hotel, who had heard of the sight from one of the old-timers around here, went into the mountains to be near it at the time of the full moon. The country is terribly rough, so it was only when they were three weeks overdue to return that a Government search party went in.

"'They found the bodies not far from the foot of the peak. Their heads——' he paused, as if undecided, then, after a moment, 'their heads had been torn from their bodies in a most peculiar way, the only way to describe it, I would say, that they had been pulled off by some creature evidently of great size and tremendous strength. This is borne out, and is the more strange, because there were no marks of claws on their faces and shoulders. The search party could find no trace of their silk tent or any of the supplies they had taken with them.'"

A heavy sigh escaped the speaker. His eyes met Jerry's, and Jerry read there a peculiar light of fearful wonder which comes even to the bravest of men when faced with something at the same time terrible and unexplainable.

"So—though probably you have already guessed it—I will finish—Williams and his companion never came back either."

After a long pause, the speaker continued:

"As I had particularly instructed Williams to report unfailingly to me at Harrison at least once a week, when three had passed without either of the men putting in an appearance, I hired another seaplane. It was difficult for me, but I made the flight.

We found the 'plane of Williams and his companion moored to the shore near where he had always tied up. But of the men—nothing. Their tent and all their equipment was gone. Yet—if their attackers were of such a nature as to value tents and similar objects—why, then, leave so valuable a thing as a 'plane?"

A fit of coughing, longer, more severe, shook the bent frame.

Jerry saw the figure of the little old man come in hurried silence across the thick carpet of the room.

"There, there, now Mr. Merton, you have talked far too long. You must rest, and have dinner. It's almost ready." He spoke with the severity of an old retainer to whom time has lent familiarity; and he turned reproachful eyes upon Jerry as the cause of his employer's overdoing himself.

"Not another word until you have had your dinner." The little man's air and words were like an indulgent father reprimanding a child.

Merton accepted, smiling faintly at his retainer.

Jerry, after the short rations of the recent days, welcomed this suggestion of food. In the great dining-room, seated at one side of the long table at the right of Cyrus Merton at the end, Jerry had just finished a bowl of rich tomato soup when he was surprised to see enter the room a blond, thin young man of about his own height. He had a sharp, keen face. As he came closer, Jerry looked into his hard blue eyes.

"I got back sooner than I expected."

Merton smiled his pleasure at seeing him. Turning to Jerry: "This is Mr. Louis Warner, who will work with you. He is an 'ace' when it comes to flying. He's not one of the other applicants," he hastened to explain. "The only other applicant refused hastily after he had heard my story."

Jerry rose and took the outheld hand.

At once the conversation turned to the plan of campaign. Despite his condition, Merton was going back to establish himself at Harrison. For several minutes Merton and Louis Warner discussed flying matters. Their talks suddenly brought a thought to Jerry.

"If you will allow me a suggestion, wouldn't it be best that I also learn to handle a 'plane? I don't expect to master all the technical mechanical details in a short time. But certainly in a few weeks I ought to be able to learn to handle a machine under ordinary conditions. In a proposition like this you never know what we may come up against."

Merton nodded vigorous assent.

"You are quite right. In fact, I've already thought of it. The reason I advertised for a man with mining experience, or knowledge, rather than two experienced flyers is that there is unquestionably some connection between this strange gathering of quartz so rich in gold and whatever it is that carried off my daughter. If she is still alive, I believe she will be found near where lie the main lode or lodes from which have come the samples we have seen."

Encouraged, Jerry went on to voice other thoughts which had arisen while he listened to the story.

"We don't know what we're up against, but it's certain, from what's happened, that a camp on the lake or near the peak is mighty dangerous in July about the time of the full moon. But, no matter, in view of what you've seen, and that hotel manager's story, the best chance of solution seems to lie in being near the peak on the evening of the full moon in July.

"Now you mentioned that in the vicinity of the peak there are quite a few grassy plateaus. Would it be feasible," here he addressed Louis Warner directly, "to equip a seaplane also with wheels so we could land equally well on one of these level stretches? Something that in no way would be a drag upon the machine, or interfere with the pontoons?"

"Yes. It could be done." Louis was some time in replying.

"Then," Jerry let his enthusiasm get the better of him, "don't you see how tremendously better we'd be to meet an unexpected situation?"

"It will require time and experimenting," Louis's reply lacked cordiality.

"Thunder," Jerry communed to himself. "I believe he resents my suggestions."

"That *is* an idea." Merton beamed upon Jerry and Louis in turn. "Don't let expense stand in the way. I'll order a machine specially built. It's only March."

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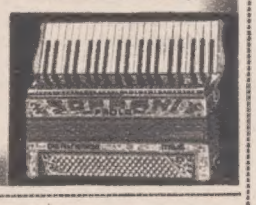

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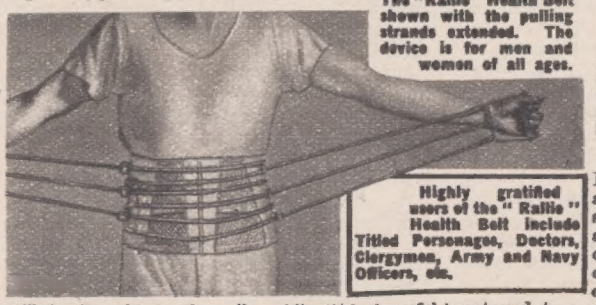

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You're Telling Us!

IT'S A BOY. And it therefore happens that we and that scapegrace brother Paul of ours are in trouble again, this time with Mr. Thos. H. Walker, of Hull. "Two years ago," writes Thos. H. with a thin nib, "my wife presented me with a son. This was before I became a regular reader of THE PASSING SHOW. Having read it for the past eighteen months, we now regret having called our son Paul, because of the ways and doings of your brother. Don't you think it possible to give him another name, and so bring the name of Paul back to its high standing? Think of Paul Robeson, Paul the Apostle, Paul Lukas, Paul Whiteman, and several other people of high class.

WHETHER MY SON PAUL had been reading about your brother Paul I do not know, but last week the wife found my son head first in the wash tub. Please alter thy brother's name and let our son rest in peace." Please, Mr. Walker, we have spoken to P. We have made him change his name for a classical one—Aristagoras (Staggers for short). And, further, we have inspired him with nobler ideals and sent him to join an expedition for climbing Mount Everest. Aristagoras said yesterday: "We have every confidence in our ability to conquer the world's highest peak. We are fully equipped with monsoons, yaks, and timetables of the P. & O. boats and the Indian railway system. Of course, we shall 'everest' on the way up."

EXCLUSIVE CABLES from Brother Aristagoras on the progress of the expedition will appear on this page. But talking of Baby Paul Walker reminds us that just twenty-one years ago Baby PASSING SHOW first tweaked our predecessor's nose with its little pink fist. One of the coming-of-age celebrations is the big issue you are now reading. Another was an office party at which Shag, that canine catastrophe, ate—but why bring that up? Our poise was largely restored by an item of news forwarded carriage paid by Mr. E. J. Butler, of Sittingbourne, Kent: "The following incident took place at a girls' county school. Scene: A class aged 13, lesson on English. Mistress: 'What is the past participle of this sentence—*Have you read "The Passing Show"?*' Pupil: '*Yes, I have.*'"

TO THOSE MANY READERS who have written asking us what is going to win the Grand National we will say, although we are no tipster and bet only on caterpillars crawling up a fence, that

Wriggling about like eels

SERVICE

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first past the post will be a four-footed creature with a lot of face at one end and a fly-whisk at the other. Also, that the race will be contested at Aintree, near Liverpool, on the afternoon of Friday, March 27, and reported in the newspapers. Talking of Becher's Brook brings us to Mrs. F. Stead, of Bingley, Yorkshire, who has been drowned and writes to tell us about it: "Not being able to swim and getting out of my depth . . . I was soon under water and being sucked backwards at what seemed an incredible speed, my eyes open and the greeny sea rushing over me. Panic seized me as I realised that those people sitting calmly on the shore did not know I was drowning. I was growing weaker, I could struggle no more. 'What will it be like where I am going?' I wondered as I lapsed towards unconsciousness. When rescued I was told that I had been seen to rise three times to the surface and sink again before I could be reached." Three times down was an official job of drowning when we were a lad, and artificial respiration was tried only if the insurance policy had lapsed.

WE OURSELF HAVE BEEN drowned three times by this rating, once in the sea, once in the park pond, and once while gargling, for a cold. We survive to hear from Mr. A. G. Dobson, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, who wishes "to uphold the prestige of English dancing. Isn't it about time this Spanish and Cuban stuff was given a rest? I was present at a dance when a couple came on to the strains of a tango and started wriggling about like eels. Not content with this, as soon as a rumba was played they re-appeared and the girl did an impossible dance in the middle of the floor. One would think she had been dipped in grease." Our British gorge rises at the thought of an eel dipped in grease and dancing. Objection sustained, Mr. Hobson. Healthier is the message of Mr. W. L. Laird, of Western Australia: "My home is in the mighty forests of the south-west of the State.

THE TREES ARE karri and jarrah, which are indigenous to this State only. Many of your London streets are paved with jarrah blocks; your trains run on jarrah sleepers; karri and jarrah cross-arms carry your telegraph wires; and our fruit comes to you in cases of the same timber. When a man has spent years among the karri and jarrah giants (karris 280 feet high have been known) he realises he is not such an important person after all. . . . And then when you hear the thunder of a falling tree crashing to earth, you remember that little man is also a mighty force to be seriously reckoned with."

If there is any more trouble with Brother Aristagoras we shall send him to the south-west of Western Australia to look at jarri or karri and karrah or jarrah or whichever it is, with instructions that he is on no account to attend a felling bee. And that goes for Uncle Joe, too.

AND JUST TO MAKE life more complicated, as we go to press with this mammoth issue Mrs. Reid, of Hythe, throws us into confusion with a most mysterious communication. "I hope," she begins, all of a sudden just like that, "you will live a long time, and continue to be a joy to us, in spite of having bathed. The explanation of 'the Vet's' views are probably accounted for by his being born in December, April, or August. Life is divided into four classes of one month's duration—Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. The latter is sufficient to itself, and likes water in any form. It is *necessary* to both earth and air people, who attract water to themselves and are renewed and strengthened by it. The 'Fire' classes it simply 'puts out'."

YES, THE MELANCHOLY TRUTH is that we were born in April. Now we know why so many of our contributors put us out.

Celebrating

This week THE PASSING SHOW invites its readers to join in celebrating its twenty-first birthday. And what a celebration!

To one and all it offers nothing less than a beautiful 47-piece Cabinet of Cutlery, superbly-made and finished, a triumph of craftsmanship. The cabinet itself has a lovely Jacobean Oak Finish.

It is something that will add beauty and distinction to your home, something that will give you years of service. But you must act immediately! Turn right away to pages 5, 6 and 7 and take the first steps to make it yours.

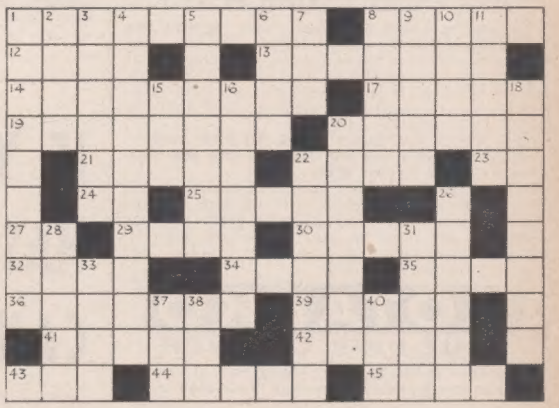
Words After the Letters

Across

1. Beware of those concealed in this.
8. Watering places discovered in irregular action.
12. Takes the colour out of a cry of pain.
13. To delight in a high degree.
14. Done glace is rather mixed.
17. Takes a part.
19. Ore train (anagram).
20. Possibly post-prandial.
21. Concerning something.
22. 6 Turned to grass.
23. Ring termination.
24. Only half home.
25. There is spread everywhere.
27. Leading pronoun in 1 across.
29. Impolite.
30. To affright thus is almost an imploration.
32. Imperial violinist.
34. 32 did this.
35. Taps for something similar.
36. Bravely if not robustly.
39. Unsuitable.
41. A trial, very often in writing.
42. Least is not fresh.
43. A syllable with meaning of 19.
44. May be burdened or free.
45. This for recuperation.

Down

1. Diana cars (anagram).
2. Tide controller.
3. Lightweight bird.
4. No thanks for services rendered.
5. Turn an chide and you'll be fastened.
6. Fleet-footed 44.
7. Terminal.
8. Heaps in form.
9. Rip a cedar hides that which is stepped.
10. Half 19 and meaning much the same.
11. Presumably unsold.
15. Before time.
16. Here one takes a chance.
18. Hire soda in South Africa.
20. Repents the reptile.
22. Late sir for one supposedly practical.
26. Shallow utensils, usually circular.
28. This takes the measure.
31. Fruit associated with 20 down.
33. By any other name may smell the same.
37. Possibly a label.
38. Recumbent suggestion about such a brew.
40. Here's an organ, usually paired.



ADAM PASHA DAMP
RESONANT SHE A
MEPHISTOPHELEAN
AMIANTHUS LIPS
M DIE ETYMOLOGY
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N S TO OHM HERE
TATTOOS EAR EM
SCRUPLES RED AN
TAN SNARES ONE
ASSET DYE TONED

Solution to last week's puzzle

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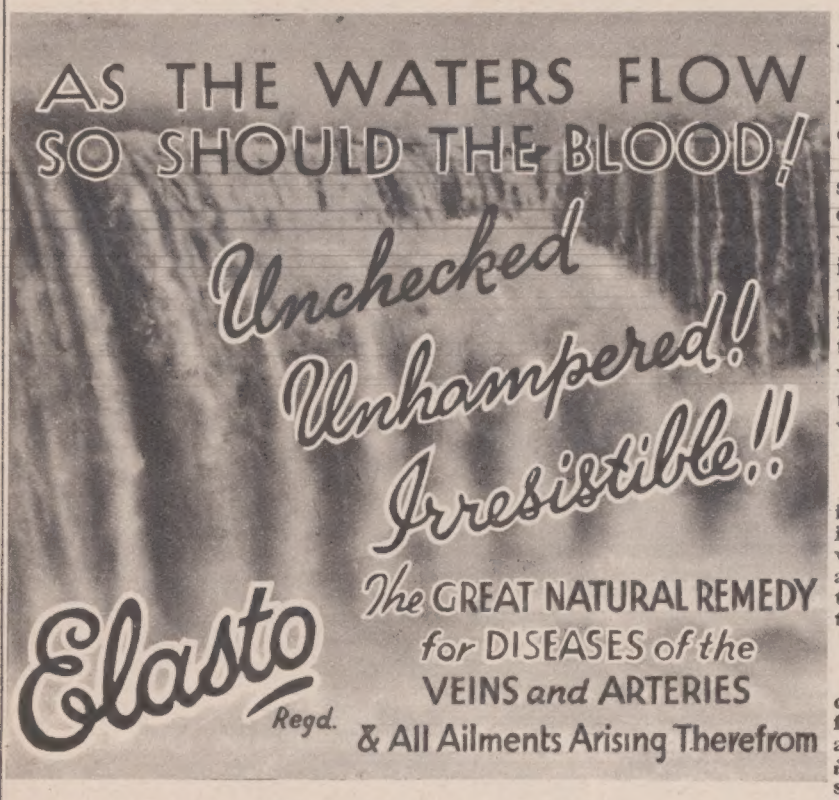
Don't Suffer From
CIRCULATORY DISEASES



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"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
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"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
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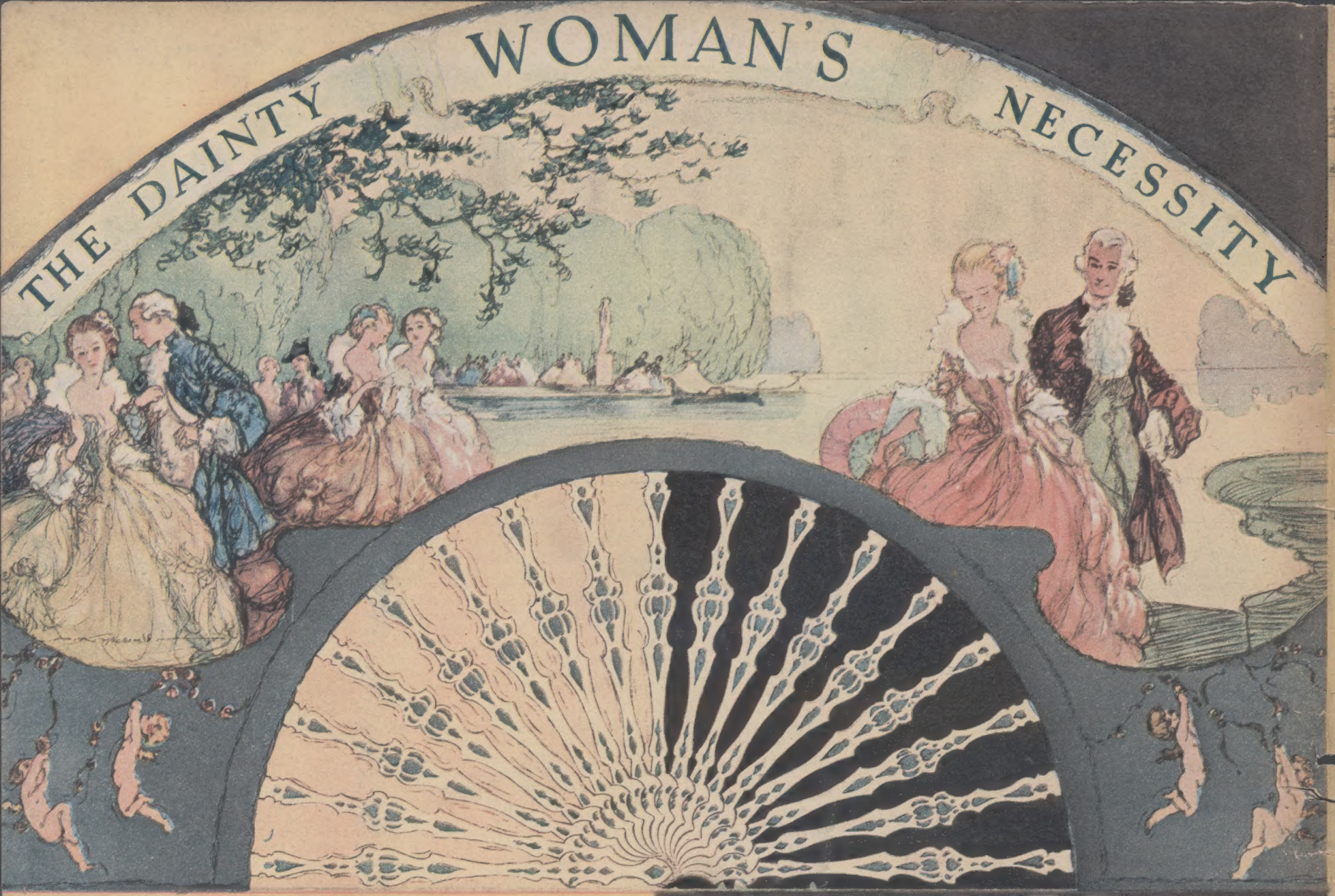

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